

HOME TOWN IN THE CORN BELT
A Source History of Bloomington, Illinois
1900 - 1950
In Five Volumes

Compiled by
Clara Louise Kessler

Volume III

Bloomington, Illinois
1950

MCLEAN CTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



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Scenes from Abroad: When Tim Ives Said bye to a Real Princess
 Tim's Trip to Africa
 Copenhagen
 South African
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VOLUME III

HOME TOWN PERSONALITIES - PRESENT

William R. Bach was born in Bloomington, Illinois on December 10, 1871, and has lived his entire life in the City of his birth. He was the son of William Bach and Sophia Koshler Bach, both of whom were *Auto*-BIOGRAPHY his father having been born in Ebingen, near Stuttgart, and his mother at Gelbhausen, near Frankfurt.

WILLIAM R. BACH

His father was a law student at the University of Tübingen when the Student Rebellion occurred in Germany, and, desiring to come to America, the land of the free, and sympathizing with his student colleagues, followed Carl Schurz to America in 1850.

He became a naturalized citizen of the U.S.A. He was employed in the Ketterlinus Lithographing Establishment in Philadelphia until his enlistment in the Union Army, in which he served for three and one-half years, first in the 3rd Pa. Heavy Artillery and subsequently in the 187th Pa. Infantry, which was recruited from the 3rd Pa. Artillery Co. During his service he was selected as one of the guards of Jefferson Davis at Fortress Monroe, Virginia. Upon his discharge from the Army, he and his wife and three children came West, finally settling in Bloomington, Illinois in 1869.

He was first employed by the firm of C. Wakefield & Co., and soon thereafter by the Pantagraph, first as a pressman and in later years as Superintendent of the Mailing Department of the paper. He served the Pantagraph in these capacities for upwards of 25 years.

Following in his father's footsteps, William R. Bach went to work for the Pantagraph as a paper carrier at the age of 13 years. He served in this capacity and as Superintendent of the Carriers until 1889, when he went to work for Uncle Sam as a substitute letter carrier in the Bloomington Post Office.

He served three years in this position and then entered the Railway Mail Service, where he served for a year. Failing, through political interference, to obtain a regular appointment in that service, and disgusted with the operation of the Civil Service, he decided to study Law. He enrolled at Illinois Wesleyan Law School. He paid the tuition fee for the first term. Before

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the school commenced he was tendered the position of Superintendent of the U. S. Mail at the Chicago Union Station at a very good salary. He refused this appointment. He had decided to study law.

He led his class in every examination for the two-year course and graduated with the highest honors of his class. Closely following him throughout the course was Sigmund Livingston. Naturally they formed a partnership. This lasted for 23 years, when Mr. Livingston retired from the firm. Mr. Bach continued the practice to the present time. His son, William J. Bach, and his nephew L. Earl Bach, occupy offices with him and they, too, have been admitted to the bar.

In 1897 Mr. Bach was elected City Attorney and in 1899 was re-elected to that office. He served with honor and distinction. In addition to his regular duties he revised and redrafted the City Ordinances of the City. He took great interest in the acquiring of public parks and playgrounds. With his legal assistance the City Council caused the unsightly poles and wires which cluttered up the business center of the City to be removed and placed underground.

In 1905 he was elected States Attorney of McLean County; was re-elected to that office in 1909 and served in all eight years with honor and credit. Immediately prior to his term of office as States Attorney the office was a fee office. All of the fees collected by the States Attorney belonged to him. This was changed just prior to Mr. Bach's election and his salary was fixed by the Board of Supervisors at \$2500.00 per annum. His predecessor had been collecting not less than \$8000.00 fees per annum. This injustice, however, did not prevent Mr. Bach from giving the People his most efficient service. Instead of Mr. Bach receiving all of the fines and fees as did his predecessor, these were collected by him and went to support the schools of the County. In one year of his administration he turned over to the County Treasurer for the schools more than \$20,000.00.

Mr. Bach was chosen by Governor Emmerson as a member of the State Normal School Board and served as such without compensation for six years. He did much for the teachers in the Normal Schools.

In his early political career he was made Chairman of the McLean County Republican Central Committee. In later years he was induced to enter politics again. He was elected as a member of the State Republican Central Committee, defeating Mr. Gus Johnson of Paxton, Illinois. Always an ardent Republican, he gave much of his time to campaigning for his Party's success. He was an eloquent and forceful public speaker.

He did, however, support Teddy Roosevelt for President when he ran against Taft. Jim Reeder and he had much to do with Roose-

velt's campaign in McLean County. When Mr. Roosevelt came to Bloomington in that campaign, they escorted him from the Union Depot to the Coliseum. That was a great day for Mr. Bach. Mr. Roosevelt was at his best that day. The crowd was the greatest that ever gathered in the Coliseum.

In State politics he and Attorney W. H. Beaver were the original "Yates For Governor" supporters in McLean County. In gratitude for his efforts Governor Yates tendered him a political appointment. This was courteously declined by him. Mr. Bach's last political achievement was as Chairman of the County Republican Delegation to the Judicial Convention that selected Judge Walter Gunn for Judge of the Supreme Court. Judge Gunn received the entire vote of the McLean County Convention.

Mr. Bach, in addition to his legal work, has been active in the affairs of his Alma Mater, Illinois Wesleyan. When the memorable campaign for funds for Wesleyan was made, Mr. Bach was selected as one of the Generals, and his friend, in whose office Mr. Bach spent his closing year at Law School, Hon. Thomas C. Kerrick, was chosen as the other General. The campaign was vigorously pushed by both Generals with the able assistance of their corps of willing workers. The result definitely settled and forever stopped the movement to move Illinois Wesleyan to Springfield, Illinois. Over \$800,000.00 was subscribed in that campaign. Mr. Bach's side was the victor. In that campaign came Mr. and Mrs. John McBarnes' gift of \$125,000.00 for a building in honor of the Soldiers and Sailors of all Wars. This gift was first tendered to Wesleyan conditioned upon the building being built within a few blocks of the McLean County Court House. The gift was refused by Wesleyan because the condition was not satisfactory. The Legion group then procured the gift from Mr. and Mrs. McBarnes. Today we have the McBarnes Memorial Building as a result. A very satisfactory ending, to say the least.

Mr. Bach has participated in every subsequent money-raising effort for his Alma Mater. His legal efforts on behalf of Wesleyan secured the building of the Buck Memorial Library and the Staymates Lecture Fund. He also participated in the Presser Music Building campaign. He has been a member of the Board of Trustees of the University for many years. His work and benefactions to his Alma Mater have always been given in grateful thanks for the legal education he received in the Wesleyan Law School, without which he could not have obtained admittance to the Illinois Bar.

In his legal work he has always stood among the foremost practitioners of his profession in Central Illinois. He served as President of the local County Bar and as District President of the State Bar Association. He is a Senior Counselor, having been so created by the State Bar Association. His fifty-six years of continuous practice in one community has been some contribution to that community.

Some of his most notable achievements in the law have been his eight years' service as States Attorney, of which he is justly

proud. He was a fearless prosecutor. Even when confronted with Tom Baldwin, who was heavily armed, he refused to quash the indictment for rape returned by the Grand Jury that afternoon. Some protecting power saved his life that day, and Tom Baldwin transferred his vengeance from the States Attorney to the witnesses whose testimony was the basis of the indictment for rape. That same evening he murdered the prosecuting witnesses in the rape case. On the eve of the trial of Baldwin for murder he committed suicide.

The LeDuc Murder Case, and the capture of LeDuc in the Bank Vault after the murder of his brother-in-law and a customer who happened to be in the Bank at the time was a memorable case and was handled by Mr. Bach in such a manner as to cost the County nothing for LeDuc's conviction. On a plea of guilty he was sentenced to prison for life. His subsequent escape from Chester Penitentiary caused considerable apprehension on the part of his relatives. Their fears, however, were allayed when it was learned that he had passed away.

In Mr. Bach's civil practice, in his opinion, his greatest achievement was his work in connection with the Flanigan Trust affecting the Schools of Bellflower, Illinois. His work in connection with the Rural Electrification Administration through the Corn Belt Electric Cooperative has also been a source of great satisfaction to him. The electrifying of six thousand farm homes has done more for the rural population than any other thing. Ninety-two percent of the farm property of this territory is now electrified.

His work for the McLean County Farm Bureau and its various subsidiary institutions also gives him great satisfaction and enjoyment. He has cooperated in all movements to strengthen agriculture.

He is a Thirty-third Degree Mason of long standing, having received that honorary Degree at Philadelphia in 1913. He was actively connected with the building of the Masonic Temple and the Consistory Temple in Bloomington, Illinois. He is a Past Commander-in-Chief of Bloomington Consistory and a Past Commander of DeMolay Commandery of Bloomington.

He is also a member of the I.O.O.F. Through his legal efforts on behalf of the Odd Fellows Children's Home at Lincoln, Illinois, that Organization will receive property in Peoria, Illinois valued at a half million dollars on the death of the life tenant.

He is a member of the Wesley Methodist Church of Bloomington. He gave many valuable services to the First Methodist Church in his younger years.

He has always been a lover of athletics, particularly baseball in his early years and golf in his later years. He played ball with many men who later became famous. He was captain of the Wesleyan Baseball team of 1893. He is a member of Bloomington Country Club and was scratch man on the Golf Team of the Club for several years.

Outside of his law and his farming interests he has been President of the Bloomington Cemetery Association and Trustee of the Care Funds of the Cemetery.

His home life has been ideal. He was united in marriage with Lelia F. Means in 1897 and with her has lived at 1111 E. Grove Street ever since. Their home is dedicated to the cultivation of beautiful flowers of all varieties. Mrs. Bach served as Director of the Illinois State Garden Club. She has been a National Iris Judge, and now specializes in rearing Hemmoracallis. She has produced many beautiful hybrids of that flower. Their garden has been visited by many welcome visitors.

One son, William J. Bach III, was born to them. He also practices law. Like his father, he too is engaged in many humanitarian enterprises. William J. Bach married Alice Strayer of LeRoy, Illinois. They have three children viz: William S. Bach IV, David and Virginia.

When Bloomington celebrated its Fiftieth Birthday Anniversary in 1900, Mr. Bach was asked to write a history of the City. This he did and the same was included with other Articles in one of the volumes published by the McLean County Historical Society.

On this occasion, viz: the celebration of the Hundredth Anniversary of the City, he has, at the request of some who are interested in its celebration, been asked to write a sketch entitled "The Court House Square" and reminiscences regarding Bloomington's Parks. The results of these last requests have been cheerfully submitted.

This autobiography has been reluctantly given. Nearly all of Mr. Bach's contemporaries having gone to their final rewards, he has written this autobiography to perpetuate happenings in his life that otherwise might be forgotten.

He is still active in his work.

MY EARLY MUSICAL YEARS IN BLOOMINGTON

by

LYELL BARBOUR

MY EARLY MUSICAL YEARS IN BLOOMINGTON
1909-1915
Lyell Barbour

Although I played in a school concert at the age of eight, it was not until 1909, just before I was thirteen, that I made my first serious appearance in Bloomington as a pianist. It was on a June afternoon at the old Cooper Hall in the Hoblit Building on a program presented by the Wesleyan College of Music, and I played a Mozart Sonata with my teacher, Bessie Louise Smith, accompanying me in Grieg's second piano part. Early in the next year I became "lid-lifter" at the Amateur Musical Club concerts at the Unitarian Church, and began to absorb good music eagerly. When a pianist played, the lid of the piano remained open---if the next number were by a singer or instrumentalist who was accompanied, I had to slip up the side steps of the platform and lower the lid before the

artist came out from the room behind the organ. This was my job on the night that the then famous Chicago Operatic Quartet appeared. Its leader was John B. Miller, a fine tenor, and the basso was Arthur Middleton, who became famous. In my opinion its most important member was the pianist, Edgar A. Nelson, with whom I subsequently studied for many years. Later I toured with this Quartet in most of the mid-western States.

It was in January, 1911 that I first heard, in joint recital, those two superlatively gifted Bloomington artists, Mrs. Willis Harwood, soprano, and Mrs. Deane Funk, pianist, both of whom influenced my musical life deeply. At the Amateur Musical Club's May Festival in 1912 I heard Frederick Stock conduct the Chicago Orchestra, then still known as the Thomas Orchestra. Ten years later I had the pleasure of playing under Mr. Stock's baton at another May Festival at the Coliseum, also under the Club's auspices.

The musical scene in Bloomington during those days is as vivid to me now as though it were yesterday, and these early artistic experiences remain among my clearest remembrances. While a student at the High School my musical associates were five young people my own age: three violinists, Herman Orendorff, Dorothy Hallett and Charlotte Burton; a cellist, Paul Burke, and Dorothy Wood, a pianist. I believe such a talented group of teen-agers rarely appears simultaneously in a town of Bloomington's size. It was a day in May, 1911, that Herman, Paul and I read for the first time the Trio by Haydn containing the famous Gipsy Rondo, in Prof. Hersey's studio at the College of Music in the Hoblit Building. When we

finished we realized that nearly the whole faculty was standing at the door listening to us. Until we disbanded some three years later, we rehearsed quite regularly, usually under the supervision of Miss Smith or Prof. Hersey, and appeared in a dozen Illinois towns, usually sharing our program with a vocalist. These excursions represented adventure to us, and a precarious ride in an old carriage drawn by a team of horses over the muddy country roads connecting two of our towns vied in excitement with a wild trip to make a late train in one of the early automobiles at forty-five miles an hour. In Bloomington we played in concerts at the Chatterton Opera House and at the Majestic Theater, twice before the Amateur Musical Club, and were once chosen to appear at a large reception given at the College of Music, where the only other performer was Edgar Nelson. Our repertoire consisted of several Haydn Trios, one by Beethoven, and others by Gade and Marschner, while we ourselves made arrangements of various Grieg and Liszt pieces.

Dorothy Hallett and I began practicing violin and piano sonatas during the summer of 1912, and rehearsed regularly every Monday night for three years. During that time we learned nearly all of the Mozart and Beethoven Sonatas, besides other violin and piano literature. The advent of Charlotte Burton, a magnetic girl of 16 from St. Louis, provided competition for Dorothy and Herman. She used to electrify her audiences by her brilliant playing of De Beriot's "Scene de Ballet", a forceful style sometimes concealing technical weaknesses which did not escape the sharp ears of her rivals! On one College of Music commencement program Charlotte played the

Pantaisie Appassionata by Vieuxtemps, Herman the Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso by Saint-Saens, and Dorothy a big Wieniawski number. Later in the program, Herman, Charlotte, a violist, Paul Burke and I performed the first movement of the Schumann Quintet. Programs of such calibre necessitated much preparation, and it was that factor which contributed to our musical growth and friendly association.

In later years when I played the Schumann Quintet with the London String Quartet I was reminded of our early efforts with this masterpiece. Once in Oslo, while broadcasting the Beethoven E-flat Trio Op.1, as a member of the Budapest Trio, I recalled the numerous afternoons in the big front studio in the Hoblit Building that Herman and Paul and I worked on it. Also the E minor Sonata by Mozart and the "Kreutzer" by Beethoven, both of which I played with a noted violinist in London in 1929, were full of memories for me of the concentrated work given them with Dorothy Hallett in 1913 and it is the quality of her tone that always seems to me most suitable to parts of them.

Dorothy Wood's brilliant performance of Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia, and her playing of the Rubinstein D minor Concerto on the occasion of her graduation from High School, when I accompanied her on the jangling upright piano, mercifully hidden in the depths of the pit at the Chatterton Opera House, were standards of youthful pianistic excellence to me.

The times when we all met together were at the Wednesday night orchestra rehearsals conducted by Prof. Hersey. Dorothy Wood and I played a piano duet arrangement of the symphonies to accompany the orchestra, sometimes augmented by woodwinds,

brass and drums. Another event for us was the visit to Bloomington of Cecil Burleigh, the well-known composer and violinist, and the Trio, Dorothy Hallett and Charlotte Burton were chosen to play for him.

The climax of my musical life during those years came when Mrs. Deane Funk asked me to play her second piano parts in a concert she was giving for the Amateur Musical Club in March, 1913. The weeks of preparation for this concert, her great artistic qualities, the working out of the MacDowell and Paderewski concertos in her spacious home on East Grove Street, when we would often have a few chosen musical friends as audience, made a profound impression upon me, which has never dimmed. The concert was so successful, that the following year we again appeared for the Club, presenting this time the difficult Arne Oldberg Concerto. Mr. Oldberg himself coached Mrs. Funk, and considered her playing of it very remarkable. On another occasion, Mrs. Edward MacDowell, widow of the famous composer, came to East Grove Street to hear Mrs. Funk play her husband's D minor Concerto, and I accompanied Mrs. Funk on that occasion.

That year I took part in several concerts of my own, and played Chopin's F minor Concerto at the Majestic Theatre with Edgar Nelson at second piano, the following year I played for the first time in Chicago, where, in 1915 I gave my first recital in which I programmed the Beethoven Waldstein Sonata, the Chopin Andante Spianato and Polonaise and the Tschaiakowsky Concerto. Just before that recital, I appeared before the Amateur Musical Club in the Chopin and Tschaiakowsky numbers.

Aside from the public concerts, some of the most memorable programs took place in certain Bloomington homes. I remember playing with the Trio at "The Oaks", the palatial residence of the Humphreys, and several delightful evenings at Dr. Robert Avery Noble's house, when Mrs. Noble, a beautiful singer, gave some exceptional recitals. There was a group of perhaps thirty or forty truly appreciative listeners, and the atmosphere of these occasions was rare. I also played at the home of Mrs. A.B. Funk, when she herself was still a queenly hostess, and her handsome, dignified rooms were filled with music lovers. Perhaps the most unique was a musicale which Mrs. Willis Harwood, Dorothy Hallett and I gave at the Harwood home some three or four years later. A Mozart violin Concerto, Beethoven piano numbers, the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria" and the final scene from "Thais" sung with violin obbligato, songs by Debussy, Fourdrain and Duparc presented by Mrs. Harwood in her clear, indescribably expressive voice made a truly wonderful program. The artistic setting of the dimly lighted rooms and the attentive group of guests, augmented, we heard later, by crowds on the lawn outside, combined to create the ideal evening.

I have by no means named all the local musicians active at that time, but principally those with whom I was closely associated. Miss M. Jenette Loudon, a fine pianist and member of the Beethoven Trio of Chicago, often coached our Trio on special occasions; Evelyn Mayes, a brilliant pianist, Doris Rinehart, Olive Lartz, Ruby Evans, Louise Watson, Mrs. Harriet

Thomas, Mrs. Lyle Straight and William Preston Phillips were some of the talented musicians who contributed vitally to the artistic events of the four years about which I speak particularly.

I left Bloomington in 1915 to study in Chicago at the Bush Conservatory---the first step toward New York and Europe. But the effect and quality of the musical years in Bloomington have always persisted in my life.

SOME MEMORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD

by

Catherine Cowles

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By

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When I write about things in Normal and Bloomington years ago, it makes me suddenly realize the truth of the Chinese saying, "Time is farther along than you think". The days are so full of happenings that many people fail to notice how very different things are now from the way they once were.

When I was a little girl, I lived on the corner of Linden Street and Vernon Avenue, Normal, Illinois, in a two-story frame house. It was heated by a large coal "drum" stove in the sitting room and a coal range in the kitchen. In the sitting room was a "student-lamp", and in the other rooms were different-sized kerosene lamps. Over the dining table was a "hanging" lamp with its many glass prisms. In the kitchen, at one end of the sink, was an iron pump, connected to pipes which brought in water from a cistern. There was a large "folding" rubber bath

tub which was set up behind a curtain when needed. There were few inside toilets in those days. There were no gas cars. We had a horse and buggy in the barn. Our jersey cow was kept in a large pasture down on south Linden Street where Mr. Custer, the nursery man, now lives. There were only a very few houses on Linden Street. On many street corners was a street lamp-a high iron post on the top of which was a large kerosene lamp with a four sided globe or chimney. In the early evening children would watch and often follow "the lamplighter man." He came carrying a short ladder and a large can of kerosene oil. He stopped at each lamp post, climbed his ladder, and poured in more oil. Then he trimmed and lighted the wick, polished the chimney, and got down. With his ladder and can he went on to the next lamp post.

Crossing the Illinois Central tracks, as you go west from my old home, you come to Fell Avenue. On pleasant Sunday afternoons father used to take my sister, brother, and me for a walk to Fell Avenue. There were no houses on the west side of Fell Avenue from the C & A tracks as far south as across the street from Jesse Fell's home. Along the west side of Fell Avenue was a very high iron and wire fence which enclosed this land known as "Fell Park." In this Park were many deer and fawn who walked among the trees and ate the grass. After we had watched them and talked about the birds and squirrels, Father would cross to the east side of the street where were a few houses where his friends lived--the home of Jesse Fell and his two daughters, Alice and Fannie--the home of W. O. Davis of the "Pantagraph"--Henry Fell who, with Tillotson, had a theatre in Bloomington--and Mr. Stetson of the Normal Faculty. There were board sidewalks, very few paved streets, and some gravel roads. In the

winter, Fell Avenue was roped off and flooded for a toboggan slide. It was great sport. We were too young to go there but I made a slide for us out of an ironing board, propped up with flatirons and the dictionary. This gave us such a good start that we slid the whole length of the polished floor of our long hall.

There was a street car line between Normal and Bloomington. For years David Law drove a car, pulled by mules. In the winter he put straw on the floor to keep the passenger's feet warm. In front of him, as you got in, was a shallow tin box which was divided into small, box-like compartments. In the first compartment were little envelopes, each holding change for a quarter in another, were envelopes holding change for fifty cents and a dollar. To go to Bloomington we used to take the "mule" car across the street from the old Schoenfeldt livery barn and ride along the track west to the university campus on which the only building was "Old Main". Then we rode south along the campus and down by the east Wesleyan gate. The buildings, now directly across from this gate, were once the old car barns where the mules were changed each time they passed. Before you got to the barns, we passed a large, brick building called "The Woolen Mill" store where woolen material, long knitted stockings, socks, mittens and blankets were made and sold. After the car was at the Court House, we saw the "Durley Building" which stood where the Woolworth store now is located. A store was on the first floor. Upstairs there was a stage where plays and concerts were given. Many artists, such as "Booth and Barret", "Modjeska", and others appeared.

When I was about ten, I went with some friends to see

"Uncle Tom's Cabin." I carried my new, very best, handkerchief with its beautiful blue border. When Eva died and was floating up to heaven through the clouds, the machinery broke, and there she hung swinging back and forth in mid air. To make it pathetic, the orchestra played sad music which made us all cry. For a climax, they played, "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" and "To Be An Angel, Oh My Love". Then the machinery was mended and Eva went up all right. But all the blue on my handkerchief had come off on my face.

About this time, the Dillon brothers, Levi and Isaih, began to import from France, many Percheron draft horses. They were very large, strong pedigreed animals-white with black spots-which gave them a "Dappled" appearance. North from us, on the east side of Linden Street, near the C & A tracks, was a very large barn where these horses were kept. Every day men would exercise two horses at a time-ride one and lead one-. Since the animals were extremely full of life and full of spirit, the children had to stay inside the fenced-in yards.. And now how different things are. From this description of how some things once were in Normal-Bloomington, a person may well wonder how time will change everything in the fifty years ahead?

THE STORY OF RACHEL CROTHERS

by

HENRY JAMES FORMAN

THE STORY OF RACHEL CROTHERS

by

Henry James Forman

When Abraham Lincoln was still practising law at Springfield, Illinois, he had among his friends one Elijah de Pew, and Elijah had a daughter who was married to a young physician, a Dr. Crothers, practising at Bloomington, Illinois.

To Dr. Crothers there came a patient with a broken leg which had been badly set by some other physician. Dr. Crothers made the best of a bungled job, but so badly had the work been done by previous practitioner that the patient, inevitably dissatisfied with the repair work that could only partly repair, sued Dr. Crothers for malpractice.

Dr. Crothers, unaccustomed to lawsuits, decided to write to Mr. Abraham Lincoln, the family friend, to ask him to defend him at the trial. Perhaps, Dr. Crothers was a little dilatory in his correspondence, or perhaps the brokenlegged plaintiff proved too spry. In any event Dr. Crothers came into the house one morning and informed his wife that the disgruntled patient had just left on the train for Springfield to engage Mr. Lincoln, and that now it was too late to write.

"Why don't you telegraph?" challenged Mrs. Crothers.

"I never thought of that!" was the startled answer. The telegraph in Illinois was still young. It was before the Civil War. "But I believe I'll do it now," went on Dr. Crothers, not without a thrill, for telegraphing was a rare experience.

To telegraph he went to the railway station of Bloomington. The operator clicked to the Springfield operator that Mr. Lincoln was wanted at the telegraph instrument. And there, client standing at one end of the wire, and lawyer standing at the other, Abe Lincoln was engaged to defend Dr. Crothers by the clicking of keys at one dollar a word.

When the other person arrived at Springfield and endeavored to engage Mr. Lincoln, he said that he was sorry, but that he had already been retained by Dr. Crothers.

The trial was the most humorous in Mr. Lincoln's law practice. Dr. Crothers carefully instructed his counsel in the technical, medical, and anatomical terms involved; but, perversely, Mr. Lincoln proceeded to forget them, to twist them into grotesque sounds and shapes, so that the court roared with laughter. Mr. Lincoln, as usual, won his case, and, naturally enough, remained as a bright tradition in the Crother's family.

Now, "What" the reader may ask, "has this story of Lincoln, which happened before she was born, to do with Miss Rachel Crothers?" As Mr. Lincoln would doubtless have said in court, I intend to connect this testimony, to show its relevancy to what follows.

Rachel Crothers is one of the most productive playwrights in the American theatre, and certainly the most productive of women playwrights. The great prolific producers in the arts have always been men--almost. Women novelists, to be sure, have been at least approximate rivals of men. George Sand was no mean producer of fiction--neither was Mrs. Trollope, nor yet Maria Edgeworth. And in our day, a Mrs. Rhinehart, or a Mrs. Wharton may hold up her head with the most fecund of her masculine contemporaries. But what woman playwright is there who can boast of having produced twenty-four plays, and still be in the tide of production?

Rachel Crothers has not only written and produced that number of plays but in many instances staged and directed them, and in some cases even acted in them. Other women, many others, have written and produced plays; but compared with her, their output has been faint and sporadic. Were she not so fine an artist, so charmingly feminine, domestic, and sympathetic, she might almost be compared to a captain of industry.

Something of the irrepressible energy of the American big business man seems to radiate from her, and always she gives one the impression of being about to launch something new. Anyone upon seeing her, even in a large assembly, would conclude at once that here is a woman of rare and unusual creative energy.

And that is what she is--a woman of unusual creative energy. She is a born creator. Her home is a creation. And had she a family of children they would doubtless be exceptionally well prepared for life. During an acquaintance extending over a number of years, the writer has never seen Miss Crothers as other than alive, energetic, full of verve and zest, and with the sparkle of vitality in her eyes.

"She must be successful," you say to yourself. "How by any possibility could failure fasten and cling to that dynamic personality?"

In all cases of marked success, we human beings are likely to look for the secret. Some secret, we believe, lies hidden

in the successful person's scheme of life, which, if we could read with clairvoyant eyes, would resolve for us the reason for success. The secret is probably forever hidden from all of us, including its possessor, in the flesh and blood and nerves and brain cells of our object of speculation. But if there is any open secret in the case of Miss Crothers' habitual success in a difficult field putting aside her signal talent, it is her inveterate disposition to stick to one thing.

A lonely childhood! Pathetic as that sounds, it has so often been a boon to the particular child who suffered loneliness.

Imagine for a second the tiny child constantly alone and having only dolls for companions. The penalty of being an only child perhaps? No, Rachel Crothers was the youngest of nine. So much younger than the rest however, was she, that she could have hardly been more solitary had she been "only."

But her mother, that quiet, gentle, domestic woman; married to a practising physician in a small Illinois town, suddenly, at the age of forty, took up the study of medicine. The family fortunes had suffered reverses and with the granite grain so often found in the New England character, this quiet, gentle mother of nine began to study Gray's ANATOMY. The youngest child learned only later that the sheep-bound book was Gray's ANATOMY, but to her it spelled a single command:

"Keep quiet. Mustn't talk to mother."

All very well--mustn't talk! But a person of four and five had to do something. So there came into being dolls--paper dolls, rag dolls, all kinds of dolls--and paper cardboard houses in which the dolls lived and loved, moved, and had their being. A community of dolls, and they lived, and married and traded.

"And then she said--and then he said--no they didn't say a word. What they said was," and so the rudiments of life's semblance crept into one of the most brilliant careers in the American theatre.

Does this offer any suggestion to parents regarding the early preoccupations of their children? It does, and some parents are wise enough to use such suggestions. But the vast majority are still careless. In any case it was from her doll life that Rachel Crothers received the first bias toward that counterfeit presentiment of life that makes dramatic presentation before audiences of human beings.

But not so soon as all that. In time Mrs. Crothers' reading of Gray's ANATOMY and other medical books at home led to a sojourn in Philadelphia at a medical college. The youngest child was too young to be left at home alone, even in the care of the older children. So Rachel was sent to an aunt at Wellesley, Massachusetts. Too young still to read, the little child from Bloomington, Illinois, in New England was lonely as a cloud. But there, wonder of wonders, she found a young cousin of nearly her own age who could and would play dolls in the right way--dolls that lived.

After then it was plain sailing. Mrs. Crothers after four years returned to Bloomington a full fledged M.D.--a rarity for a woman in those days. Rachel likewise returned. By the time she was twelve or thirteen she was writing novels--GWENDOLEN, THE DUKE--to read to breathless girl friends, and, not unnaturally, soon there came a play, a massive drama EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING, OR THE RUINED MERCHANT.

Miss Crothers still preserves a playbill of that dramatic production, produced with the collaboration of a bosom friend, admission fifteen cents. Act I., scene in mansion; Act II., scene in woods; Act III., scene in mansion; Act IV., scene in woods; Act V., scene in mansion: Happiness. The play, moreover, had to be written and produced in secret, for father and mother, though both were enlightened physicians, held the theatre to be an abomination aimed to entice young feet in the ways of sin.

Upon completing the course--the classical course--in the normal school what else was there for a young woman mad about the theatre but to go to New York and go upon the stage? So sincere was the letter she had written to Daniel Frohman that solely because he liked her letter he asked her to call. The way to triumph open at last! So moved was she, she wept outside the door for ten minutes before entering. When finally she ventured in, Mr. Frohman told her, "I asked you to come because your letter was so earnest. But I am sorry to say I have nothing for you." All he could give her was advice.

Three hundred dollars, the sum with which Rachel Crothers arrived in New York, unfortunately, did not last forever. She borrowed more, and still, it disappeared--rapidly, since she was taking a course in the Wheatercroft School for Acting. Since, however, the following year Mrs. Wheatercroft asked her to stay and coach, the hanging on now was only a matter of arithmetic--to make the forty dollars a week cover the ground of existence. But nothing of that sort mattered much. For this was not only a school, it was a stage, a theatre.

One could not only coach the students in the acting of their parts; one could also write innumerable one act plays for them--and welcome!--one could at the last minute jump in and act a part in one's own or another's play.

That was training!

To this day Miss Crothers can be stern with a player in rehearsal who fails to grasp the role, and quite recently she acted in one of her own plays because she could find no one else for a certain part.

Does all that sound like work? It was--herculean. But when one is whipped on by a genuine talent, a powerful drive, like a flywheel, there are at work in one's body, in one's brain, cells that forget to count the cost of labor exertion. Indeed, one never thinks of them.

All very well, you say. But what in the meanwhile happens to a refined girl alone in New York, always in and out of theatres, encountering all sorts and conditions of men? Not all are as paternal as Daniel Frohman, and few are as kindly and gentle. "When a girl comes from a small town where everybody knew her family, where she was somebody," said Miss Crothers, "she carries with her both a kind of shyness and a kind of snobbery that excludes her from all but the best associations, and protects her." A girl from a family that had been friendly with Lincoln, that was part and parcel of the very grain of the American people, carried about her a certain safeguarding armor. Miss Crothers did not say that the girl in question must have character to begin with, but she did add that she often cried herself to sleep in the lonely boarding house that was afterwards the scene of her play 39 EAST.

39 EAST, however, was not her first play. Growing out of the intensive coaching and writing and acting at the Wheatecroft school, with the addition of a couple of seasons of professional action on the real stage, came THE THREE OF US. By that time Miss Crothers was no longer quite a beginner; yet she had never had a play produced by a Broadway manager.

The tragedy of being a beginner is that nobody wants you or your work. Yet to become experienced you must begin somewhere at sometime. In short, at one point in your life you must accomplish the impossible; then subsequent progress becomes at least probable.

Miss Crother's first play THE THREE OF US was sent by an agent to Charlotte Nielsen; and one reading of the play imbued the star with enthusiasm. To find a manager with the same enthusiasm was more difficult, for a good many managers had seen the play before Miss Nielsen saw it. Finally, however, Miss Nielsen found a manager who consented to produce the play banking upon her interest.

For weeks Miss Crothers watched rehearsals. She was in her late twenties, yet she felt a world of theatrical experience behind her as she stood at the elbow of George Foster Platt, the director, and watched her first born being brought up in the way it should go.

It was a success, instant and signal. It was contemporaneous with William Vaughan Moody's THE GREAT DIVIDE, and somewhat similar to it in situation.

In THE THREE OF US a well born girl out west, in a mining region, is loved by two men, the one decent and the other common. Through a combination of circumstances the girl finds herself in the cabin of one of the men as the other approaches and is about to enter. Her host bids her hide. She refuses and informs the two men that if they don't like it they can both go to--blazes. A very bold situation in those days.

The majority of her plays since then have reflected the changing social attitude toward the morals of women.

And except for OLD LADY 31 in which an old couple are so close to each other, that when the woman is taken into an old ladies' home, the husband, who cannot separate from her, is taken in also, in spite of rules, and is known as Old Lady 31; and a rollicking satire upon the recent craze for self expression, EXPRESSING WILLIE--except in these instances, Miss Crothers has usually treated of women's morals: NICE PEOPLE--the changing attitude toward feminine conventions and morals of the generation; LET US BE GAY--the remarriage of a divorced pair, and so on.

Yet Miss Crothers is no propagandist. It is simply her knack for catching the drift of popular feeling and opinion. In proof, the fact that she does write of what interests people, may be adduced by her many successes and very small percentage of failures. One failure, however, was so disastrous that it nearly wrecked her.

But this failure was not due to the ill success of any play of her own. In 1926 Miss Crothers allowed herself to have that curious aberration of successful artists which convinces them they are and can be successful business people. It befell Sir Walter Scott; it happened to Balzac, to Mark Twain, and to many others. Urged by a friend, Miss Crothers saw the possibility of wealth by the production upon her own account of a drama entitled "Thou Desperate Pilot" by a sister playwright.

How desperate that pilot proved to be presently came to light. In less time than you can imagine, that piece, which played in New York just one week, absorbed all of Miss Crothers' ready money, put a mortgage upon her house, and sent her some fifty-five thousand dollars in debt. The first thing her neighbors knew strangers were inhabiting her beautiful house at Redding.

The play she backed was a highly sophisticated one dealing with divorce, adultery, love, and money--all the prime ingredients for success. Yet for the mysterious causes that make plays fail--it failed. Miss Crothers, the energetic, the competent, the almost unerring, and uniformly successful backed the wrong play and was, as the English say, "broke to the wide."

People said "Why don't you go into bankruptcy?" But there it was. Not only was she the most eminent woman playwright in America, but there were also those home people in Bloomington, Illinois, where one was somebody whose name was associated with a high degree of integrity.

I have promised at the outset to connect the story of Lincoln with the sequel: A family in which the friendship of Lincoln was a precious tradition is not likely to take such expedients as bankruptcy lightly. At all events Miss Crothers could not. It was the same kind of "snobbishness" that had protected her as the lonely girl in New York. Rachel Crothers simply must pay her debts.

It was a struggle. One had to continue to let one's house to strangers, and was lucky to keep the place at all. One had to give up one's beautiful apartment in New York. One even had to

work in a producer's office trying to pick plays to produce--at a weekly wage. One carried on as best one could.

In the meantime, however, LET US BE GAY was planned and written. Mr. John Golden, one of the most discerning producers in America, who had grown rich by almost never making a mistake, not only liked the play, but in common with most of Miss Crothers' recent producers, gave her carte blanche in the casting, directing, and production of her play. LET US BE GAY moved into the long column of her successes, not only in America, but in England as well.

Suddenly her neighbors in Connecticut knew that her country place was no longer for rent. The heavy debts incurred by the desperate pilot were now cancelled, one by one in full. LET US BE GAY attended to all that and a margin besides. Men in considerable number were again working upon the grounds of her country home; terracing, making new grass steps, such as she had always longed to have. LET US BE GAY was well named. Miss Crothers was genuinely gay again.

And when she is gay she creates. It may be grass steps, it may be a swimming pool for her friends to splash in, or it may be a play. Oh, always a play! In bed, in an austere blank room, every morning until lunch time, so that none and nothing may disturb her, she works upon a play.

This year the play is SUSAN AND GOD. It is a success. Now the spring is here again and the Connecticut hills are green and luring. Miss Crothers is working among them and doubtless working upon her new play. For always and at all times Miss Crothers must create. She is a creator--a bubbling source of comedy and drama. And with no more chances upon desperate pilots, she will go on creating for many a year.

Watson Gailey was born in Ashland, Cass County, Illinois on September 7, 1882, the son of Dr. Watson and Elizabeth Sinclair Gailey. There were four brothers and one sister. Byron, an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist, practiced in Jacksonville, Illinois, where he died in 1920. Marsh died in infancy. Darwin practiced general medicine in Ashland, Illinois and died in 1918 during the Flu Epidemic. Eugene, a prominent attorney, practiced in Houston, Texas where he died in 1920. His only sister, Rowena, who now resides in Chicago, is a very talented musician and authoress.

The Senior Dr. Gailey was a doctor of the old school and practiced general medicine, having a large rural practice in Prentice, Ashland and Jacksonville for fifty years. This was during the horse and buggy era. A complete examination at this time consisted of taking the pulse, looking at the eyes, examining the tongue but rarely was testing done for sugar and Albumin. If a blood count was ordered the patient was considered to be in a very serious condition. Dr. Gailey had the first X-ray in Southern Illinois but it was used solely to picture fractures. He was vitally interested in the scientific advancement in medicine and having three sons in medical school was a source of pleasure. He quizzed them endlessly. It was during this period that Bacteriology made such great strides and the advance was almost beyond his belief. Dr. Watson Gailey Sr. died in Ashland, Illinois in 1910.

Watson Gailey's early education was garnered at the Ashland grade and high schools. During childhood his duties consisted of milking cows and tending four horses. These chores made it very difficult for him to court the girls as he had only one pair of shoes and after the deodorizing process was accomplished on these in the evening, there was no time left for socializing. He graduated from the Ashland High School in June 1899. At that time a Diploma from a four year high school was sufficient to gain entrance to any medical school in the country. Since his three brothers had graduated from the University of Michigan Medical School and one from Law School, his father felt that he should matriculate there, but he started for Michigan and registered at the College of Physicians and Surgeons affiliated with the University of Illinois in Chicago, Illinois. He graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in June 1904.

By competitive examination he earned an internship at Cook County Hospital which provided him with room and board--no stipend--for a period of eighteen months. Following this service, he earned another eighteen month residency at the Illinois Eye and Ear Infirmary with the same arrangements of room and board--but no stipend. Upon completing his Residency at the Illinois Eye and Ear Infirmary, his financial status was such that he could not establish his own office and he accepted a position as an Oculist for the Illinois Steel Company, South Chicago Branch, where he was paid the magnificent sum of \$100.00 per month. Meanwhile Dr. Gailey Sr. felt that his son had had too much education and it was time that he should be coming back home to practice.

Six months afterwards he returned to Jacksonville, Illinois to become an assistant to his brother, Dr. Byron Gailey, at an assistant's salary of \$80.00 per month. This amount was entirely adequate at this time. His first month's salary was depleted immediately as there was a demand for a dinner suit which consumed four-fifths of one month's salary. He stayed ten months with his brother at which time his father managed to loan him \$1000 to open his own office.

The next big problem was where to practice. He investigated Springfield and Decatur for possible sites but met with rebuffs on all sides by the Medical Profession. He had been given a letter by his noted professor, Dr. Norval Pierce of Chicago, addressed to Dr. William E. Guthrie of Bloomington, Illinois. Upon leaving Decatur he boarded an interurban for Peoria which occasioned a stopover in Bloomington. There was about one hour's wait and he decided to call on Dr. Guthrie, to whom the letter was directed. Dr. Guthrie persuaded him to locate in Bloomington in 1908 in an attempt to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Dr. Covey who had enjoyed a very fine practice in diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat for many years. With the aid of Dr. William Guthrie, Dr. Robert Avery Noble and Dr. Harry Lee Howell, he was able to earn a living right from the start.

His original office was on the sixth floor of the Griesheim Building and his landlord, Mr. Julius Griesheim, proved to be a fine gentleman and loyal friend. His office rent for two large rooms was \$30.00 per month, which in 1942, had increased to \$170.00 per month. He started out with furniture and equipment which included instruments for every type of eye operation, valued at \$700.00. Later this item was to be increased thousands of dollars. It was several years before he saw an operative case.

Watson Gailey had practiced some eight months when he suddenly discovered, on examining his books, that he had netted \$210.00 in a single month. This encouraged him and he took on the responsibility of a wife. Watson Gailey was married to Louise Huffaker of Jacksonville, Illinois, on October 28, 1908. They had one daughter, Janet, now Mrs. Charles D. Branch who resides in Peoria, Illinois.

In 1909 Dr. Gailey's father visited him in Bloomington and witnessed a Mastoid operation, which to him was a revelation. Shortly after this Watson Gailey was visiting in Ashland and his father drove him to the Cemetery where he pointed out ten or fifteen graves of children who had supposedly died of Brain Fever. His father remarked that if he had known of the mastoid surgery, these children would have survived.

Among the first friends that Doctor knew in Bloomington were Sidney Sutton, who was manager of Newman's Dry Goods Store; Chuck Gibson, Manager of the Western Union; Paul Samuels, law student at Illinois Wesleyan University, who later became a member of the State of Illinois Supreme Court. These gentlemen would foregather in Dr. Gailey's office for smoking and visiting, as there was much time to be whiled away when the office was first opened. There was a buzzer on the entrance door to the reception room and no attendant in charge. The buzzer was tripped by the opening of the door, announcing that a patient, bill collector or drug salesman was in the offing. Upon hearing the buzzer, the doctor's office windows would be opened to fan out the smoke. Gibson and Paul would slip out the back door and Mr. Sutton would make his exit through the reception room, shaking hands with the doctor with the following expression of gratitude, "Doctor, I am so pleased with your treatment. I have visited doctor after doctor with no results and after spending much money and time, I find that only two treatments from you, my eyes are as new. Thank you Doctor. I will pay you, in addition to the money I will give your secretary tomorrow, by telling all my friends about you". This routine was a daily affair and it would be difficult to analyze how much it boosted the morale of the doctor and instilled confidence in the new patient.

Fees at this time varied and house calls ranged from \$1.50 to \$2.00. Office visits were \$1.00-\$2.00-\$3.00. Hospital rooms usually averaged \$2.50 for a private room. Nurses were on a twenty-four hour duty and received \$4.00 to \$5.00 per day. For the eye, ear, nose and throat specialist, the chief worry was mastoid and Dr. Gailey averaged eighty mastoid operations

in one winter and the usual fee for this type of surgery was \$50.00 to \$100.00. All anesthetics were Ether. Tonsillectomies and Adenoidectomies were done by the hundreds for \$20.00 to \$25.00. All of the doctor's financial notations were kept in Melon Food Booklets.

The first surgical case that Doctor Gailey handled was when he was a Sophomore in Medical School. He had come home for the summer and was observing his father's work. A farmer stopped by the house one day with a dog that was suffering from a large goiter. The farmer remarked that the dog had been a very fine one, but since the growth appeared he was listless and no longer a good watchdog. Dr. Gailey offered to operate on the dog. The farmer said he would pay a fee of \$10.00 if the dog survived the surgery, but nothing if he died. Watson Gailey secured the assistance of his fifteen year old cousin and the two of them made a trough to strap the dog into. He told his cousin how to construct an ether cone and also how to administer the anesthetic. He borrowed his father's best razor, shaved the dog's neck and removed the goiter. When he was closing the wound he instructed his cousin to discontinue the anesthetic. He was not able to look up to see if the anesthetic had been discontinued. Unfortunately the anesthetist did not understand and was pouring Ether as fast as he could. Doctor Gailey asked, "Why didn't you stop the anesthetic"? And the cousin replied, "What's the anesthetic"? Artificial respiration was started but it was too late to revive the dog. This was his first experience of the operation being successful but the patient died.

When Watson Gailey was a Senior in Medical School he and his roommate stayed in Chicago over the Holidays to study for their hospital examinations. This was at the time of the Iroquois Fire. They heard about the fire and went down to see it. Because they were medical students they were asked to help. Their job was to take the bodies to the Morgue. Most of the people killed in this disaster died from suffocation and panic.

During this time he also was working nights in the Hospital. One evening the head nurse came to him with a bottle of powder. She said it was a new drug which was to be given in ten grain dosages and was supposed to be very good for headaches. It had been sent to the hospital from Germany. It wasn't used in the Hospital and Doctor took it home at Christmas time for his father. He gave it to his patients who had been complaining of Rheumatism, and headaches and they thought it was wonderful. It later became known as Aspirin.

In 1912, fortunately or unfortunately, he received a legacy of \$1800 from an Uncle in Kansas City, Missouri and immediately closed his office and with his family, sailed for Naples enroute to Vienna for a proposed year's study in diseases and surgery of the eye. Rather a daring move. Youth is wonderful. His studies took him, aside from Vienna, to Berlin, Paris and London. He returned to the United States feeling much better prepared to carry on in his specialty.

Going over on the boat Dr. Gailey was fortunate enough to meet and become a good friend of Robert Service, who was considered the Kipling of the United States. Service was a New York Times Correspondent, a very timid individual. Dr. Gailey was able to travel through the Klondike with Service and found himself in the front lines during the Balkan War.

Dr. Gailey studied most of the Winter in Vienna with Dr. Albert Fuchs, now deceased. Dr. Fuchs was considered the greatest eye man in the world and his "Textbook of Ophthalmology" is still the "Bible" of eye diseases. Dr. Fuchs' first assistant was Dr. Joseph Meller and the lectures and practical work was done at "Allge Meines Krankenhaus" which was a general hospital with a very large eye department. The free translation of the name of the hospital meant, "Everybody's Sick House". Dr. Meller was equally gifted and is now in his eighties. He is considered one of the world's greatest ophthalmologists.

The lecture course and practical work was very formal in its organization. Everyone was regimented and lived in fear of the Professor. There was no fee for this participation. Everyone reported to the Hospital at nine in the morning and stayed until five in the evening. Time was taken for a light dinner and back to the Clinic again. Many worked day and night.

During this time he also worked with Dr. Eric Rutin and Dr. Neuman, who was the Aurist for the King of England, King of Spain, Czar of Russia, Franz Joseph of Austria and their families. Dr. Neuman would go to the different palaces and live there for weeks at a time. His task was particularly difficult in living with the Royal Spanish family since all male members were victims of Hemophilia. When he left he often wondered what fee he would receive. He could not present a bill as the honor of being chosen the Aurist for such a group was supposed to have been sufficient. The King of England said he would send him a present which turned out to be an autographed picture of the family. The Czar of Russia sent

him 100,000 Russian cigarettes with his name on them. The King of Spain sent him some money as did Franz Joseph of Austria.

One unforgettable incident which transpired toward the end of this trip was to find himself in London for a month's study with his family to care for and the \$1800 legacy completely vanished. He had cabled his banker for \$500 from the continent to be sent to London, but his request had not reached his banker and on his arrival in London discovered that his total cash outlay amounted to six shillings. Luck was with him, however, as the day after his arrival in London was Easter Sunday and in struggling up the steps to attend services in St. Paul's Cathedral, he was lucky enough to bump into a lovely woman, almost upsetting her, only to find that she was a life-long friend. Only a few minutes were required to negotiate a loan of fifty pounds and a career was saved.

Doctor Gailey enlisted in the United States Medical Corp in November of 1917 immediately after our entrance into World War I. He was commissioned a 1st. Lieutenant and assigned to the Surgeon General's office, War Department, Washington, D. C.. He spent thirty days reading papers and brushing up on all the sport news wearing spurs to keep his heels from sliding off the desk. A friend, Major Paul Magnuson, who is now head of the Veterans Administration Hospitals of the United States, found him in despair and immediately put him to work just in time to prevent an attack of insanity which was edging toward the poor Lieutenant. He was assigned a two month tour of the Eastern Military Centers in an endeavor to determine what could be done for the blind and partially blind men so that they could be of value in the war effort. He made a report before a Congressional Committee, of his conclusions and that determined the policy of the government along those lines.

When this report was finished he was assigned to open up the eye department at the United States General Hospital #9, Lakewood, New Jersey. This was a twenty-five hundred bed hospital which had been converted from a large resort hotel. Doctor Gailey was assigned as head of the eye department with a Lieutenant Colonel as his assistant. There were about 150 doctors on the staff from all over the United States. He was there one year. Promotions were tough in those days but he finally emerged before the Armistice as a Captain in the United States Medical Corp--almost a Major.

His return to practice in Bloomington was, to Dr. Gailey, a rather tragic affair, as his practice, both office and surgery, seemed to have drifted away hither and yon and his first year was quite discouraging. But, after considerable struggle, he found himself back into a busy practice. In 1924 he began to feel once more that he needed a re-polishing and came to the conclusion that a second Post-Graduate course was a necessity. Since he had become associated with Dr. Harold Watkins, a very able specialist, in November of 1922, he felt no qualms about leaving his practice.

In September, 1924, with his family he sailed for London on the American Transport Line and again pursued his study of "eye" in England, France, Germany and Austria. The social part of this trip he found quite depressing as the ravages of World War I had impoverished his old friends along with the nations. Again he found himself in the "Allge Meines Krankenhaus", the hospital at the edge of Vienna, working with his old friends, Dr. Rutin, Dr. Feuchtinger, Dr. Bachstaetz who was now Dr. Meller's first assistant. Dr. Feuchtinger was the celebrated plastic surgeon who rebuilt and remodeled noses, ears, and lifted faces.

Dr. Gailey took voluminous notes in little black books. All of the lectures were in German but most of the Professors could speak English. It was necessary for Doctor Gailey to study German and French all the time he was there. The reasons the Germans are great teachers was the fact that they considered everyone in their class extremely dumb. They would dwell on each point and there was constant repetition. A Professor would talk as long as two hours on one feature of the Cataract Extraction--an Incision. Again all the lecture and practical work was given free and if one wanted some personal instruction he could make arrangements with the professor for two hour sessions for which he paid approximately \$10.00.

This was a sad time in Vienna. Everyone was reduced to poverty and the country was extremely poor. The professors hats were old. They had no gloves. Their suits were shiny and their light topcoats were worn.

Doctor Rutin would go to the Pathological Laboratories at night and take Dr. Gailey with him. They would dissect heads at night and the Dieners, who were a low type janitor in the Pathological Laboratories, would prepare and embalm the cadavers for the students and surgeons. Dr. Rutin had a horror of the Dieners and refused to go to the Laboratories alone. One night

when he was taking Doctor Gailey there for some work, they entered to find the Dieners bowling with human heads that had been amputated shortly before.

Rutin and Neuman were commanded by Hitler to come to Germany and examine his throat. They found that he had some polyps on his vocal cords and if they operated and the operation was not a success, they would be killed. So they refused. When Hitler entered Vienna he asked for Neuman and that is the last that was heard of him. Rutin was separated from his family and forced to live in the Hospital for two years in one room. He had no outside communication with his family and finally after this period, shot himself before the war ended.

Some time before his death, Rutin visited in New York City and was greatly confused by the open cars, great buildings, and the prosperity of the country and its people.

Dr. Bachstaetz was kind enough to allot private lecture time to Dr. Gailey and in all he gave about 12-14 two hour sessions. Dr. Gailey got word to leave for London to attend further lectures after he had completed the above time with Dr. Bachstaetz and he hurried to the bank to secure money to pay for his indebtedness. He owed the doctor \$250.00 and went to his apartment to pay him. He was so grateful and appreciative for the time spent and courtesy extended to him that he gave the doctor enough to purchase a new suit and hat. Both Dr. Bachstaetz and his wife cried with joy and informed Dr. Gailey that the Doctor had not had a new suit since 1914. Later on both the Doctor and his wife were arrested by the Nazis and have never been heard from since.

Emperor Franz Joseph was responsible for the progress in medicine in Austria. He decreed that anyone that died, the family must submit to an autopsy. Many important features of medicine came to light as a result of these examinations. As a direct result of this Tuberculosis, healed, in children was discovered. Choroiditis in childhood was found and known to be a pre-natal Tuberculosis--a circulatory thing in the blood stream--and for an unknown reason settled in the eye. It healed because the system of the child was vigorous enough to isolate and encapsulate this area of infection.

Working in eye it was paramount that hundreds of dissections be made of human eyes. The only material available was from the pathological laboratories or morgues. In the Charite and Moabit Hospitals in Berlin, which were supported by Government funds, it was possible to buy bodies for dissection purposes, not only eyes, but the entire cadavers for \$10.00 each.

Doctor Gailey heard the original lecture at the University of Vienna on Syphilitic Optic Atrophy which had never been arrested and ended in total blindness. It was found to be arrested permanently by infecting the patient with Malaria. The Malaria was injected into the blood stream. Subsequent chills and high fever resulted and the disease was arrested and the remaining sight saved. This led to the use of rat bite fever for similar purposes. Later high temperatures were induced by use of heat cabinets which accomplished the same purpose. This was not used in the United States until five or ten years after Doctor Gailey had heard the lecture at the University of Vienna.

Doctors from every place in the world were attending these clinics. When not in the laboratories, the evenings were spent in the wonderful Viennese restaurants around a big table with the Professors and Doctors talking "shop". Doctor Gailey happened to be the youngest of any of these groups and was enthralled with it all. He felt as did all the others, that the foundation of Ophthalmology was being laid at this time.

There were no examinations given after a course was completed and the Doctors were free to stay on as long as they desired. However, diplomas were issued that were called "Zeugnies", stating that the bearer was a graduate of the University of Vienna. Anyone who had been in attendance at this time was free to return when he desired.

One of the interesting bits of lore that was to become familiar to everyone who worked in the hospital, concerned the Catholic Chapel which was next to the entrance of the Morgue. There were many funerals conducted here every day and the parishioners were extremely poor. Caskets at this time cost \$3.10 and \$1.00 was paid to hire four pallbearers. They would carry the casket on their shoulders into the church. Upon entering the cobblestone courtyard, the Priest would come out to meet the funeral party and pray for a few minutes. The Doctors would sit across the street and watch the procedure. There was a cup in this cobblestone courtyard that was always full of saliva. The legend goes, that the pallbearer on the Northeast corner of the casket had expectorated at this particular spot for the past four-hundred years and the spittal had worn a cup in the cobblestone.

Full of fire and accumulated learning, his return to practice in Bloomington proved much happier than his homecoming following his Military Service. Hard work followed and

then came the depression of 1929. In 1930 the Anglo-Indian Government invited him along with three other Ophthalmologists of great repute, to come to India to study the causes of the prevalence of cataract in that unfortunate Country. This bid was accepted and they sailed from Vancouver on the Empress of Japan for Yokahama in November. Letters of introduction to our American Ambassador in Tokyo was responsible for a delightful reception in Japan and acquaintances with many prominent Japanese practicing Ophthalmology. The same situation presented itself in Peiping, Tien Tsien, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Singapore and Rangoon. They docked in Calcutta for a four month's sojourn in the jungles of India, establishing cataract clinics in out-of-the-way places. Thousands of Indian patients with their families were waiting to greet these American Doctors for relief from blindness. The Doctors were divided into two squads and the average number of cases operated upon daily by each team was sixty. There were days when as many as four hundred patients would be in their hospital, which by the way, consisted of tents constructed of bamboo and straw for shelter. They laid in rows head to foot, six to the tent. On the return trip, after those most astounding experiences, they sailed from Bombay for Marseilles, France.

From here Dr. Hompes, Lincoln, Nebraska, and Dr. Gailey visited Doctors Barraquer and Arruga in Barcelona and Doctors Poyales and Andina in Madrid and enjoyed several weeks of work with these wonderful Spanish Eye Surgeons. From Madrid they visited Doctors DePuy de Temps and Magitot in Paris where they felt that they had further enriched their professional friendships to an enormous extent. Then on to London for further study and finally to New York City where Dr. Gailey found that thirty pounds had melted away from his torso--his explanation being that he had been afraid to eat in India and that as a consequence, he had suffered an enormous shrinking of his food container.

Again he found his welcome by his old patients gratifying and delightful. Incidentally, he was asked to deliver a talk before the Rotary Club, outlining the happenings on his trip and was asked to show some of the seven thousand feet of moving pictures which he had taken on his journey. Though he was a woefully weak public speaker, but since he had a subject of considerable interest, it proved to be a popular bit of entertainment and so in two years he was invited all throughout Illinois to speak on this same subject before groups of all descriptions from the country school house to auditoriums. Following this trip, he found that his practice had increased

enormously and that his surgical practice increased by leaps and bounds. This condition was so pronounced that in the next nine years, in spite of the fact that he had taken on considerable additional staff, he was unable to get any further allotment of room in the Griesheim Building, where he had been located for thirty-two years and he was compelled to make arrangements for changing his location. After much planning and thought he decided to build a clinic of his own in the outlying district from the square.

After considerable investigation he had the good fortune to be able to acquire the old Ben Funk residence on North Main Street. This home had been built in 1867 and was located on a small city square block bounded by Main, Center, Scott and Graham Streets. The site was located in Major's Addition to the City of Bloomington and was surrounded by large Maple and Elm trees which were reputed to be about eighty years old. It also had an iron picket fence enclosing the grounds which was approximately sixty-five years old. The site was purchased from Mrs. Frank Funk who discovered that there had never been a recorded lease established which would, in turn, give the right for a deed to be recorded. It was necessary to contact old settlers to secure proper information for establishing this right.

It was his intention to convert the old homestead into a clinic, but after investigations with architects and contractors, he decided that the wise thing to do would be to tear down the old homestead and build a new building entirely. Excavation was started in March and the building was completed in October, 1941. The new building which is one-story, containing thirty-two rooms, has 5600 square feet of space and dimensions of 34 x 70.

There are only three steps leading into the building and these steps are constructed low and wide for the convenience of patients who do not see well. There are no steps throughout the interior of the Clinic. All floors are on the same level for the blind and near blind patients. The three great advantages of the building: 1. Work space large enough to accommodate the demand of the practice. 2. Location out of the busy business district of the city. 3. More ideal working conditions for the Doctors.

At the time of moving into this new building, one ophthalmologist was associated with him and he found it delightful

to be able to practice in the building which was especially constructed for surgery and treatment of diseases of the eye.

In November 1947, Dr. Gailey was asked to go to Guatemala on a Research program sponsored by the Pan-American Sanitary Association, which by the United States Government was developed during World War II. A study was made of Onchocerciasis, a disease caused by microfilaria--a tiny microscopic worm which invaded the blood stream of coffee workers causing total blindness. Oriental and South American Countries have diseases never seen in the United States because of occupational, nutritional, climatic and racial reasons.

In spite of the fact that our entry into World War II had been responsible for his having to work alone, his practice increased and the succeeding four years were exceptionally trying for him. Following the war, he found it best to gradually increase his medical staff and at the present time there are five members of this group and the entire personnel amounts to twenty-six people. The drawing power of the Clinic increased to a great degree and the conclusion was finally reached that it would be necessary to add to the working space and in July 1950 a new addition was started on the original building which will double the working space of this institution. The present facilities of the Clinic are conveniently arranged to take care of several hundred patients daily.

In 1948 he felt that it would be wise and expedient and a worthwhile move to establish the Watson Gailey Eye Foundation, the purpose of the Foundation being to promote the education of young ophthalmologists, to aid in the establishment of a Clinic to care for children of indigent families requiring eye treatment and surgery in McLean County, to aid in the prevention of blindness and to promote and aid the establishment of an eye bank, to give scholarships to teachers who were desirous of becoming instructors in Sight Saving classes and to establish or aid research pointed towards particular disease which might be selected.

Application was made to the Governor and Secretary of the State of Illinois for such a charter to establish this Foundation and this was granted. After being in operation one year and having turned his report into the Department of Treasury in Washington, it was very gratifying to the Directors of this Foundation and himself to learn that they had been accepted as a bona fide Foundation. Incidentally, it would be well to mention that this Board of Directors consisted of Mr. Grover C. Helm, banker; Mr. Richard Browne, educator; Mr. Joseph

Bohrer, attorney; Miss Florence Cromley, business administrator; and Watson Gailey, M.D. He could not have selected a better group and he is very proud to have these individuals working in behalf of the Watson Gailey Eye Foundation. One of the projects which is proving quite satisfactory, is the publication of the Watson Gailey Eye Foundation Digest, which is a periodical to be issued two to three times yearly, containing several articles written by men of International fame in the Ophthalmological World. The first edition was published and distributed in December 1949 to twenty-six hundred ophthalmologists, not only in the United States but throughout the World. The second issue was published in July 1950 and it is the intention of the Board of Directors to issue similar publications two to three times a year. The admirable features concerning the "Digest" are that the subjects are dealt with in a very practical manner. They are concise and the authors are men of world wide repute. In addition to this, the periodical is of such a size that it can be easily carried in the side pocket. The response from the Ophthalmologists who were on the mailing list was entirely beyond expectations.

Dr. Gailey's practice has been a great source of satisfaction to him from the standpoint that he has found it possible, in many many instances, to relieve patients of total blindness due to cataracts. Numerous interesting stories have resulted, two of which are related.

A young woman in her middle forties had bilateral cataracts for about ten or twelve years. She was unfortunate in her selection of doctors previous to coming to the Clinic as none she consulted would operate. Finally she came under much stress and family strain, for a consultation. After a complete examination was made she was told that there was every reason to believe that surgery would greatly benefit her. She was hospitalized for three or four weeks and bilateral cataract surgery was performed. She was very irritable and unhappy and felt that the operation was done for no good reason at all. The day the bandages were removed and she was fitted with her cataract lenses and saw her family for the first time in ten years, she was overjoyed. A reporter from the Daily Pantagraph heard of the case and came to the Hospital for an interview. She informed him that she had never seen her two youngest children or any of the new and modern improvements in the city. She was taken on a tour of the city by this reporter and was awed to view the city busses, cars, women in short dresses, a filling station which she had never seen in her life.

Another case concerned a youngster twelve years of age who had been in the School for the Blind for several years because of a cataract condition. After being operated, it was a revelation to see his reaction. He had never seen but felt things. Sidewalks impressed him more than anything else. He could not understand how a sidewalk appeared small and narrow when one walked down the street when directly in front of him it was extremely wide.

Methods and techniques of surgery have undergone a complete metamorphosis during the period of Dr. Gailey's practice. The advent of Penicillin, Streptomycin, Aureomycin, the Sulfa drugs, and ACTH and Cortisone, are rightly named the wonder drugs when one observes their attack on acute infections. The Elliott Trephine for Glaucoma and Akinesia in Cataract surgery were life or rather sight savers. Removal of a cataract by the suction method was learned from Dr. Barraquer in Barcelona and is widely used all over the country. Introduction of suture into the eye after surgery making the wound secure was a Godsend. It was learned how to make a new pupil when there was none. A satisfactory method was perfected for lifting the eyelids in Ptosis cases. An advent too was the giant magnet for removing foreign bodies.

At one time there was a terrific eye destroyer in Southern Illinois namely, Trachoma. Since the use of Sulfanilamide these cases are no longer to be dreaded.

The greatest source of satisfaction to Dr. Gailey has been the improvement in results following operative procedures in Strabismus, Cataract and Glaucoma. Approximately ninety-five out of one hundred cataract cases have a good result providing the patient is in the proper status of health. The modern treatment of Glaucoma with its surgical approaches prolong the duration of eyesight much more than in previous times. Ninety percent of the Strabismus cases enjoy a cosmetic result while twenty percent experience not only a cosmetic, but functional result and the manner of preserving eyesight in the squinting eye has improved beyond measure.

Dr. Gailey has had the privilege of being associated with noted eye men all over the Country, among which the following are listed: Doctors DeSchweintz, Posey, Spiller and Chance of Philadelphia; Col. Ellett of Memphis; Doctors Buffington and Grady Clay of Atlanta; Doctors Verhoeff, Derby, and Lancaster of Boston; Doctors Herman Knapp, Arnold Knapp and James White

of New York as well as Dr. Duane who translated Fuch's Textbook of Ophthalmology; Doctors Post, Green, Wiener and Ewing of St. Louis; Dr. Arthur Prince of Springfield; Dr. Wilmer of Baltimore and Washington and Doctors Holtz, Wilder and Beard of Chicago.

Dr. Gailey is a member of the McLean County Medical Society, Illinois State Medical Society, American Medical Association, Central Illinois Society of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology, The American Academy of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology, the American Association of Industrial Surgeons and the Chicago Ophthalmological Society. In addition he has been an Instructor on the teaching staff for the past ten years of the American Academy of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology. For the past three years he has served on the Advisory Committee for Ophthalmology for the Illinois Public Health Commission. He has an Assistant Professorship at the Illinois State Normal University. He is an Associate Surgeon at the Illinois Eye and Ear Infirmary, Chicago, Illinois and a Consultant Surgeon for the University of Illinois.

MEMORIES OF THE McLEAN COUNTY BAR

JUDGE HOMER W. HALL

MEMORIES OF THE McLEAN COUNTY BAR

BY

JUDGE HOMER W. HALL

I WAS ADMITTED TO THE McLEAN COUNTY BAR JUST FIFTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO RIGHT NOW, AND I THINK FOR THIS REASON I HAVE BEEN ASKED TO RECORD A FEW RECOLLECTIONS OF MATTERS APPERTAINING THERETO DURING THAT LONG PERIOD OF TIME. NOT A HISTORY, BUT A MEMORY !

IF MY MEMORY SERVES ME CORRECTLY, THE HONORABLE OWEN T. REEVES WAS OUR CIRCUIT JUDGE AT THAT TIME AND THE HONORABLE REUBEN M. BENJAMIN WAS OUR COUNTY AND PROBATE JUDGE. THEY WERE BOTH MEN OF EDUCATION, REFINEMENT AND JUDICIAL DIGNITY. AND WHEN I STOOD UP AND WAS SWORN IN AS A MEMBER OF THE ILLINOIS BAR AND AN OFFICER OF THE COURT, I WAS A PROUD YOUNG MAN, INDEED, AND A HAPPY ONE, BECAUSE I COULD NOT VISUALIZE THE LONG LEAN MONTHS AND YEARS AHEAD OF ME, "WITHOUT MONEY AND WITHOUT PRICE," THROUGH WHICH MOST YOUNG LAWYERS MUST PASS.

ONE COULD NOT AND CANNOT BUY A HALF-PAGE IN THE PANTAGRAPH AND TELL THE PEOPLE OF McLEAN AND ADJOINING COUNTIES WHAT A CAPABLE AND EFFICIENT LAWYER ONE IS, FOR THAT WOULD BE UNETHICAL, AND ALSO, BECAUSE THE PEOPLE WOULD NOT BELIEVE IT ANYHOW.

THE SYSTEM WAS AND IS FOR A YOUNG LAWYER TO SIT AND READ AND ATTEND THE COURT SESSIONS, LETTING ON THAT ONE IS BUSY, WHETHER ONE IS OR NOT, UNTIL GRADUALLY, - - VERY GRADUALLY, THE PEOPLE FIND OUT WHETHER THE NEWLY BORN IS CAPABLE OR NOT. THEN COMES BUSINESS AND SUCCESS IF DESERVED BY MERIT AND BY SERVICE.

DURING THOSE LEAN DAYS I HAD A CASE TO TRY IN A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE COURT, AND I, HAVING NO STENOGRAPHER, HUNG A SIGN

ON MY DOOR STATING, - "WILL RETURN IN AN HOUR." SOME HEARTLESS WAG, IN MY ABSENCE, WROTE UNDERNEATH IT, "WHO GIVES A DAMN!" THAT BROKE MY HEART.

JUDGE THOMAS F. TIPTON WAS OUR CIRCUIT JUDGE AFTER JUDGE REEVES, IN FACT, EACH DEFEATED THE OTHER SEVERAL TIMES AT THE REPUBLICAN PRIMARIES. JUDGE TIPTON WAS NOT THE HIGHLY EDUCATED, ERUDITE JUDGE COMPARABLE TO JUDGE REEVES, BUT JUDGE TIPTON WAS SUCH A THOROUGH HUMAN BEING THAT HE WAS A GOOD GUESSER BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG, AND HIS JUDICIAL RECORD IN THE TRIAL COURT WAS EXCELLENT, AND, STRANGE TO SAY, SO IT WAS IN THE REVIEW COURTS. "ASTUTE" IS THE WORD THAT DESCRIBES HIM BEST. ONE LITTLE ANECDOTE ILLUSTRATING THE ABOVE IS THIS ONE :

THERE WAS A JURY TRIAL BEFORE JUDGE TIPTON INVOLVING A QUANTITY OF MOLASSES. COUNSEL WAS EXAMINING ONE OF THE WITNESSES WHO DID NOT SEEM TO COMPREHEND WHAT WAS WANTED FROM HIM. JUDGE TIPTON INTERRUPTED AND SAID, "NO! NO! MR. WITNESS, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT THE LAWYER WANTS YOU TO TELL ABOUT. LET THE COURT ASK YOU. TELL THE JURY IN YOUR OWN WORDS HOW MANY OF THEM MOLASSES THERE WAS." ^{The witness replied, "Two."} THE JUDGE QUERIED, "TWO WHAT?" THE WITNESS REPLIED, "TWO MOLASSES."

WHEN A PRISONER IS CHARGED WITH CRIME AND HAS NO MONEY WITH WHICH TO EMPLOY A LAWYER, THE COURT WILL, ON REQUEST, APPOINT A LAWYER TO ACT FOR HIM FREE OF CHARGE, BECAUSE THE LAWYER IS AN OFFICER OF THE COURT AND IS SWORN TO SEE THAT JUSTICE IS DONE.

ONE TIME, A LONG TIME AGO, A MAN WAS INDICTED FOR STEALING A HOG. HE HAD NO MONEY. HE HAD NO LAWYER. THEREUPON, THE PRESIDING JUDGE, THE HONORABLE COLOSTIN D. MYERS, APPOINTED ME TO DEFEND HIM IN THESE WORDS, "MR. HALL, YOU WILL LOOK AFTER THIS MAN AND GIVE HIM THE BEST ADVICE YOU CAN."

THE HONORABLE ROBERT LINCOLN FLEMING WAS THEN STATES ATTORNEY AND PROSECUTING IN PERSON.

THE CASE WAS CALLED AND I SAID, "THE DEFENSE IS READY, YOUR HONOR."

THE STATES ATTORNEY SAID, "YOUR HONOR, THE STATE IS READY EXCEPT THAT THE ORIGINAL INDICTMENT IS NOT IN THE FILES. IT HAS, NO DOUBT, BEEN MISPLACED AND WILL SHOW UP LATER. WE HAVE A TRUE COPY OF THE INDICTMENT, HOWEVER, AND WE WILL GO TO TRIAL ON THAT."

REMEMBERING THE JUDGE'S INSTRUCTIONS TO ME, I SAID, "NO! YOUR HONOR! WE WILL NOT GO TO TRIAL ON ANY COPY, AND IF THE STATE HAS NO INDICTMENT AGAINST THIS MAN, I MOVE THAT HE BE DISCHARGED."

THE STATES ATTORNEY REMONSTRATED, BUT THE COURT HAD TO AND DID DISCHARGE THE PRISONER. I THEN TOLD MY CLIENT, "NOW MY BEST ADVICE TO YOU IS TO GO OUT THE WEST DOOR OF THE COURT HOUSE AND KEEP GOING AS FAR AND AS FAST AS YOU CAN UNTIL YOU CROSS THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER." HE DID SO. I HAD GIVEN HIM THE BEST ADVICE I COULD, AS DIRECTED BY JUDGE MYERS.

JUDGE EDWARD BARRY WAS, IN MY JUDGEMENT, MOST FAMILIAR WITH THE LAW OF ANY OF OUR LOCAL JUDGES. HIS COURT HAD JURISDICTION OF DIVORCE CASES, AMONG OTHER THINGS.

ONE DAY A WOMAN SUING FOR DIVORCE WAS TELLING HER SIDE OF IT. "THIS MAN IS A BRUTE, JUDGE," SHE INSISTED. "HE WANTS TO KEEP SOME OF HIS PAY, SMOKES TWO CIGARS A DAY, TAKES A DRINK ON SATURDAY, STAYS OUT LATE ON HIS BIRTHDAY, READS THE PAPER WHEN I AM TALKING TO HIM AND IS UNKIND TO MY RELATIVES."

"THEN YOU WANT THIS MAN PUNISHED?" ASKED THE JUDGE. "I MOST CERTAINLY DO," DECLARED THE WOMAN. "VERY WELL," AGREED THE JUDGE. "I WON'T DIVORCE YOU FROM HIM."

JUDGE BARRY HAD A SENSE OF HUMOR. SOME PEOPLE DIDN'T THINK SO. I DID.

OUR PRESENT CIRCUIT JUDGE, THE HONORABLE WILLIAM C. RADLIFF, ALSO HAS A SENSE OF HUMOR.

ONE MORNING, AFTER MY RETIREMENT, I WANDERED INTO HIS COURTROOM WHERE HE WAS ARRAIGNING THE PRISONERS ON INDIOTMENTS JUST RETURNED BY THE GRAND JURY.

AN ATTORNEY FROM AN ADJOINING COUNTY WAS PRESENT AND SAID, LOOKING OVER THE ROOM, "JUDGE RADLIFF, YOU CERTAINLY HAVE A TOUGH LOOKING BUNCH OF JAIL BIRDS BEFORE YOU THIS MORNING."

THE JUDGE OBSERVED, "NOT SO BAD. THE SHERIFF HASN'T BROUGHT THEM IN YET. YOU ARE LOOKING AT THE LAWYERS."

I WAS ONCE TRYING A CASE BEFORE WILLIAM B. HENDRIX, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, AND A CHARACTER.

I HAD A SUPREME COURT DECISION IN MY HANDS EXACTLY IN POINT WITH MY SIDE OF THE CASE AND IN MY FAVOR. I SAID, "JUDGE, I WANT TO READ YOU WHAT THE SUPREME COURT HAS RULED IN A CASE EXACTLY LIKE THIS."

JUDGE HENDRIX REPLIED, "TO HELL WITH THE SUPREME COURT. I'M RUNNING THIS COURT. CAP. ROWELL FOOLED ME WITH ONE OF THEM YALLER BOOKS ONE TIME AND YOU ARE NOT GOING TO DO IT."

IF I AM NOT MISTAKEN, McLEAN COUNTY HAS HAD FOUR COURT HOUSES. THE FIRST WAS "THE STIPP HOUSE" AT THE CORNER OF GROVE AND EAST STREETS, DEMOLISHED ABOUT THIRTY YEARS AGO TO FURNISH THE SITE FOR THE PRESENT McBARNES MEMORIAL BUILDING. THE SECOND COURT HOUSE WAS A SMALL BUT ADEQUATE BRICK STRUCTURE ON THE PRESENT COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

JUST AFTER THE CIVIL WAR THIS BUILDING WAS RAZED AND A SPLENDID STONE STRUCTURE WAS ERECTED ON THE SAME LOCATION, IN WHICH THE COURTS AND OFFICES WERE LOCATED ABOUT AS THEY NOW ARE, BUT WITHOUT ELECTRIC LIGHTS, ELEVATOR OR TELEPHONES.

THIS BUILDING BURNED TO THE GROUND ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 19, 1900, THE NIGHT OF THE GREAT FIRE. I WATCHED IT BURN AND AS ITS TOWN CLOCK STRUCK FOUR IN THE MORNING, THE BIG BELL LET GO AND DROPPED TO THE CASEMENT.

BLOOMINGTON IMMEDIATELY AROSE FROM THE FIRE LIKE "PHOENIX" AND IN ABOUT TWO YEARS, THE PRESENT BEAUTIFUL COUNTY BUILDING WAS COMPLETED, COURT BEING HELD DURING THESE TWO YEARS IN "TURNER HALL" ON SOUTH MAIN STREET.

ONE DAY AS I WENT DOWN TO THE "TURNER HALL" COURT HOUSE, I MET MY OLD FRIEND, LEWIS EDWARD SKAGGS OF DANVERS. AS WE WALKED DOWN TOGETHER, ED SAID, "WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO THE COURT HOUSE FOR THIS MORNING?" I REPLIED, "I'M GOING DOWN TO DEFEND TWO FELLOWS WHO STOLE ARTHUR SCROGGIN'S MULES. WHAT ARE YOU GOING DOWN FOR, ED?" MR. SKAGGS REPLIED, "I'M ON THE JURY."

HE WAS. AND HE WAS THE FIRST JUROR CALLED INTO THE BOX IN MY SCROGGIN CASE. IT IS NEEDLESS TO SAY THAT HE WAS NOT ACCEPTED TO TRY THE CASE.

THE McLEAN COUNTY BAR HAS ALWAYS BEEN DISTINGUISHED BY THE QUALITY AND CHARACTER OF ITS MEMBERSHIP AND AN UNUSUAL NUMBER OF ITS MEMBERS ATTAINED NOT ONLY LOCAL, BUT STATE AND NATION-WIDE EMINENCE.

ALSO, IN THE REALM OF GOVERNMENT, ITS MEMBERS FURNISHED TO THE STATE AND NATION A VICE-PRESIDENT, A PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE, A UNITED STATES SENATOR, A JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT, A UNITED STATES MINISTER TO BELGIUM, A MEMBER OF THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE COMMISSION, AN ASSISTANT POSTMASTER GENERAL, TWO GOVERNORS OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS, NINE MEMBERS OF THE UNITED STATES CONGRESS, A JUDGE OF THE UNITED STATES COURT OF CLAIMS, A FEDERAL DISTRICT JUDGE, WHO WAS LATER A JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT OF APPEALS, A SECRETARY OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS, A CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF ILLINOIS, TWO CHAIRMEN OF THE STATE BOARD OF PARDONS, TWO STATE RAILROAD AND WAREHOUSE COMMISSIONERS AND THREE SUPREME COURT REPORTERS.

MANY OF ITS MEMBERS ATTAINED EXALTED MILITARY RANK IN OUR COUNTRY'S VARIOUS WARS.

TO LISTEN TO THESE MEN TALK AND TO OBSERVE THEIR VARIOUS MODES OF OPERATION WAS, TO A YOUNG LAWYER, A LIBERAL AND USEFUL EDUCATION.

WHILE WRITING THESE MEMORIES, I HAVE BEEN TRYING TO DECIDE WHAT ARGUMENT, BY WHICH LAWYER, AND IN WHAT KIND OF A CASE I HAD HEARD OR READ THE MOST EFFECTIVE EXAMPLE OF FORENSIC ORATORY. THE ONE I HAVE DECIDED UPON WAS DELIVERED BY THE HONORABLE GEORGE GRAHAM VEST, A UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MISSOURI.

THE CASE WAS FOR DAMAGES IN THE SUM OF \$150, CHARGING THAT THE DEFENDANT KILLED A WELL-BELOVED AND VALUABLE DOG OF THE PLAINTIFF.

SENATOR VEST WAS CALLED INTO THE CASE VERY LATE. HE DID NOT MENTION ONE SINGLE BIT OF THE EVIDENCE. HE DID NOT MENTION THE PLAINTIFF NOR THE DEFENDANT NOR ANY WITNESS IN THE CASE. WITH SIMPLE, GRACEFUL, IMPETUOUS ELOQUENCE HE ADDRESSED THE JURY AS FOLLOWS AND WON HIS CASE :

"GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, THE BEST FRIEND A MAN HAS HAD IN THIS WORLD MAY TURN AGAINST HIM AND BECOME HIS ENEMY. HIS SON OR DAUGHTER WHOM HE HAS REARED WITH LOVING CARE MAY PROVE UNGRATEFUL. THOSE WHO ARE NEAREST AND DEAREST TO US - THOSE WHOM WE TRUST WITH OUR HAPPINESS AND GOOD NAME MAY BECOME TRAITORS IN THEIR FAITH. THE MONEY THAT A MAN HAS HE MAY LOSE. IT FLIES AWAY FROM HIM, PERHAPS WHEN HE NEEDS IT MOST. A MAN'S REPUTATION MAY BE SACRIFICED IN A MOMENT OF ILL-CONSIDERED ACTION. THE PEOPLE WHO ARE PROUD TO FALL ON THEIR KNEES TO DO US HONOR WHEN SUCCESS IS WITH US MAY BE THE FIRST TO THROW THE STONE OF MALICE WHEN FAILURE SETTLES ITS CLOUD UPON OUR HEADS.

"THE ONE ABSOLUTE, UNSELFISH FRIEND THAT A MAN CAN HAVE IN THIS SELFISH WORLD - THE ONE THAT NEVER PROVES UNGRATEFUL OR TREACHEROUS - - - IS HIS DOG.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, A MAN'S DOG STANDS BY HIM IN PROSPERITY AND POVERTY, IN HEALTH AND SICKNESS. HE WILL SLEEP ON THE COLD GROUND, WHERE THE WINTRY WINDS BLOW, AND THE SNOW DRIVES FIERCELY, IF ONLY HE CAN BE NEAR HIS MASTER'S SIDE.

"HE WILL KISS THE HAND THAT HAS NO FOOD TO OFFER; HE WILL LICK THE WOUNDS AND SORES THAT COME IN ENCOUNTER WITH THE ROUGHNESS OF THE WORLD. HE GUARDS THE SLEEP OF HIS PAUPER

MASTER AS IF HE WERE A PRINCE. WHEN OTHER FRIENDS DESERT HE REMAINS. WHEN RICHES TAKE WINGS AND REPUTATION FALLS TO PIECES, HE IS AS CONSTANT IN HIS LOVE AS THE SUN IN ITS JOURNEY THROUGH THE HEAVENS.

"IF FORTUNE DRIVES THE MASTER FORTH AN OUTCAST IN THE WORLD, FRIENDLESS AND HOMELESS, THE FAITHFUL DOG ASKS NO HIGHER PRIVILEGE THAN THAT OF ACCOMPANYING HIM TO GUARD HIM AGAINST DANGER, TO FIGHT AGAINST HIS ENEMIES. AND WHEN THE LAST SCENE OF ALL COMES, AND DEATH TAKES THE MASTER IN ITS EMBRACE AND HIS BODY IS LAID AWAY IN THE COLD GROUND, NO MATTER IF ALL OTHER FRIENDS PURSUE THEIR WAY, THERE BY HIS GRAVESIDE WILL BE FOUND THE NOBLE DOG, HIS HEAD BETWEEN HIS PAWS, HIS EYES SAD BUT OPEN IN ALERT WATCHFULNESS, FAITHFUL AND TRUE EVEN UNTO DEATH."

MARK B. HAYES

A BIOGRAPHY

Mark B. Hayes

Mark B. Hayes, one of Bloomington's best-known citizens, has had long experience in the city's business and municipal affairs and has figured prominently in Bloomington's continued growth.

Mr. Hayes has served three terms as mayor of the City of Bloomington, preceded by eight years as a member of the City Council. He has owned and operated a drug store here since 1913.

A lifelong member of the community, he has lived in only two wards—the Sixth and the Third. He was born October 6, 1889, the son of David and Catherine Hayes in the 400 block on East Emerson Street, the family later moving to 403 Seminary. Mr. Hayes was married June 7, 1916 to Miss Margaret V. Kalahar and the couple settled at 1310½ South Main Street. They moved to their present address at 1309 South Main Street in 1941. They are the parents of one daughter, Mrs. Margaret Hayes Theis.

As a boy, Mr. Hayes was a carrier for the Sunday Eye, the Daily Bulletin and The Daily Pantagraph. Beginning at the age of 10 and for several years thereafter he assisted his father in the latter's drug store at 629 North Main Street before and after school hours and during vacations.

After graduation from St. Mary's High School he attended the Illinois School of Pharmacy and then returned to Bloomington where he went to work at Frison's Drug Store in the Eddy Building. In 1913 he decided to go into business for himself and opened a drug store in the Behrman Building at 1102 South Main Street. He is now the oldest active drug store proprietor operating in the same location.

He embarked in municipal politics in the Spring of 1923, an important period for the city because the people had just voted, after eight years of Commission form, to return to the Ward system of government, with a Council made up of two aldermen from each of the seven wards and an Executive Department headed by the mayor. Mr. Hayes became Republican candidate for alderman from the Third Ward and was elected. He served six years continuously in that period, after which he dropped out of the Council for one term. In 1931 he was again chosen alderman, serving until 1933.

Mr. Hayes was a prominent figure in the City Council, serving as chairman of many important committees. He was named by Mayor Ben S. Rhodes as one of the councilmen to serve on the Joint Committee of Fourteen to represent Bloomington and Normal in attempting a permanent solution to the water problem which had been a plague to the city for a generation. Through the years from 1926 to 1928 the committee wrestled with the problem, eventually resulting in the organization of the Bloomington Water Company which financed and constructed Lake Bloomington, thus accomplishing one of the city's great achievements.

While Lake Bloomington means a great deal to Bloomington citizens, it means much more to Mr. Hayes because his entire career was wrapped up in it. As chairman of the special Lake Committee to select sites for the lake, he was requested by the committee that he as chairman make recommendations to them on what, in his opinion, was the best site. Various groups were pressing for both the Mackinaw River site and Money Creek site. Mr. Hayes finally decided upon Money Creek and the Committee accepted his recommendation. If, however, he had erred in his

choice he would have unquestionably been ruined politically.

In 1932 he served as chairman of the Council committee which investigated the proposed diesel power plant for the City Water Works at Division Street, and which eventually financed and constructed that plant. When it was finished, Mr. Hayes was chosen to throw the switch putting the new plant into operation.

For four years in his Council career Mr. Hayes was a member of the Finance Committee which handles the devising of revenue measures and tries to keep down appropriations. He was known as one of the strictest officials in watching city expenditures. The Health Committee and the Water Board were two of the other important committees on which he served.

During his years on the Council he probably participated in more city paving projects than any other official in the city's history. He was a power behind the paving of Miller Park and the building of the Park's bath house.

Mr. Hayes was elected Mayor of Bloomington in 1937 and was re-elected to that post in 1941 and 1945. These 12 years in office were marked by a severe economic depression, a great World War, and a difficult postwar readjustment period.

When he first took office in 1937 he was faced with almost insurmountable obstacles. The city was low on funds and could get but very little credit, in addition to being heavily in debt. Under Mr. Hayes' guidance, expenses were cut to the minimum and great strides were made in reducing bond and other city indebtedness. In a short time the city's credit was fully restored and Bloomington was on its way back to solvency.

Extensive municipal improvements highlighted Mr. Hayes' three terms as mayor. Street car rails were removed and many

miles of new and resurfaced streets were laid at little direct cost to property owners.

His administration achieved success in a long quest for funds for a new City Hall and for expansion of the city light plant. Land was purchased for construction of a new Armory on South Main Street, and the Police and Fire Departments were expanded and thoroughly modernized. The Junior Police was organized to curb juvenile delinquency.

Parking meters were placed about the business district to accomodate both Bloomington and out-of-town shoppers, additional traffic lights were placed in various parts of the city, and the resurfacing and widening of North Main Street and Roosevelt Avenue were accomplished. A Zoning Ordinance to regulate building in Bloomington was adopted in 1941.

During Mr. Hayes' last term as mayor ending in 1949, eleven miles of new relief sewers were constructed and a complete rehabilitation of the city's old sewer system was started. Extensive improvements were made also at Lake Bloomington and at Municipal Airport during his last administration.

Mr. Hayes is past president of the Illinois Municipal League. He is a member of the Young Men's Club, Knights of Columbus, Loyal Order of Moose, and Holy Trinity Church.

CAMPBELL HOLTON

A BIOGRAPHY

CAMPBELL HOLTON

As we go through life we meet many people but few of them are worthy of the title, CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN. However, in Campbell Holton we do meet a truly Christian gentleman.

Mr. Holton's mother, Ellen Margaret Campbell, was born in 1839 in Newry, County Down, Ireland, a second cousin of Alexander Campbell. She came to Bethany, Virginia, with Thomas and Alexander Campbell, both schoolteachers with a devout interest in Christianity. Alexander Campbell later became one of the noted founders of our movement.

Thomas Tillmon Holton, Campbell Holton's father, was born in Ohio. After teaching school for a while, he went to Bethany College to study for the ministry. It was in Bethany that he and Ellen Margaret Campbell were married by Alexander Campbell in 1862. Soon afterward the young couple moved to Kentucky, and T.T. Holton preached in several communities in Indiana and Illinois until his death. He never took vacations from his preaching. From this superlative background it is easy to see the reflection of a great heritage in Campbell Holton.

Campbell Holton was born in Vincennes, Indiana, in 1866. When he was four years old, his father decided to buy ten acres of land near Berlin, Illinois, and rear his children there. Both of his parents taught school there, and his father preached every Sunday. During the three years that they lived in Berlin young Campbell visited school all day. He still recalls with delight the bread-and-butter sandwiches, jam, and tea they had for noon-time lunches. It was in 1873 that they moved to Lincoln, Illinois. At the age of seven Mr. Holton took a special test so that he could start in the fifth grade. Besides his studies, he helped the janitor until 6 P.M. every evening after school. In the evening he went home to milk the cow, tend the pigs, and perform other necessary tasks. These complex duties left little time for social life and entertainment. Society was not developed then to modern proportions. Each Tuesday night the boys took

their girls to singing class at the church, and on Thursday everyone went to church to study the lesson for the following Sunday. In the 1870's this was the only recreation or social life for Christian people.

When he was fifteen, Mr. Holton started to teach in the Christian Church at Lincoln, Illinois. In this church, Mr. Holton tells us, a group of young men worked at all types of tasks. Not just teaching on Sunday, but also cleaning, decorating, visiting members, financing, and a host of other tasks throughout the week.

His first class in Bloomington, Illinois, where he now lives, was the Intermediate Class of First Church. Later he became a charter member of the Second Church of Bloomington, and has served as a member of the church board since it was founded in 1902 under the leadership of the great church builder, J.H. Gilliland, who built three churches in Bloomington and started a fourth in Normal, Illinois, before he died. In this church he has continually been a leader and staunch supporter of all worthy causes. He has taught all classes in Second Church at one time or another. For many years he has faithfully led the Men's Bible Class. Mr. Holton believes that the discussion method is far superior to the lecture method. "Let them all get into it, and feel that they are part of the group."

His early training also carried over into his family life. For more than fifty years he has been a devoted husband, and a loyal family man. In their early childhood his children went to Sunday school with him, and received the blessings of righteous Christian living. His hospitality, cheerfulness, and generosity make his home life as near to ideal as man can attain.

To live a long, happy, peaceful, and successful life was his ambition when he was only fifteen. He had graduated from high school, and felt that he must have a job at once. He accepted a job in a grocery store in Lincoln, Illinois, for five dollars a week, believing that opportunity was the main thing. "If you work hard to give good service, you will be recognized and rewarded." His thesis was rewarding. Eventually he and another clerk bought the store and thus received their first taste of business enterprise. A short time later they sold out, and Mr. Holton moved from Lincoln to Bloomington. Here his first job was in the wholesale business of Humphrey and Co.

In 1907 he and ten other men started what is now Campbell Holton and Company, one of central Illinois' largest wholesale grocery firms.

Everything did not always run smoothly, but his courage, honesty, and perseverance always carried him through difficult times. His outstanding example of honesty in business relations might well be followed by many young men today.

Mr. Holton's optimistic outlook toward life is reflected in the trade name for the products he sells under the brand HAPPY HOUR.

Happy Hour stores can be found in many Illinois communities. They are the home-owned grocery stores in which Mr. Holton believes strongly. Another brand name is the good Disciple name--Campbell Brand.

Mr. Holton has vast world-wide and community interests. He believes that it is everyone's duty to have a thorough knowledge of world events. His national interests may well be demonstrated by his correspondence with prominent men. He corresponds regularly with such men as Edgar DeWitt Jones (one time minister in Bloomington); every Monday he writes his congressman about some current event; and two or three times each year he writes to the President. In addition he frequently writes to tell news commentators his opinion of their broadcasts, and he usually gets an answer from them. In politics, he is fair-minded. He believes that the President should be respected for his high office, regardless of party affiliations. He firmly believes that the preacher needs to be a salesman, selling Christianity to all. When asked about his church service, he always replies, "The church does me far more good than I can ever repay." How many people have need of this righteous attitude today! Mr. Holton is always ready to volunteer any aid in money, suggestions, or labor. He was recently elected honorary lifetime chairman of the board of Second Church in Bloomington, Illinois, in recognition of his faithful service to this group in the past forty years.

He has always taken an active part in community organizations, serving them with both money and personal effort. He was chairman of the Brokaw Hospital Board for thirty years and has been a board member since it was first organized. Before World War I he was the original chairman of the McLean County Chapter of the American Red Cross of which he is still a member. He is also on the Board of Directors of the Bloomington Y.M.C.A. and was chairman of the Building Fund Committee. He has also been a generous supporter of the only mission house in town. This is truly a fine record of community service.

Any citizen of this community will tell you that the name "Campbell Holton," rings pleasantly in their ears every time they hear it. He has served on so many committees, boards, and other community benefits that everyone knows of his fine character and outstanding service. THE DAILY PANTAGRAPH, local paper, awarded its second Community Service Award to Mr. Holton in 1928. Few cities, regardless of size, can boast of a more prominent citizen and public servant.

Mr. Holton has unusual vigor in both body and mind. His friends have often heard him say, "You are only as old as you feel." He recently celebrated his eightieth birthday, but he still takes an active part in his business each day and devotes many hours to church and community service. His large library, his well formulated opinions of important current events, and his familiarity with hosts of new books and articles illustrate his vigor of mind.

Mr. Holton's optimism knows no defeat. He comes through every trying situation with a smile. Everyone who knows this Christian gentleman is inspired by his righteous living.

Letters from Mr. Holton frequently bear all types of seals--many not too familiar to the receiver. The seals are slogans and reminders of worthy institutions and organizations. They show his vital concern for every good cause. Hardly any cause has been presented but has received his blessings and financial support. For many years Mr. Holton and W.S. Galough have been the only two men to be members of the Women's Missionary Society of Second Church, paying their share of money for missionary causes.

When the church has guests arriving for special programs, Mr. Holton will be at the train, day or night, with his cheerful greeting and warm handshake. He will be sure to arrange for the visitor's comfort and will insist on having the visitor as a guest at dinner.

Such a Christian gentleman is the backbone of our brotherhood and worthy witness of Christ to the world.

WHAT I REMEMBER

ELIZABETH STEVENSON IVES

Elizabeth Stevenson Ives was born in the year 1854, and was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Stevenson, of the city of New York. She was educated in the city of New York, and was a member of the New York Society of Music.

She was married in the year 1875, to Mr. John H. Stevenson, of the city of New York. She was a member of the New York Society of Music, and was a member of the New York Society of Music.

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WHAT I REMEMBER

ELIZABETH STEVENSON IVES

Adlai and I, on the Stevenson side, are the fourth generation of our people to live in Illinois. We embody two lines of sturdy colonial ancestors who have toiled to make this country.

The Stevensons came to Illinois in 1852. In fact, John Stevenson arrived in Bloomington with his family on July 7th of that year at 6:00 P.M. from The Blue Springs, Christian County, Kentucky.

The Stevenson-Ewing clan were Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who settled in 1761 in Mecklenburg and Iredell Counties, North Carolina. The men took part in the Revolutionary War.

In 1813, our paternal great-grandparents moved to Christian County, Kentucky, and settled in the spot where A. E. Stevenson (the vice-president) was born in October 23, 1835.

"Judge" Stevenson practiced law in Metamora when he was States Attorney for the Circuit. There he knew Robert A. Ingersoll, Abraham Lincoln, Judge David Davis, General Gridley, Judge Purple, Stephen A. Douglas and General Shields.

At Chenoa in 1866, Mr. Stevenson married Letitia Green of Danville, Kentucky, whose father, the Reverend Lewis Warner Green, had been President of Center College. From Mr. Green and his wife, Mary Peachey Fry, came a line of illustrious Virginia ancestry, leading to the Washingtons, Warners and Walkers of 17th century Colonial Virginia.

In tracing these family lines, it is interesting to see the constantly recurring names of well-known Virginians and never once does there occur a marriage with other than Anglo-Saxons of American birth.

On the maternal side, our people settled even earlier in Illinois. The Browns, Fells and Davises were Quakers from Chester County, Pennsylvania. The Fells settled in Pennsylvania in 1705 and were from what is called the "middle station" in life.

Jesse Fell faced west in 1828 and arrived in McLean County in June, 1832, and became the County's first lawyer in a little office in a brick building on the corner of Main and Front Streets. Judge David Davis later became his associate and there Abraham Lincoln, while riding the circuit as a lawyer, made his headquarters. Mr. Fell in 1835, bought the outfit for a newspaper and on January 1, 1836, approved the first

number of "The Bloomington Observer and McLean County Advocate". This venture led to "The Pantagraph" of which Mr. Fell's son-in-law, William Osborne Davis, finally became the proprietor. This property is owned now by us five grandchildren of Mr. Davis.

Our great-grandfather Fell's service to the public good includes bringing to his County, railroads, the Illinois State Normal University, the Illinois Soldier's and Sailor's Children's School, etc., etc. He was a friend of Joseph Medill and wrote articles for The Chicago Tribune which published these lines at the time of his death:

"We do like thee, Jesse Fell.
The reason why, we cannot tell.
The winds that sigh through wood and dell
Sound thy fit requiem, Jesse Fell."

These lines were fitting as Mr. Fell planted trees on all the lands he owned or in which he had large interests. He laid out the towns of Lexington, Clinton, Pontiac, Joliet, Dwight, Decatur and Normal.

He was one of the most influential persons in the State in the organization of the Republican party. Until its organization, he was a Henry Clay Whig. He was instrumental in organizing the memorable meeting in Majors Hall in Bloomington, May 1856, when Lincoln delivered the "Lost Speech".

He became increasingly intimate and impressed with Lincoln and suggested the invitation from Lincoln to Douglas to debate in 1854. Douglas refused and only two years later did the debates take place. Mr. Fell kept his finger on the pulse of Illinois politics and acted as Secretary of the State Republican Committee. It was he who first suggested to Lincoln his being a candidate for President. Fell finally prevailed upon Mr. Lincoln to write him an autobiography and on December 20, 1859, Mr. Lincoln wrote his only autobiography. Mr. Fell immediately sent it to his friend, Joseph J. Lewis, in West Chester, Pennsylvania, and Lewis' use of it is one of the most interesting chapters in the story of Abraham Lincoln's rise to the Presidency.

The sensitive, wide feeling for politics in its highest sense was one of Fell's greatest gifts and it has been transmitted to his great-grandson, Adlai E. Stevenson. Adlai seems to be the ultimate expression of broad political understanding, broad thinking and a deep sense of service. His people from the 17th Century have served this country. From the House of Burgesses in Virginia to the patient, tireless promoter of prairie Illinois, these forefathers have left a trust to Adlai of selfless service. None of these men of history left fortune but all left honored names and the fruits of their labors can be seen in memorials from Virginia, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, over the wilderness trail to Kentucky and into Illinois. Whig, Democrats, and finally Republicans, the word "Service" seems to mark their graves.

Now in the Executive Mansion down in Springfield, in the Governor's bedroom hang the pictures of the Fells, the Davises, the Stevensons. And I've no doubt as Adlai closes his eyes at night, he looks into the faces of these men and women, these hard-working "good" immediate forebears and he gives thanks to have come along the path of destiny from them.

There was a time when families clung closer, than they now do, to one another, and had a keener personal sense of obligation. I know that in the Stevenson home up on Franklin Square, my Grandmother had both her own mother in the house and her mother-in-law for months and years! Mrs. Green was a haughty aristocrat, clad in velvets and the grand manner, and Mrs. Stevenson was quite different in character. She wore a small, black lace cap and had great, beautiful eyes, and was the intimate and adored friend and companion of her son, Adlai. She gave to him her qualities of wit and humor, height and large frame. She lived to be very old.

During these years, Grandmother was close beside her husband in his political career, and bringing up her four children, taking her own place as organizer and leader, and counting her pennies as at no time were the family "wealthy".

I was fourteen when Grandmother Stevenson died (Mother, Adlai and I were in California at the time) but she was my ideal and since I've learned more of her nature, qualities and attainments, I hope I will be just a small percent as good or successful a woman.

I was born in the guest bedroom of my Grandfather W. O. Davis' house on East Chestnut Street, Bloomington, Illinois. I think it was a very hot day and there is plenty of dispute as to whether I was born before midnight or after. Father, being highly superstitious, wanted very much to get me in before the clock struck 12:00 so I should be a Thursday child but Mother was very sure I was born on Friday, July 16, 1897 at 11:25 P.M.

The room was on the southwest corner of that lovely old brick house, built in the '80's by my grandparents, the W. O. Lavisess, when they decided to leave Normal and come into Bloomington. I suppose the little frame house in Normal, near the tracks, which had been the gift of Jesse Fell to his daughter Eliza, had been outgrown. Perhaps "Daddy" Davis wanted to be nearer the Pantagraph. In any case, the girls, Jesse and Helen, growing young ladies, thought Bloomington more fashionable.

The bed I was born on was an iron bedstead with blue silk curtains and later stood on the ground floor in the guest room in "Daddy" Davis' cottage in Charlevoix. I spent every summer of my life in that same cottage until "Daddy" died in 1911. It was great fun taking my friends in to look at the bed brought up from Bloomington, and, in a sweeping, portentous way, saying, "This is where I was born". I thought the bed was so elegant with its blue silk draperies. In fact, it is the only one with hangings I can remember in either of my grandparents home or, for that matter, my own.

The memories over on East Chestnut Street are, in many ways, highly vivid. It seemed to me the floors, beautifully inlaid wood of different colors, were very elegant, and the big tin bathtub encased in wood, particularly grand. Grandfather had a chair of black leather that sat by the south window in the living room. It seems to me we all gravitated there. I can remember standing on a snowy winter night, looking from the window to the corner at the street light and seeing our music teacher walk through the falling snow to the house. Actually it was only a few yards but it seemed to me she was coming a great distance.

My cousins, Louis and William Davis, were very important members of "Daddy" Davis' household. It seems to me that though younger, I was constantly mothering them. Their own mother, Florence Eddy, died when they were very small and then Grandmother Davis died, and I felt that the boys had had quite a lonely, difficult experience. Florence Snow married Uncle Bert and was looked upon as quite an "ogre", because she was a step-mother, which inflamed me with the idea I must "protect" them and love them especially.

We had, on the north side of the house, folding doors that led to the cellar and the Marquis girls used to come over and play house with us. These doors had a very important role in our fun.

The barn was very seductive with a nice fragrance of grain, harness, horses. My greatest fear was sitting in the phaeton, as we came in from a drive, and wondering if the horse would make the pull up the steep entrance drive. And we certainly did a great deal of driving to the edge of town and sometimes out the dusty road on what is now Route No. 9, as far as the Joshua Brown farm. That really was a trip! And we used to drive also to Normal, or to the Myers farm to buy some eggs. The roads were often muddy.

We had Christmas many times with the Merwins. That was always an early-morning affair. Their little house stood on Grandfather Davis' property to the east of the big house. There was a tree and there were presents and little verses read aloud with each gift and then finally there was little Buddy, the baby of the family, who was my first big doll, and Edie, their nursemaid, in crisp blue dress and big white apron, stands out as very important on those occasions.

We walked down the street on the brick pavement to Grandfather Stevenson's house at the corner of McLean and Chestnut Streets for Christmas dinner. Sometimes the Hardin cousins were there. We always had Sunday dinner (with brick ice cream from Hunters -- would that it was still made!) at Grandmother Stevenson's when we were in Bloomington, so the actual Christmas feast doesn't stand out very much. It just seems like another Sunday dinner but I distinctly see the lights on the tree, the little candles, sometimes catching fire to the pine and quickly being snuffed out, and I can actually see some of the presents. One in particular, was a little brass bed for my doll with sheets, blankets, and two little pillows. I think Aunt Letitia made them for me. Grandfather always pushed his armchair back from the table and sat at an angle. He told stories at the table and sometimes Uncle Martin or Father would join in. On the marbled top side-table stood a large silver pitcher of water. I was always very much awed to find ice in it!

I don't think anybody expects me to remember anything about going to a mining camp, the Santa Rita Mine, in New Mexico, where Father was working for the Hearst Estate in 1897, or any of those journeys back and forth that my Mother so bravely took in the days when traveling was so hard. Mother had two maids from Bloomington with us, Lizzie and Cora, and when we were at Fort Bayard, New Mexico, in 1899, I believe her life was more comfortable than it had been out in the wilds.

Grandmother Davis came out to visit us in 1898 when we had moved into Prescott, Arizona, where my first Christmas was spent. There

were some very charming letters exchanged between Mother and her, asking for this, that and the other thing to be sent to the wilds, and homely, concerned advice from this heart of civilization — Bloomington.

When we left New Mexico permanently, Father went to work for W. R. Hearst as Assistant Manager for his Los Angeles Examiner newspaper and it was on February 5, 1900 that Adlai was born there.

In Berkeley, we rented a house from Mrs. Phoebe Hearst -- a brown shingle house with imported Italian furniture in the drawing room. The stable had been turned into a private French school and a tiny group of us children had their first lessons there, all in French. Pepper trees stand out in my mind and those nice little hot pepper berries which we used to crunch.

Summer memories at Charlevoix were certainly the sweetest of my childhood -- the first morning in May smelling the bacon frying, looking at the big pine tree outside of my bedroom window (the tree we knew as the Bear Tree because of its shape), hearing the train whistle three times to warn the people on the bridge, rushing down the hill to the station to see who would come in, Adlai collecting luggage tags from the station master and covering the walls of the back bedroom with his trophies, dancing class at the Casino, patent leather pumps, freshly starched dress and hair ribbons, a self-conscious little girl walking down the boardwalk, hoping she would get Gussie Busch for a partner, shoving around to get the best start, finally taking fancy dancing lessons and having ballet slippers, practicing to "The Glow Worm", pirouetting and pirouetting until she was dizzy, the gala night at the end of the season when they had the masquerade dance and with two other girls, doing a "fancy dance". My joy was complete to see my Cousin Letitia Bromwell, my fashionable Washington cousin, sitting there on the front row, nodding approval of my efforts.

In our Kodak book are many adorable children's pictures, among them one of Adlai sitting in his sand box. I recall that he played patiently by himself hour after hour with his boats, usually rude affairs -- a block of wood with homemade masts or funnels. He would trudge off to the shallow pond down by the Pine Lake bathing beach and sail boats endlessly. He would bring back bottles filled with tadpoles and a great milk crock from the kitchen was filled every season with stones and sand, and the life and development of the little tadpole into frogs was of the greatest interest.

Adlai's relationship with our next door neighbor, Mrs. Ransom of Kalamazoo, was a very intimate one but I think it was almost strained to the breaking point the day he gathered discarded flowers from her garbage can and appeared at her front door (in imitation of the Indian flower vendors who came daily) and ringing her bell, asked if she didn't want to buy some nice flowers. I believe she did buy them!

In the Fall, when the early cottagers left, all the boys' and girls' greatest mischief was climbing the woodsheds. Mr. Miller, supervisor of the grounds, was forever shooing us out of this, that, or the other cottage.

Fourth of July night, down at Governor Fifer's cottage, Joe and Adlai, and all the boys from that end of the resort, usually had a display of

their own brand of fireworks, soaking cattails in kerosene and standing them on their long stems in a blazing array.

Adlai didn't like dancing school. It was pretty hard to get him dressed up to follow the older ones to their dancing classes and co-tillions.

Milly Bromwell had a pony cart and when she drove over from Aunt Julia Scott's cottage on Lake Michigan Beach, I was aglow with pride and hoped all the children in the upper terrace were looking down with envy as Millie, with beautifully brushed hair and handmade dresses, sat like a princess in her basket pony-cart, behind her fat little "Charlie".

At Charlevoix, life was simple in our day. We had a woodshed at the back of the cottage, and great blocks of ice were delivered by dray each morning. The ice was covered with sawdust, and one delight of Joe Bohrer, the Frank Funk children, and all of our little neighbors was to tag along behind the ice wagon, sucking lucious bits of that dirty ice.

All of our gorgeous vegetables and raspberries, beautiful Michigan fruits, and honey were peddled from cottage to cottage by local farmers.

We used to go to picnics on Michigan Beach in the big busses, those cumbersome, horse-drawn wagons with seats along each side and three little steps at the back. We would hop on and off the back steps all the way to the Beach.

Grandfather Davis would sit in the rear of his row boat, a handsome mahogany affair, guiding the boat by means of a rudder which had a cord attached and we would row him "over to town".

The Merwin children were up at Ironton and occasionally we would go up there on the little lake boat and visit them. The dock was a rude affair and the great piles trembled and shook as the little boat was made fast.

We had many winters with our Grandfather Davis in the South -- Pass Christian, Mississippi, California, Thomasville in Georgia, Winter Park, Florida, and other places I can't remember the names of. As a result, of course, our schooling suffered but evidently not our spirits. Grandfather Davis made us all take notes as we traveled along. Susy Anderson, who was our cook, went on many of these trips with us. She tells me he made her put down the magazine or book she was reading and look out of the window of the train, saying that was the best education -- seeing what was around her.

In the evenings at home we read aloud a great deal -- books not magazines. Grandfather Davis was always the best at reading poetry, which he loved.

In Florida, I can remember driving behind a horse on the sandy roads and having Grandfather point out, with a whip, different kinds of trees and once a sly little fox slinking through the bushes as we approached.

Adlai made great friends with the little colored boys who were the caddies at the golf course that skirted our house, and wanted to bring them all in to dinner, which caused quite a fuss.

The cattle roamed at large at night in Florida. I remember their making a great deal of noise which frightened me dreadfully. I think they tried to get up on our front porch one night!

In Pass Christian, the houses stood high on open foundations and there were terrible cat fights at night that frightened me to death. Adlai always managed to find some sick, homeless cat to bring home and nurse back to health until Mother had to find some mysterious way of making them disappear. I am sure my utter antipathy to cats dates from this period.

It seems to me that family parties and family relationships played a very big role when we were children. Aunt Julia Scott's grand house, the Normal relatives, Aunt Alice and Aunt Fanny Fell, the Allan Browns, the Richardsons from Milwaukee, the Hardins, the Lawtons at Delavan. There were always some cousins in the offing.

My only distinct memory of a farm was going to spend a night near Eureka with Cora, who had been our nurse through childhood. She was married to a farmer, had two little children, and the musty smell of her guest room, the strong smell of the pig pen and the clucking of the chickens around the house in the early morning is all I remember of that visit. I am sure it is the only time I slept at a farm house except for visits later to Florence Funk's in her lovely old place near McLean. We had wonderful "Sleeping parties", as we called them. Large groups of girls gathered there and when all the Funk boys would come around at night and "scare" us, it would be great fun.

Weldon Funk was, for a long time, a great idol of mine. He was the No. 1 boy at Lawrenceville when he went there to school — captain of the football team, etc., etc. Later I went to Princeton with him and saw him play football on the varsity team.

We had one wonderful house party at the Eugene Funk home, organized by Gladys. We went on the train all the way to Shirley where a big farm wagon met us and joggled us out over the muddy road to the house. And then pandemonium all night!

My first political memory was the campaign of 1908 when Grandfather Stevenson ran for Governor and was defeated by Deneen. All I recall is Father in the Stevenson house on Franklin Square in the downstairs hall where an extra telephone had been installed, (the usual one hung in the back hall by the kitchen) taking the returns by telephone.

Grandfather Stevenson's funeral in June, 1914, is very vivid to me. Milly Bronwell and Adlai and I sat together. The church was crowded and I was very conscious of movies being taken as we came out of the church. It is my first awareness, as I remember, of what we called "Pathe News". We all got the giggles — we were very self-conscious — and Aunt Julia Scott had to lean forward and tap us with her fan. The procession to the cemetery seemed the longest there could ever be.

Our Grandfather Davis' death in 1911 also left a big impression. I actually saw him in his bed after he had died. He looked entirely natural -- the bed covers pulled up around him and his eyes were shut and I couldn't realize his spirit had gone and his body was cold and hard. I remember going over to his bureau where Mother was looking for something and being amazed at the meticulous, orderly array of collars, handkerchiefs, ties, socks, notebooks -- everything so neat and frugal. He, too, died in the early spring and the flowers for his funeral in the Unitarian church always seemed to me the loveliest funeral flowers I can remember, even now.

Adlai and I went to Washington Street school intermittently and we both went to U. High in Normal. I remember getting up very early in the dark winter mornings, smelling oat meal cooking in the kitchen on the coal range, seeing frost on the window panes in the dining room and pantry, wearing long winter underwear, high laced shoes and going off on the street car to Normal.

We all stoked the furnace in winter and I can see the glow of the fire as we proudly shoveled in the coal. The furnace man was an important personage in those days. He did the neighborhood tour at stated intervals and I can remember the familiar sound when he made the 4:00 or 5:00 A.M. visit and the whole house seemed to reverberate with the far-away rumblings as he shook down the furnace to warm us up. About 6:00 Father would go down to fix the furnace and by the time we had breakfast, there was a faint hope of warmth in the house.

We had an automobile, one of the first, called "Locomobile". We called it "The Machine". When they taught me to drive The Machine, it was a big event, recorded in my diary with a great amount of flourish. Adlai learned to drive very young but our father had a great deal of trouble with it, doubtless due to his lame right arm. One time The Machine stalled on the railroad track on Oakland Avenue and we were all jumping in and out for fear a train would come and we would be run over. Mother and Father would go for parties at the homes of Dwight Funk and Lawrence Funk, Mother swathed in veils and a long duster. They used to tell of smelling burning chickens on the radiator. Evidently the chickens weren't as fast in those days as they are now! I remember how impressed we were when there was one mile of hard surfaced road running out of town. As a rule, our Locomobile was driven by the chauffeur, or more properly, a boy, who drove it so slowly that we could sometimes jump on and off.

Uncle Louis Merwin and Father were always afraid of burglars. By that time, the Merwins had bought the Frank Aldrich place on East Washington Street, two houses east of us. There was a great deal of patrolling, by a paid watchman, of our homes at night.

In the winter, the snow drifts were very high at the back of our lots where the board fence divided us from the cow pasture. The Grahams kept their cows there and other people at this end of town. The MacMurry's, who lived across the street, supplied us with milk. How well I remember rushing to the kitchen when I heard Chub MacMurry's or Willis' footfall, delivering the milk. I can see their big tin cans they carried the milk in. I think I was secretly in love with both MacMurry boys.

Hesketh Coolidge built me a beautiful play house in the back yard but just about as he was to take me for a wife and live in the dear

house, Bob Whitmer came and I went off to see what he had built in his back yard in the way of a house. Mrs. Coolidge always told me that Hesketh came home and said, in a very discouraged fashion, "I've worked all day for her and now she has gone off with Bob. Women are ungrateful!"

Adlai had two big fights and had his nose broken twice. He didn't tell Mother about the second time as he had been scolded for fighting back the big boys, so his poor little nose just grew crooked. My memory is that some older boys jumped on him. He was a very good boy when he was little. Mrs. Emma Bell Foster says she remembers that he was just an angel. When Mother would be asked about him, she would say, "Why, that boy is an angel." and a year or two ago, when he was running for Governor, some Chicago man asked Mrs. Foster what she knew of Adlai Stevenson and she promptly replied that he was 'an angel.'

Certainly the horse and carriage played an important roll, before the auto came into use, in our lives. I remember so well hearing my Mother or Father calling to the livery stable for a carriage and it finally appearing, drawn by a pair of rather wobbly horses. They would take me out, put me in the foul smelling carriage with directions to the driver to take me over to Grandmother Stevenson's. Should the driver deviate in the route down Washington Street and up McLean, I was in a panic for fear I wouldn't be taken to the right house.

Grandmother Stevenson had a smart little one-horse brougham. It was lined with gray satin and had large glass windows. The card case and the smelling salts bottle in their little compartments were my utter delight. George Meddards was butler, houseman, coachman, etc., and I can see him driving Grandmother into our driveway. It was a great honor when she came to call on us and we all took it very seriously. I remember Cousin James Ewing driving out in his old phaeton, tying his horse at the hitching post on the street and walking very ponderously up our front walk to make a call and have a visit. People seemed to have more time for visits in those days. Mother did a round of calls every so often. Elizabeth Linn, who lived next door, used to dress up with me in Mother's clothes to make calls, in imitation of our elders.

We went to Europe December 16, 1911 on the Lusitania -- Mother, Father, Adlai and I and Miss Lucy Youngman, who was our school teacher. The Dwight Funks were on board and Mrs. Funk's beauty and charm caused a great deal of comment in the smoking room in the evening, I can remember hearing my parents say.

The following is quoted from my diary:

"Monday, December 16, 1911

THE TRIP TO EUROPE

"Hurrah, for Europe!! The boat was supposed to sail at 4:P.M. Saturday but did not until six thirty because there was a terrible fog.

It is the steamer Lusitania we are sailing on. It is a very beautiful boat. Several of the saloons are mahogany and the others are white and gold.

Our staterooms are on deck D (saloon deck) No. 36. Father's is on E, No. 67.

We have met several charming people. There is a Princess, a Baron and other notable people aboard.

Miss Bell Simeral, Mr. Horton and Mr. DeWolf were at the boat to say farewell.

We have had very excalent sailing so far. I hope it may continue as Mother and Mrs. Funk get quite sick."

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"London - Dec. 23-1911 Saturday

We reached Fishguard at 11 o'clock Friday morning. It took about an hour for all the mail and baggage to be landed. At about 12:30 we left the ship on a tender-ship. It was raining and quite dismal, although Wales is a most beautiful country. It took about an hour in the station to identify our baggage and have the customs officer inspect our baggage. By 1:30 we found ourselves in our compartment, waiting for the train to start.

Wales is a most beautiful country. It is rather rocky and barren. We went through many little towns where the houses were all the same and the streets as clean as could be. Mother and I have decided to spend the summer in the charming country sometime."

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"Christmas - 1911 - London

We saw Mrs. Tewson and Dora Mooney. Christmas Eve we had dinner with the Funks at the Ritz, and had champaign for the first time. Tonight they dine with us."

The first day in Paris, I note in my diary:

"Last night we went to the Opera. The scene was most fascinating, the wonderful jewelry and gowns of the ladies, the music, the wonderful dancing on the stage and the dear old opera house itself all harmonized wonderfully."

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The weather was bad and we hurried on to Switzerland. I remember perfectly well the food in courses and such small amounts. The tiny elevator, the exquisite hotel stationery, the smallness of the hotel and little corridors are very vivid to my memory.

We joined Cousin Letty Bromwell and Milly at Divon Les Bain and then went to Lausanne, Switzerland, to the Hotel Beau Sejour. We had a trip by automobile (a "motor"), a Packard which belonged to Cousin Letty and driven by her chauffeur, Louis, from Lausanne down to Nice. We left February 1, 1912.

Coco, the Pomeranian dog, was an important member of that party. He simply refused to function on that long trip to the consternation of us all. We put him out in the snow in Switzerland and he would pick up his feet and hop back into the car. We tried to walk him on the streets and road and he would sniff the air and jump back in.

After the dash over the pass, which I suppose was the Corniche, and the drive down to Nice in the dark, we parked the car and Mother was delegated to "bargain for rates" in the hotels. We were fearful that when the beautiful automobile would be seen, the prices would shoot up for the "rich Americans" so after she had thrown on the charm, she emerged after about the third hotel with something she thought reasonable. Of course, a few days later, Mrs. Bromwell, her automobile, dog and general grand appearance were spotted and we had to part ways, Mother taking us up to the Grand Hotel at Cimiez and Letty staying in a more resplendent hostelry.

From there we went to Italy. Miss Youngman gave us our lessons so that we wouldn't fall behind in our American school work. I remember she was a very dear person who wrestled with the distractions of traveling in strange lands in teaching two active American youngsters.

I again quote from my diary:

"Rome, March 11 - '12

Yesterday we went to see the Coliseum. Brod and I stood there with our mouths open. I need say nothing about the description of this wonderful old theatre. Brod and I had our lessons there and my Latin seemed quite in harmony with my surroundings."

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"The next day Mother took us for our first sight of the Forum. Of course, one needs say nothing about this famous old Roman seat of Government. We start a course of lectures about it soon.

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"Afterwards we went to the Pincio Hill. It is a beautiful park, with wide sweeping drives and beautiful trees and flowers. The King drives here each afternoon; also, the fashionable people. It is on Sunday, especially that the terrace may be seen in what Miss Thackery calls 'a fashionable halo of sunset and pink parasols'".

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"Lugano - Hotel Spendide - March 29-12

We went back to Florence with Uncle Lou and Dave to do a little shopping. We also took a drive out to San Miniato from whence there is a beautiful view. We spent a day and a night in that beautiful old town and started for Milan. On the train we were attacked by flees and felt rather uncomfortable for a few days. The Milan Cathedral is, to me, the most beautiful one I have seen. It is still so clean, so religious and so altogether impressive. We then went to see Leonardi da Vince's "Last Supper". The

plaster is rotting and it is in bad condition as it was painted by oil instead of fresco. It is very beautiful and we all admired it greatly."

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"We then left for Lugano which is just two hours from Milan. We are all charmed with this quiet, warm and beautiful place. This is a delightful hotel we are in, on the lake, and have a balcony so we can look at this wonderful view all day. The lake is walled with mountains, whose tops are covered with snow and the bases with blooming fruit trees. This morning we took a row and went across the lake, where there is one of the most beautiful gardens I have ever seen. The willow trees hang way out over the water and we sit under them in the boat, in the shade, while birds sing to us, the water laps quietly around us and we breathe the delightful odor of magnolias, gardenias, etc. When we look out from our tiny paradise, we see that the mountains are bathed in rose and purple tints. I have declared that it is the very place where my lover and I will come. We will eat chocolates, smoke Turkish cigarettes, read, and have a glorious time all day."

The Spring and early Summer were spent again in Lausanne at the Savoy with Cousin Letty and Millie. Of course, romance struck and I fell in love with every young man who walked the hotel corridors. Adlai was going to a French day school. I was supposed to be anemic and mustn't be strained and took private lessons. Mother and Letty went to Paris to buy clothes and we three children stayed alone at the hotel. I suppose Louis, the chauffeur, was our chaperone.

We came home in July, 1912 -- Aunt Julia Scott, Miss Hunter, Mildred, Mother, Adlai and I -- on a ship called the "Oceanic". It was seven days crossing. Mother paid duty of \$257.00 on her new clothes, which seemed a huge amount to us all.

When we came home, we had a sleeping porch built. "Sleeping out" had become very much the rage. Our family was given to the latest health cults and immediately tried that arduous business of freezing all night long. We had every type of warming device -- hot water bottles, warming stones, sleeping garments guaranteed to keep one warm and that covered one's head and feet. About this time, Adlai had a very acute bronchitis and Mother slept "in" with him for over a month while Claire, the French maid whom we had imported from Paris, and I (and Father, I suppose) slept on the porch.

Whenever there was illness in the home, I remember the trained nurses who came to care for us. They always wore blue striped dresses and their different types of caps were all very baffling to me -- some had frills and some had black ribbons and some were severely plain. They used to pin their thermometers in little aluminum cases over the left pockets of their waists and as soon as they were out of the house, I would dress up, pin on a thermometer and play nurse either to my dolls or any human I could put to bed and hover over. I was always proud when I could pull down the shades, tuck Mother in, adjust the pillows, make cocoa, and tip-toe into the room with a very professional air. Father, who suffered cruelly with migraine headaches and would go to bed for two or three days at a time, didn't allow me to do much for him in the way of "nursing".

We were having our teeth straightened. We used to go up to Dr. Noyes in Chicago and go through the torture of bands. I don't think our teeth were very bad. Certainly our childhood photographs don't show it.

We were a family who tried everything. Father would swing dumbbells and Indian clubs religiously, take cold baths, Grandfather was eating the Battle Creek substitute for meat, Protose, Mother would be reading Christian Science with Cousin Clara McMahon and then rush off to Battle Creek for a series of treatments. Emma Smith, the colored masseuse who did so much for us over a period of years, was an absolute institution with us. We had certain nights a week when she would bathe and massage us, rub our scalps, brush our hair and be a general confidante.

Grandmother Stevenson bought an electric and the last two or three years of her life, Aunt Letitia used to take her driving in that. We were frightfully proud to have it come up our driveway. Finally Mother had one and we had an arrangement in the garage so that we could recharge it ourselves. Oh, the many times we ran out of "juice" on the way to town!

From my diary:

"Nov. 4 - 1912:

Tomorrow night, election night, we are going out to Normal to hear the returns. W. J. Bryan gave a speech here and Grandfather introduced him. He also introduced Champ Clark and I sat on the platform! It was my first political rally and it was great fun."

About this time, 1913, Adlai got awfully interested in golf and tennis. I had never been encouraged much to play games. In Charlevoix, a swim in the lake was considered a big adventure. We wore long black bloomers, a full skirt over that, a blouse with sleeves in it and a cap with fringe. How we managed to take six breast strokes without drowning, I'll never know. We had great, huge towels with which we had to rub down immediately after coming out of the water.

At boarding school I tried to play hockey and got winded so rapidly, I wasn't much use. I guess my only real exercise was at dancing class.

During the time that Father was Secretary of State, 1914, I was part of the time at the Lake Shore Drive School for Girls in Chicago. Every opportunity I had, I went to Springfield. Governor Dunne had appointed Father when the Secretary of State had committed suicide. We rented the Governor Richard Yates house in Washington Park. The Medill McCormicks had a house next to us and were very good friends of my Mother's and Father's. Vachael Lindsay came to dinner and I remember his doing all kinds of unorthodox things with his silverware.

Grace Wilbur Trout was lobbying passionately for woman suffrage and it was a great day for me to sit in the gallery of the House beside her while she listened to debates on the subject.

I had a violent "crush" on the Lt. Governor, Barrett O'Hara, and was absolutely thrilled when he invited me to sit on the rostrum. There was a great deal of excitement in politics for me and all of my friends now in Springfield, who knew me in those days, recall that I was always urging them to go with me to sit either in the House or Senate to listen to the proceedings.

We all had a very genuine affection for the Dunne family. The older sister Eileen, the beauty of the family married Bill Corboy and wasn't around, but Mona, who really ran the house for her mother, was a great favorite and was an idol to me. They had a hunchbacked sister and the family were so sweet with her. She was never pushed in the background but always encouraged to come to the official parties.

The first formal dance I remember in my life was in the Mansion. It was a Christmas party. White canvas had been stretched over the carpet. My partner was John Keys of Elkhart, who many years later committed suicide. He was tall and handsome and I was very proud to sit beside him in the state dining room between the dances.

Father had two young men working for him in his office — DeWitt Montgomery and Amos Richardson. DeWitt says I often came in to the office to borrow money. Father never gave me more than \$5.00. Amos said that when he went to war, Father called Adlai to drive him in our car to the station as he wanted Adlai to see Amos off on his great adventure.

Of course, the dance that Mother and Father gave for the Dunes out at the Country Club seemed to me very glamorous. As I look back, I suppose it was like any other dance but it is hard to believe, at this distance. Going back to Springfield since Adlai has been Governor, I have renewed many of these friendships. The people, the places, the homes — all may not be quite as glamorous as they have been in my memory all these thirty odd years but the friendships seem warm and Springfield is a very nice city with much pride.

I was sent to boarding school at Miss Wright's in Bryn Mawr, September, 1915. I don't remember that I liked it too well. The only honor I got was being voted the kindest girl in the school. I played Portia in the school play, and got good marks in economics, much to everyone's surprise.

About this period, when Donald Funk was in Yale, I remember going with him on one Christmas holiday to Decatur on the old Interurban. I was going to stay in the old Ewing house with Cousin Connie Oldham. I remember I wore a green velvet suit trimmed with black braid. I had a white hat trimmed with white ermine. I sounds a suitable costume for a grimy interurban trip of about 1916! Betty Parks, now Mrs. Harvey Firestone, was the belle of Decatur. Valette LaForge was the other belle who drew all the young men from the four corners of the globe to Decatur.

House dances were charming affairs in that era. It's too bad there aren't more now but, of course, there were more homes at that time that could give them.

I don't remember any drinking. I can't remember ever having seen women smoking, although I do recall once smoking behind the fence,

and thinking myself very wicked and "fast". Certainly girls and young women were not smoking publicly at this time.

During the First World War, Father was appointed by the Secretary of Navy, Josephus Daniels, as Assistant to Admiral McGowan and we went down to Washington to live for a few months in the old Hotel Lafayette. I had a perfectly wonderful time! Of course, I had been to Washington to visit cousin Julia Vrooman a good many times, while her husband, Carl, was Assistant Secretary of Agriculture under Houston. Cousin Letty Bromwell had been given a house by her mother at 1815 Que Street. It was an absolutely beautiful French house. She lived in a grand manner and had lovely parties. She gave a dance in honor of Louise Thoren and me. Adlai came down from Choate School and Dale Warren from Andover.

Miss Helen Cannon, daughter of Speaker Joe Cannon, who came from Danville, was also very kind to me and invited me to all her "days". I became very friendly with Helen and Virginia Leseur, her nieces. I remember that we wore high carriage boots in the evening, velvet lined with fur, to keep our feet warm. It was not correct for a girl to go to a dance alone and a little maid always drove with me and would sit with all the other maids, waiting to take us home. I have very few memories of going out alone with a young man that winter.

Mrs. Daniels used to invite young girls to assist her at her "at homes". I remember we wore long evening dresses. It seems rather silly for an afternoon party but it was the habit then.

So many of the important Washington hostesses had "days". The Patten sisters were still doing their Sunday "at homes" in that big house on Massachusetts Avenue. It was fun to go in there. I remember a marvelous "at home" given by Secretary of State Lansing and another very beautiful dance at the Breckenridge Long home. He was Assistant Secretary of State. I dined at the San Salvador Legation once when Mr. and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt were present. He was Assistant Secretary of Navy.

It was surprising how many friends of Grandfather and Grandmother Stevenson's there were in the old Washington society. It gave me the feeling that I was as much at home in Washington in the inner circle as I was in Bloomington on East Washington Street. I also learned that it doesn't pay to be silly and snobbish about the Middle West. One of my cousins had told me "never to dare tell I had come from Bloomington -- that horrid little town" so that when I tried to hedge on being asked by a dashing young Englishman as to where I came from, I got awfully tangled up. The truth was he wanted to come to visit me when I got home.

I went to tea at the White House when the first Mrs. Wilson was living. Father also took me once into Woodrow Wilson's office with him.

During this period, I was involved emotionally over a German, Baron George von Seebeck. I had met him at Lakewood, New Jersey when I was there on a holiday with Mother. There was also Count James Minotto, who married Ida May Swift of Chicago. They had gotten themselves in the newspapers in a big splash as dangerous aliens after the American entry into World War I. When I read that my darling George was in a prison camp, I began to write him constantly and he, all during the intermittent period, wrote to me. Sometime afterwards I found, as a result of this, I had been watched as a suspicious character during my flittings about Washington.

When the War was over, I wanted to get George, "my hero" out of the prison camp so a friend of mine, Clarence Hewes, who was in the State Department and who had known George before the War, told me how to go about it. His advice was to call Enemy Alien Custodian, Mr. Palmer, and not to be put off but to demand entry to the Chief. I did this and at once, in the mighty manner of the young, announced that I wanted Mr. George Von Seebeck freed from prison and returned to his own country. A few months later, having probably forgotten, more or less, the whole affair, I got a passionate telegram from George, saying his freedom was granted, he knew he owed it all to me, and would by my undying slave or, better, my life partner. Needless to say, I was a bit overcome and when we finally met in New York in the Fall and he came down to Princeton for a couple of weekends, I found the love had died on sight and that I would seek elsewhere for the great love of my life!

I recall Adlai's first love while he was at University High, 1915. The girl was Josephine Saunders and I think all the boys adored her. Later she became Irene Delroy and very well known on the stage. Adlai's other boyhood love was our neighbor, Betty Coolidge.

While Adlai was in Princeton, Mother twice rented a house there. She wanted to expose me to the culture to be found in a university town such as Princeton, and, I suppose, hoped to see something of her son. I can't remember Adlai being in the house much. The first year we rented Dean Fine's lovely house on Library Place. That was the winter of 1920.

I remember George Weldon Funk coming over several times for the weekend with us. I remember Adlai putting girls up there who came for proms or games. James Douglas of Chicago also did this.

My "beau" at the moment was John Harlan whose father had once been mayor of Chicago. He was a Washington boy and I had met him there several years before. Richard Cleveland was back from his war experience and life in China and was waging his fight against the Princeton club system. Every girl fell in love with Dick and I, too, fell for the notorious Cleveland charm. I went to his house, the old Cleveland house in Princeton where President and Mrs. Cleveland had long lived. I saw Mrs. Cleveland (now Mrs. Preston) who was still considered a beautiful woman. I remember the first time I saw Mrs. Preston was on the train traveling South with Mother, Father and Adlai in about 1913. I believe she was on her honeymoon and as she walked through our car to the dining car, she and Father recognized one another. They stopped and talked and, of course, we children were introduced.

During this winter in Princeton, I spent the weeks in New York, sharing an apartment with Louise MacVeagh on East 75th Street. Louise was studying painting and I, for lack of a real aim in life, went up to the Union Theological Seminary and took lectures on religion. I remember deeply envying Louise's gift for painting and bemoaning my lack of talents.

That Spring I went abroad with Father and had a wonderful time with him in London meeting his friends. In Paris, I chose my first bit of fine jewelry — a string of pearls, a gift from my Mother. We spent many hours on the choice of this necklace and finally it was bought from Cartier.

Adlai was touring Europe with two college friends. We all met up in Switzerland and while Father was up in Germany on this "lighter-than-aircraft" business that he had gotten extremely interested in, Adlai and I stayed in Zermatt. Mrs. James A. Stillman of New York, with two of her children and Fowler McCormick and Joe Werner, whom I had known in Princeton, and Elizabeth Keys of Springfield, made up a party at another hotel. Little did I imagine that this was the beginning of that famous Stillman-McCormick romance that found its way through the maze of that great law-suit that kept the newspapers so filled for so long, and the friendship with Elizabeth, "Fifi" Stillman and Fowler McCormick has endured for me up to the present.

Adlai did mountain climbing at Zermatt and when we went down to Montreux to meet Father, we met his great friend, Mrs. Stanley McCormick. Adlai left to go back to college and Mrs. McCormick, Father and I drove in her Rolls Royce, top down, veils flying, across the country to Zurich. I'll never forget a car dashing past us with a lady in a leopard coat and a long purple veil standing up and waving. Mrs. McCormick told us it was Mary Garden. And sure enough, when we reached Zurich, Miss Garden was there. The tea party that assembled in the garden of the old hotel Baur au Lac was certainly an extraordinary group, with Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick at the head of the table, her son, Fowler, introducing Mrs. James Stillman (with her head tied in a black bandana, tight sweater, great pearl earrings, a pleated skirt), Kathleen McCormick, Father, Mary Garden extroverting all over the place, Muriel McCormick, Fowler's sister, and little old McLean County me.

I stayed there and did some psychoanalysis work with Dr. Carl Jung and Mrs. McCormick. Mrs. Stillman did some work with Dr. Jung and his assistant, Mr. Baines. All the rest scattered, except, of course, Muriel, who was living in the Baur au Lac with her mother and little sister, Matilde. It was a wonderful experience to have had some psychology with Dr. Jung. What I learned has stood me in good stead ever since.

John Davis received the Democratic nomination for President of the United States in 1924. I stayed in New York, during the Convention which was held in Madison Square Gardens, at the apartment of Mr. Charles R. Crane of Chicago and his beautiful daughter, Frances Leatherbee, who later married Jan Masaryk, took me under her wing. Father had established headquarters for the Houston-for-President organization that was backed by Mr. Crane. Richard Crane of Westover, Virginia, had a yacht down at the New York Yacht Club and took parties of us cruising between the sessions. This was a deadlocked convention for many days. I remember McAdoo leading one faction, there was the Alfred Smith group, the John W. Davis group, and one led by William Jennings Bryan. I remember a speech my Father made nominating David Houston.

We saw quite a little of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Ochs and I remember brilliant young men, Brit Haddon and Harry Luce, who were starting the magazine "TIME". They were always after me to go with them into the different headquarters. They thought I knew people (which I did) and could give them leads! I remember attending a night club and Dick Crane being with us. They expected Dick to pay the bill as he was the only "rich" person present and Dick whispered to me that he was going to fool them and slipped off before the bill was put beside his plate.

Father started the Community Players in Bloomington about this time and I took my first real part in "Captain Applejack". It was fun and I

got such a thrill out of acting that I went out to Pasadena and joined the Community Players there. Gilmore Brown, a very famous director, made a wonderful success of his little playhouse. My first part was in Rachael Crother's "Expressing Willie". I stayed there several months, working with that group. Charles Wagner of Bloomington, the producer, saw me there one night and was kind enough to give me a very small part in his Broadway production of Sabatini's play "The Carolinian". We opened in Detroit, then played Boston for two weeks. In Boston I had supper one night with Maurice Quest, who was the producer of "The Miracle". He offered me the part of understudy for the nun, the part played by Lady Diana Manners and when "The Carolinian" opened in New York, I went to call on our good friend, Mr. Adolph Ochs, and asked him if he thought I should take this offer. He said "Certainly not! You may never get a chance to actually be seen. Stay where you are." "The Carolinian" was short-lived and after three weeks there, it closed. I had a little apartment on East 63rd Street. I then went to work in a stock company down in Trenton, New Jersey, commuting once or twice a week. Miss Rachael Crothers had said she would give me a chance in her next play if I proved myself serious so, of course, it was worth while to struggle along.

In the summer I went up to Rochester, New York, with Rosamond Pinchot in a stock company directed by George Cukor. Adlai stopped off one night on his way to New York on some business to see me. The family were quite disturbed at my theatrical venture which hadn't led me either into success or discouragement by now, and my brother was shocked to find me in such a small part. I think I walked on the stage and sat on a bench and spoke one line and walked off. Adlai thought it was a waste of very good time, living in Rochester and spending countless hours at the theater.

When the company closed at the end of the season, which was in August, I went down to New York and sailed for Europe on the Conte Biancamano with Adlai and Mother for Italy. General Umberto Nobile, who had just flown over the North Pole in the dirigible "Norge", was on board with his entourage. I succumbed quickly to his Italian charms and quiet, modest manner, and found myself spending long hours in the beautiful suite which had been given him by the company. Adlai used to prowl around the decks and I would see his head go by the window and knew full well he was patrolling me. I guess I just stayed a little longer each time to make it look a little more interesting to my young brother!

When we arrived in Naples, pleasure boats, navy vessels, dirigibles, air craft, tugs, etc. steamed out over the Bay of Naples to welcome Nobile. It was a great sight to behold and I was given the privilege of standing on the bridge with the hero. He was very fearful of the Fascist regime and Mussolini in particular. His feat, which had been a scientific one, was turned to the glory of the Fascist state. He had reason to doubt Mussolini's sincerity, as was proven later.

Adlai, Mother and I had a wonderful motor trip from Genoa via Pisa, where the tower was still leaning, and which we had seen as children, on over to Florence and Assisi and up to Switzerland. In Italy there was much talk about the "improvements" since Mussolini had come to power but the highways were dusty and Fascist soldiers in the trains were insolent. Adlai went to Russia via Vienna, the Danube and Batum. He was writing a series of articles for a Chicago paper. Mother and I went to a sanatorium,

as usual, called Valmont above Montreux. It was a very small and charming place, like a hotel actually, where the Queen of Belgium and famous Europeans came to rest and diet.

There I met a young Secretary of the American Embassy in Constantinople. His name was Ernest Ives and he came from Norfolk, Virginia. It wasn't long before we were walking along the banks of Lake Geneva past the Chateau de Chillon and planning our future! Mother and he and I went down the lake to visit Mrs. Stanley McCormick at her beautiful Chateau de Prangins at Nyon. And who could resist romance under such circumstances? Certainly not I! Ernest and I wanted to be married right away but Mother's good sense demanded that we wait for three months and that I come home with her. So the nice Virvinian headed back to the Near East and Mother and I took the Mauritania for New York. The lady who sat beside us on the deck was Mrs. James Duke. She was an awfully nice woman and very pretty and proved a very good friend to me, gathering up all my parcels the day of sailing off to Italy to marry Ernest Ives in 1927.

Father and I sailed, the end of January 1927, for Naples where I was to meet Ernest and be married. Mrs. Ives and Lila had been living with Ernest in Constantinople where he was First Secretary of the American Embassy. We had a so-called double wedding in that there was a civil service ceremony in the presence of the Italian authorities and a service in the Presbyterian church, which was used by the American colony in Naples. The Consul General, Homer Byington, acted as best man and besides his staff, the only other Americans there were Mr. and Mrs. Ted Hitchcock of Decatur who were friends of Cousin Emma Ewing DeMange.

We had a gala luncheon party afterwards at the Grand Hotel with the table decorated with mimosa and violets and off we sailed on the Esperia for Alexandria, Egypt. Father and Lila and Mrs. Ives, I think, felt very forlorn. Certainly Father's letters to Mother, as he wrote on the train speeding up to Paris to come home, were quite sad. The Ives went to Rome.

Ernest had been Consul General in Alexandria so we were very well received by many of his old friends and had the gruelling ordeal of being looked over pretty thoroughly and having more than one lady say, "So you're the girl he finally married!" My inferiority complex grew with every once-over.

I was very much impressed with The Cavas, the Nubian messenger from the Consulate, who wore a glittering blue and gold decorated costume with great baggy trousers and a fez. There was so much in Egypt of color, costume and noise that Cairo, when I finally got around to it, had me in an absolute tizzy.

Shepherd's Hotel, where we stayed, was a meeting spot for people from all over the world. It was hard to imagine a more cosmopolitan and interesting collection of guests. They congregated on the "porch" terrace at noon and then again you saw them at dinner, in evening dress, in the crowded dining rooms. Actually we ran into a good many people we knew — both Americans and foreigners.

The American Minister, Dr. Howell, invited us to an 8:30 breakfast at the Legation which I did not accept. Ernest went and I found out

later that I was held in high disapproval for not having gone.

We went out to the Mena House on the edge of the desert but had a very bad sand storm, while we were there, and so our tour around the pyramids and Sphinx wasn't very comfortable. I often thought of Father at this time because we had a photograph of him, making his trip to these same sites in 1907. Very much excavation has gone on since then at the Sphinx. Dr. Breasted took us on a personally conducted tour of the work he was doing in excavations near the Sphinx. We went to a vivid performance of the opera "Aida", a very appropriate spot for this opera as the scene is laid in Egypt. We were horrified at the fat ladies in the chorus. Evidently the Egyptians take their beauty on the fat side.

Once in Constantinople, installed in Ernest's apartment on the top floor of an old building in the Grand Rue de Pera and served by Paul, the Polish man who had worked as Ernest's valet, cook, butler and friend for a number of years, I began to get my first lessons in diplomatic life. Rear Admiral Mark Bristol, was then the High Commissioner to Turkey. The Bristols were very much loved. They were gay and gregarious and gave me a very good time. They didn't stay long, however, because Joseph C. Grew was appointed our first Ambassador since the First World War and he arrived with his beautiful wife and three daughters. Mrs. Grew was very strict about protocol, and the staff, both male and female, went through a whole set of instructions.

The summer embassy was up at Therapia, the other end of the Bosphorus and almost at the entrance to the Black Sea. The Bristols always stayed in the hotel there but the Grews took one of those lovely, ramshackle palaces as a summer embassy. Some countries owned summer palaces. For instance, the British had a lovely one with a fine garden.

Lady Clarke, the British Ambassador's wife, became a very good friend of mine. She was a good artist and during that first summer, drew a nice little sketch of Ernest.

We had wonderful tours in the bazaars of old Stamboul. We took trips in groups off to Brousa, and to the Turkish village over on the Asiatic side. Picnics were popular and we made many pleasant friends at Robert College. We stayed at the yacht club at Prinkipo, out on the Sea of Marmara, and the trip to and from Constantinople on a little boat, either in the late afternoon with the minarets piercing the red sky or the crossing in the early morning in the soft light with the little boats buzzing across the gentle waters to and from the Asiatic side, make it an unforgettable scene.

On April 9, 1928, my son Timothy was born in the Chicago Lying-In Hospital. He was named Timothy for my husband's forefather, Timothy Ives, who settled in Virginia in 1638. Father thought it was a dreadful name. It sounded like all the Irish policemen but we noted that Father was particularly proud because he said the child "looked just like him!"

Adlai was still a bachelor and was kindness itself, driving Ernest back and forth from one end of Chicago to another and taking general loving interest in the new baby. He was working at the law firm of Cutting, Moore and Sidley.

Ernest went back to Constantinople after having had leave in American while the baby was born but my family refused to let me travel so far with the baby, so it was decided we would follow in a couple of months time.

I was really rather glad later that we stayed behind because I went to Houston, Texas, to the Democratic National Convention in June, 1928, and saw my Father nominated for the Vice-Presidency. I remember seeing Franklin D. Roosevelt sitting in a room across the hall from the room Mother and I occupied in the hotel, dictating speeches and he seemed a very young, handsome man. I heard him make the "Happy Warrior" speech, nominating Al Smith. Dick Crane, our great friend, was there and Senator and Mrs. Ham Lewis and so many of the other old political friends.

I think Father was absolutely wonderful at this time. He wasn't at all well and he made this last fight in the political arena with his usual brilliance and great courage.

Miss Meaney, the trained nurse from the Chicago Lying-In Hospital, sailed off to Europe with Timmy and me on the steamer "Roma" in early July. Mother took us to New York and did a wonderful job in manoeuvring our departure. My, what a lot of paraphernalia I traveled with -- a baby bed, quantities of powdered milk advocated by Dr. Gerald Cline of Bloomington, a portable ice box, etc., etc.

On the ship, I became quite friendly with Professor and Mrs. Hutchins from Yale University. They were a striking couple and it was hard to believe so young a man was Secretary of Yale.

In Naples, we spent a couple of days and thence, via Brindisi, on a freight-passenger ship to Constantinople. We went via the Gulf of Corinth. It was a horrid little ship and our room seemed to be right over the coal chute. It was a great joy to see a motor launch, flying a large American flag, come to welcome the ship as we drew into the Sea of Marmara and there was Ernest waving his hat as the little launch drew alongside and escorted us to the dock at Pera.

The baby seemed aghast at the screaming, crying mammals as we wound our way from the boat to a car on the dock. Ernest had bought a second-hand Packard and we had a nice Turkish chauffeur who used the usual speed as he rushed through the narrow, winding streets, and thus Timmy's life in the ancient world began.

My husband and I had a great deal of duty up in Angora. That was a remarkable place -- a city way off in the Anatolian plains and not unlike our American west. Most of the diplomatic corps disliked the Angora duty but we found it so full of contrasts and color and the air so dry and bracing that we always welcomed it.

The summer of 1928, Adlai got engaged, after several serious love affairs with other girls, to Ellen Borden. I think she was only eighteen. Father, Mother and I had met her at dinner one night in Chicago. Otherwise, we didn't know her at all. Adlai felt she had great potentialities and a great gift for writing. She was very pretty and immature. They were married in December and went to Algiers for their honeymoon.

Mother and Father came to visit us in March of 1929. It was only a short time after Father got home in April that he was stricken with a heart attack and died. Poor Mother was at sea on her way home. It was just impossible to believe, way off there on the shores of the Bosphorus, that the Grandfather who had kissed Timmy good-bye with tears in his eyes would never see him again. What a generous, courageous, loving and brilliant person my Father was and what a true friend!

Ernest was transferred to Copenhagen, Denmark, as First Secretary of the Legation in January, 1930. We stopped in Prague to make a visit with Mrs. Frances Crane Masaryk. Frances, who had long been a friend of mine, had married Jan, the son of the President of Czechoslovakia, a couple of years before. We stayed in a hotel where they had gotten rooms for us. We went to the palace and stood with them at the window, watching the tremendous parade in celebration of President Masaryk's eightieth birthday. It was a mighty spectacle to see and a lovely one as Masaryk was deeply loved and revered. We had occasional talks with him, with his daughters, and, of course, had a very happy time with the Jan Masaryks and John Crane and his Italian wife.

In Copenhagen, we lived at the Hotel D'Angleterre for a time until we got an apartment, which had belonged to the Countess Moltke, which was one block from the King's Palace on the Amielgade and just across the street from the Legation.

Life was so different in Copenhagen from that in the Near East. Everything seemed so orderly and stable and so much more like America. It was fun meeting the royalty, seeing Ernest drive off in the King's coach with the Minister to present his letters of credence according to the usual diplomatic procedure.

Housekeeping had its complications. My two maids and the cook spoke only Danish so every day I had to take a Danish lesson to be able to communicate with them. The "staff" had such curious food, it seemed to me -- oatmeal that was cooked in a fireless cooker all night, a beer soup, all kinds of smorgasbord and coffee, coffee, coffee! Of course, our meals were much too rich with wonderful souffles, always with a whipped butter sauce, thick creams and, very often, sweet things served with meat. I got quite fat in Copenhagen after the Turkish diet.

Counts and Countesses, Princes and Princesses, beautiful parties, night club life, occasional trips to the country in our little Ford, the lilac hedges, wonderful roses and generally beautiful summer weather made the months very picturesque and delightful.

Adlai and Ellen came to visit us while we were there and loved the country.

Our new Minister, Ralph Booth, from Detroit, his wife, son and daughter, came and were duly installed. I took a trip to America with Tim during our holiday.

I was presented at Court in London in June, 1932. Colonel Dawes was our Ambassador. He was absent at the time I was there but Ray Atherton

was charge d'affaires. I had been given so many instructions about how to behave and what to do when I went to London to be presented that the day I arrived at Claridges Hotel, I promptly telephoned the Czech legation to see if my friend, Frances Masaryk, was there. Her husband, Jan, told me she was away but invited me to luncheon with him. Between that time and time for luncheon, an enormous box of flowers arrived from Jan. When we met, he explained his wife was away and had actually asked for a divorce from him. He had been assured by the King and Queen that his presence as Minister from Czechoslovakia to the Court of St. James would still be entirely acceptable. Heretofore, a divorce was not acceptable to the Court.

Jan had a peculiar charm and a world feeling, if one can use such a term. He was very American and he mingled in the highest and most sophisticated circles with utter grace and a complete naturalness -- a curious combination of a blacksmith's son and a great gentleman. During the week I was in London, Jan took me to many parties and showed me a side of life I would never have seen had it not been for him.

On the presentation night, I carried a borrowed fan, my Prince of Wales plumes and veil were borrowed, and in a rented Rolls Royce, which I had been told was imperative, I drove from Claridges to our embassy where Mrs. Dawes had asked me to meet her so that she could take me to the Court. I certainly felt like Cinderella.

Once at the embassy, I was told to dismiss the car, which I was glad to do, and then Mr. Atherton and Mrs. Dawes and I got in an embassy car and drove to Buckingham Palace.

I was wearing a gold lame dress I had used at the Copenhagen Court ball in January. However, the Court instructions had required a train that fell from the shoulder to the floor and then stretched three feet. So some extra lame had been obtained and this appendage had been lined with green velvet to match the emerald earrings we had bought in the Constantinople bazaar several years before.

After leaving our wraps at the diplomat's entrance of the Palace, we walked for what seemed to me miles upon miles -- crimson carpets, narrow halls, those picturesque Palace guards, occasionally a maid in uniform, drawing rooms, and finally the diplomat's special little parlor which adjoined the great ballroom where the presentations were to be made.

Our little group finally broke up -- some of the men going in to take their assigned places in the court room and at this point, I lost Jan Masaryk who had come to join us as we entered the Palace. His friendliness and humor had put me very much at ease under these impressive, rather frightening surroundings.

Some of my friends had told me I should rent a tiara which seemed to be the custom but I hadn't done so. I told Mrs. Dawes I hoped she wouldn't mind that I hadn't rented a tiara. She said, "Thank goodness you didn't." She was a good, simple woman with no false pretenses.

When the presentations began, the ambassadresses, one by one, would take out the diplomatic ladies they were presenting and, of course, my

turn came too. I had been to the Embassy for what they called "Rehearsal" parties. Little did I know that the Mrs. Simpson who was in that group at those teas was one day to be the wife of that man, the Prince of Wales, who that night was standing behind his mother and father seated in great gilt chairs.

As we curtsied low in front of first the King and then the Queen, it was interesting to note that both King George and Queen Mary looked straight at you and the Queen nodded her head and actually made a tiny smile. Princess Mary was seated there too and I really don't remember what others of the Royal Family, except the H.R.H. who, as I said, was there and looked bored.

I was seated at the left of the Queen on a group of upholstered benches called "The Diplomatic Gallery". There the ambassadresses sat with any of the diplomatic wives so, of course, from then on we saw all the presentations from a wonderful point of vantage. The end of the room was filled with dignitaries, ambassadors, and ambassadresses, dukes and duchesses, etc. All the American women and the English ladies who were presented were the greatest fun to watch. The variety of costumes, the fans or flowers that were carried, and jewels, or conspicuous lack of them, made it a display of constant change.

Jan Masaryk stood behind me and made the most shocking comments on some of them. I really felt as though I knew the private lives of far too many people! And it must be said that one lady looked as if she would be confined before the evening was over. One or two girls who carried great sheaths of gladioli swayed a bit in doing their courtsey and the flowers were brandished more like swords than gentle decorations. Beautiful music from a uniformed band (I don't know if they were military but I think so) softly playing in a balcony added to the occasion.

When the Court left the room to go into the supper room, the Master of Ceremonies announced who was to take whom out to supper. The Minister of Health, whose name I don't recall, took me out. Once in that supper room, I was in an absolute daze. Mrs. Dawes, Mr. Atherton, Jan Masaryk, my escort, Victor Perowne, who had been First Secretary in Copenhagen in the British Legation and who was now attached to the Foreign Office and doing Palace duty that night — all were standing in a group so I didn't feel lost at all in the confusion of so much grandeur, which was quite overwhelming.

The buffet table, I remember, groaned with gold plate and sumptuous edibles and a footman stood at about every six feet to serve.

When we left, Jan Masaryk told me to park my train and feathers and off we would go to a night club. Once there, we found a good many people who had done just the same thing. Our clothes made us pretty conspicuous.

Mother had been visiting me in Copenhagen and she, Ernest and Timmy met me in Brussels. We drove on to Paris. From there, Mother went back to America and Ernest, Timmy and I started off in August 1932 for our new post in Pretoria, Union of South Africa. The contrast of life in the Transvaal and that little new Boer town was certainly very great. The dry, fine climate was stimulating. The Zulu natives, who came to work in the homes as servants, were pretty frightening after those dignified Danes.

Johannesburg was but thirty miles away and once we went there to see a great event at the Robinson deep. (The Robinson mines are very important). The natives were putting on a dance for the sake of some visiting dignitaries. This is done a few times a year but I suppose it is a very wise thing to permit these poor people occasionally to give vent to their extraordinary sense of rhythm as expressed in their quite savage ceremonial dances. The grandstand where we sat rocked with the beat of their bare feet on the earth and your heart beats faster as you catch their rhythm. It was frightening.

We had a wonderful trip by car from Capetown, with Timmy and the girl who was his nurse, an Afrikaner Dutch called Nadia, up by Port Elizabeth and Durban, across to Ladysmith where the great battle of the Boer war was fought, to Johannesburg and home to Pretoria. It took over a week and we met every possible kind of road, slept in all sorts of odd places and one charming resort not far from Port Elizabeth.

We had a wonderful big game hunt on the edge of the Krueger National Game Preserve.

We acted as hosts for an American engineer when the Governor General and Lady Clarendon visited him up on the Rhodesian border. That night was the only time I heard leopards and it is not pleasant!

Ernest was very ill with a fever which was called "tick fever", having been bitten, doubtless, on our hunting trip. He had a recurrence of this on the ship as we traveled back to England and he was told at the Institute for Research in Tropical Diseases, he had malaria.

We got back to America in February of 1933 and stayed in Southern Pines, North Carolina, with my Mother. We went to Washington to see President Roosevelt inaugurated.

The times were very strained. The banks were closing and there was an aura of fear and depression in the country. We went up to Washington to be the house guests of Jefferson Patterson who was then stationed at the State Department. He had been with us in Constantinople and we knew him very well. We had the rare opportunity of seeing the ceremony of the swearing in of the President, an occasion I shall never forget. When he made his great speech, "The only thing to fear is fear itself" on the Capitol grounds on a cold, dull day, the clouds seemed to lift all over the country. I can see the President standing on the arm of his fine-looking son, James, as vividly now as I did that day. We went to the Ball and I saw Mrs. Roosevelt. She, too, had an air of confidence and dignity. She seemed very well dressed and gave the impression of being attractive and pleasing.

Ernest was assigned duty in the State Department. We stayed in America until September when he was ordered as Consul General at Algiers.

Algiers is one of the loveliest places in the world. Situated on the Mediterranean on a beautiful bay with a mountain fringe backdrop, wonderful gardens, beautiful white villas, modern French and old Moorish culture — a perfect combination. We had a wonderful villa on the Boulevard Galliene which commanded a view of the city, the flower-filled terraces below us, the sea and the Kabyle mountains.

The Villa Ali Cherif had thirty-eight rooms, lovely court yards where geraniums, lemon verbena, orange, lemon and tangerine trees decorated

the corners and a fountain at the center. There was a hedge of arum lilies and one of rosemary, which was kept clipped, violets and wonderful flowering trees, mimosa included, which made the grounds an utter joy. The rainy season and the heavy moisture at times in the summer were the only drawbacks to that lovely climate.

We had all types of people serve us in the home — Italians, French colonials, Arabs, Germans. We took wonderful trips from Algiers. Ernest went on an inspection trip in Morocco, and Alfred Klots, our dear friend and painter, who did Mother's portrait and mine, was with us. We went down to the desert as far as El Oued and Tom Old, Ernest's cousin, was with us on this trip. We went to the Kabyle mountains up above Fort Michelet. What indescribable scenes we saw there, with people in their little stone villages, living as they did 1,000 years ago, and a stone's throw away, a superhighway where streamlined cars with hurrying tourists sped over this most ancient land of North Africa.

The Roman ruins we passed on our way to Tunisia inspired our interest in archaeology and during the summer, we got a permit to dig at Tipasa, the little Phoenician and Roman town on the shore west of Algiers.

We made friends with the family of Ali Cherif who had been the owner of our beautiful villa. The women spoke broken French and became my good friends. They took me to the Turkish bath and told me a great deal about the native life. They have a very interesting culture and some customs we could profit from. It is hard to imagine any communistic ideology making any headway with them.

One of our dear friends there was General Count de Ganay, who was in charge of the cavalry of the French Army at Algeria. He used to read Racine to us, and to know a French nobleman well is a cultural and educational privilege. We went to visit him at his chateau in France and were the first Americans who had been in his house. His daughter acted as hostess. His wife was dead and we learned there how each generation cherishes the ancestral home and does something to perpetuate its beauty and traditional aspects.

I made three trips to America from Algiers. One, a very sad one, was the last time I was with my Mother. She was so ill and lonely and it seemed strange that she should have died (November 1935) without either Adlai or me near her. She wanted to be in a sanatorium in Milwaukee to be near her cousin, Harriet Richardson, and she felt that there Adlai could come to see her easily from Chicago and, of course, he did but he wasn't there when she died early one morning from what they told us was probably pneumonia. Certainly the foreign service has its drawbacks. You move about so much you lose your sense of belonging any place and get frightful attacks of nostalgia for your home, your people and your country, and also when one's family needs one the most, you are the farthest away. In consequence, I was not able to serve either my Father or my Mother at the end of their lives.

In January 1936, we started for our new post. Ernest had been assigned Consul General at Stockholm, Sweden. It was with definitely mingled feelings that we took the ship with our Timmy, dog Frisky and Nadia, the nurse from South Africa, and faced the frozen North.

Our arms were filled with beautiful flowers and lovely presents from all the friends we had known so well the three years in Algiers, the city of white villas.

The trip across Sweden by train with the ground covered with snow, little red farm houses peeking out, often behind dark fir trees, made it not unlike northern Michigan and except for the continental train and the very interesting Swedish food in the dining car, we didn't feel in a strange land exactly.

Night falls early in the northern countries at this season of the year and when we arrived in the afternoon, it was pitch dark. We were escorted to the Grand Hotel and lived certainly in the grand manner. Ernest had been assigned a magnificent suite of rooms. The furniture was white with a gilt trim of Louis XVI period.

We looked across the water into that beautiful palace. Certainly the architecture of Stockholm, when the French architects of the 18th Century did so much of the building, has left a very strong impression on the city, regardless of the moderns.

The Swedish people, on the whole, behind their mask of great courtliness and formal good manners, are a gay, pleasure-loving people. They entertain lavishly. I remember young married couples who lived in small apartments giving very formal dinners of thirty-six or more people. They had the catering system down to a fine art.

Our Minister, Lawrence Steinhart, who had been there for a number of years, was soon to leave. The Turkish Minister, whom we had known well at Angora, gave us a large luncheon party. The French Minister invited us to a party. Count Rechtern, the Netherlands Secretary and his wife, whom we had known in Turkey even before they were married, invited us to a marvelous dinner party before the Amaranth Ball. This Ball is a very big social occasion in Stockholm when all the debutantes bow before the King, the order of the Amaranth being a famous order from the 13th Century. The Ball was held in the Grand Hotel and King Gustave and the Crown Prince with his English wife, the other son with his German wife, etc., were all seated in a semi-circle and all of us ladies bowed before the royal party.

Everything official and social is done beautifully in Sweden.

We had occasion and the good luck to visit in several country homes or what they call palaces. The families take great care of their inherited possessions. I remember we used a set of china at the Baron Palmstiernas which had been used for 250 years. The Baroness told me that she supervised the washing of it after dinner parties herself. That family had a remarkable collection of sleighs and carriages. They kept their old coachman to keep these vehicles dusted and oiled and in good condition, although they were never used. They had one small modern automobile.

The woman I knew the best and visited the most was Mrs. William Von Eckerman. They had the most wonderful old palace, several hours drive

from Stockholm, named Edeby, Sparreholm. Until very recently all of the food had been carried in great covered dishes from the cooking house into the main dining room. The guest houses were in a courtyard, detached from the main house. They had vast forests, a large fine farm and gardens, and lakes. Each year the King came there to shoot. The family appeared with great simplicity as a rule but on the occasion of their daughter's marriage, when the royal family attended the ceremony, I noticed my friend wore a diamond tiara in her hair and looked as royal and grand as anyone else present.

Another estate we visited was Allonö. It was a beautiful pink and white baroque style house. It was owned by Mrs. Pauline Flack, an American woman, the brilliant daughter of Bancroft, the historian. She was very elderly and had an amazing vitality. She ran her farm, bred fine horses, had been the first person to translate into English Lagerlof's novel "Gusta Berling". She was the King's favorite bridge partner, she did beautiful needlepoint which covered most of the chairs in the dining room, which sat 38 persons, etc., etc.

Countess Folke Bernadotte (Estelle Manville) and her husband were also very nice to us. At their house we met Prince Eugen, brother of the King, a cosmopolitan individual.

Ernest's interest in archaeology revived and he got permission from Dr. Gurman to dig a Viking mound. This proved very successful. We found several burials and it had great newspaper publicity and acclaim. All of the finds, of course, belonged to the state and were put in a museum.

In the summer, the John Alden Carpenters came over and took a house I found for them, as did George and Mary Langhorne and dear little Mrs. Waller.

We took a house at Saljobaden and had a motor launch so that we could come and go, by way of the canal, to Stockholm.

Lady Evelyn Ward, whom we had first known in Pretoria, came from London to visit us. So it was all a very busy time. Hester Merwin and Uncle Lou stopped to see us. Hester was on her way to Lapland.

There was a great deal of fear of Russia in Stockholm at this time. And there was a sensitiveness to German Nazi propaganda. The German embassy put on movies to show the grandeur of the Hitler regime after all their dinner parties.

Timmy and I went up to winter sports, a most fascinating little place high above Oslo. After we left the little train, which had been filled with skiers and the holiday spirit, we were put in a sleigh and driven to the simple hotel itself, which was comfortable. There Jefferson Patterson, Secretary of our legation in Oslo, the Minister Anthony Biddle and his wife and numerous other official Americans were having their last bit of skiing. It was March by that time; the season for sport is long in that country. The lack of night or real darkness during June in the northern part of the world is in many ways quite uncomfortable. You have very dark curtains in your bedroom or sleep with eye shades. It is curious to come out from a dinner party at midnight and find it still daylight.

The mid-summer festivals and rituals are still very much a part of their current life.

Living was expensive in Stockholm. Our apartment was on the Strandvegan. It was large and Ernest had it painted to our taste and to suit our things which we had been collecting in all the places we had lived, and, of course, Swedish modern art, beautiful textiles, fine pewter and silver were very tempting.

While I made a trip home with Timmy in the winter, we were transferred to Belfast, North Ireland. Ernest went there in early March, 1938, but it was a long time before he found a house that would be suitable for us to live in. Belfast is a strange city. It is built on a loch or inlet of water. It has sloping hills and runs back in a valley quite a distance. Fortunately, we found a lovely house in one of the suburbs, Dunmurry. It belonged to Mrs. Harold Barbour, one of the thread mill family. She was an American by birth. Our great friend, Evelyn Ward, was a daughter of the Earl of Erne and was born at Crum Castle. She sent us letters of introduction to her relatives and friends in Northern Ireland and to say that Americans are hospitable would be putting it mildly in contrast to the friendliness to which these Ulster folk received us.

The six counties which comprise the northern part of Ireland are rugged and varied and are filled with myth and legend. They cradle Saint Patrick with a scene of bloody battles between the O'Neals and the McCormels, the sturdy Scots coming across to push back the native folk. The Glens of Antrim resound still with their battle cries and as we dined with the Earl of Antrim in his lovely castle, it was hard to look out at the beautiful countryside and realize the amount of strife that had gone on centuries before in these quiet dales and vales. There is a mournfulness and a lilt, there is a song always whispered in that air. I loved the land and enjoyed all of the visits to country homes and cottages, the stone manor houses of the 18th Century, the Italian palaces such as the one the Earl of Aniskillen owned, Florence Court. In that house there was no electricity. We carried tapers to bed to light us down the long halls and in our rooms, a fire glowed on the hearth as we went to bed by the light of a candle with real down pillows and comforters and lovely hand-woven sheets.

The Basil Brookes of Colebrooke, Brookeborough, County Fermanagh, was another family whom we were to know very well and greatly admire.

Sir Basil was the Minister of Agriculture and he ran his ancestral farm with great skill, using progressive and modern methods but not to the point of confusing the old-fashioned country folk who worked on his 3,000 acre farm. It was at Colebrooke that I saw my first dower house, Ashbrooke, which had been used by the widowed heads of the family when the sons brought home their brides and established themselves in the main house.

In the Fall, the Brookes always had snipe shooting and it was a great expense to them as their friends, including the Royal Family, would come with maids, valets, chauffeurs, dogs, etc., and they would all have to be housed, fed, and entertained according to rank and taste during the

period of the shoot. The Brookes were very honest always in discussions about their financial straits and some of the nonsense that went with the keeping up of the customs that once were so easy in these great homes.

The Brookes' three sons were at Eton and Cambridge at the time. They lost two of these fine boys during the War but one, Captain John B., is now living in the Dower House with his bride and will doubtless move into Colebrooke when his father, who is now Prime Minister of North Ireland, gives up his political life.

This Spring, the Brookes came to America and visited us at Southern Pines. With all their prominence, they were just as simple, natural, as full of humor and as disarmingly frank about their lack of money as they had been back in 1938 when they came down to the South of France, third class in the train, to visit us at the chateau we had rented at Eze above Monte Carlo. If "aristocracy" means the type of natural dignity and kindness and simplicity that this family expresses, then long live the aristocracy!

Another memory in Ireland that remains vivid is a visit with Sir John and Lady Leone Leslie of Glaslough, County Fermanagh, just over the border and, thereby, in Eire. Lady Leslie was the aunt of Winston Churchill. She was one of the three famous Jerome sisters of New York. She had been an Edwardian belle and I mean "belle" as she took yachting trips with King Edward and was known as one of his great favorites. She was a woman of small stature, dark coloring and I asked her once what was the secret of her great social success in London. Laughingly, she turned to me and said, "Much sympathy, my dear, and a pretty pair of legs." Actually she was no beauty but her warm, friendly nature and a natural shrewdness certainly carried her far in life and, of course, she had wit and humor. Sir John was very amusing and with his dry, chuckling manner would say "My wife is an American. She's half Indian, you know. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

It was a great privilege to visit at Glaslough. Many traditions and customs were kept there. Their son, Shane Leslie, always wore kilts at dinner. Children were only allowed to join the elders at tea time or at family luncheons and then they sat at a separate table in the big dining room. There are many traditions and fairy tales about the great thorn trees on the place. In fact, in Ireland, the stories of "The Little People" were wondrous.

Our Minister in Eire was John Cudahy of Milwaukee. We made several visits to him, sleeping in that haunted old house that is the American Legation in Dublin. It had charms and drawbacks!

Once I flew to London from Belfast and the only companion in the plane was the fine-looking man who was kind to me when I became air sick over the channel — Lord Londonderry — and he drove me to Claridges in the magnificent Rolls Royce which was waiting for him at the air port. Later, back in Ireland, I was invited to his beautiful house with Ernest two or three times for lunch.

In July, 1939, Ernest took his retirement from the Foreign Service. He had given thirty years of his life and felt that it was time now to come home to live. I had a good many questionings as to the wisdom of this decision but as to living in America and having a settled life for

our child and ourselves, I welcomed the change. Europe was full of war rumors. The Maginot Line was said by most to be an insurance against a Nazi push across France but there were some who felt that the great war machine of the Nazis had become too top-heavy and would have to be put to use and perhaps the time had come when the Germans would dominate the world. It was very startling at times to find people ready to accept this German possible ascendancy. I remember reading a book on the subject, given me by Dehra Parker whose beautiful Moyola Park, Castle Dawson, we had so often visited. The book "Union Now" by Clarence Striet was a plea for all anti-totalitarian states to join together in a union so they could fight off Naziism, Facism and Communism together.

We went to Charlevoix and stayed at the Chicago Club upon arriving in America. Ernest had no desire whatever to live in Washington and become a "has been", doing the usual round of social things indulged in by ex-official Washingtonians. His one desire seemed to be to go down to our farm at Southern Pines. As we drove south the first week in September, the news of the war in Europe came screaming to us by radio and headlines. Each time we stopped our car, we were more and more horrified at the rapid developments.

In Southern Pines, Timmy entered the public school in the fifth grade. We rented the John Y. Boyd house and from then on, began to work every day at our little Paint Hill Farm to try to redeem it from the weeds and neglect.

The years of the war were just what everybody else suffered in different parts of the United States in greater or lesser degree. We gave up our house in town and lived in the log cabin on the farm. We were not very comfortable as we were living in two tiny bedrooms under the eaves of a 100 year old cabin which was not insulated. The chinking would fall out between the logs and rain and wind often crept in. The three mile sandy road into town seemed even longer when gasoline rationing forced us to make only one trip into town daily.

We had a great sorrow in May, 1941, when the news came to us from Belfast that the Nazis, when they blitzed the harbor and town very severely, had set fire to the warehouse where all of our loved possessions had been stored. They were in three vans and included not only the things such as Mother's and my portrait done by Alfred Klotz and an oil sketch of Ernest by Klotz, but everything Ernest had collected during his thirty years abroad in the service and during our married life. I realized suddenly that I had become quite a collector and, in fact, we had enough to fill a thirty-six room house and certainly some of them were very beautiful. However, with people losing their families, their countries, and their very identity, it seems a small thing to lose worldly goods and we pulled ourselves out of this sense of personal loss as fast as we could.

I organized the Motor Corp of the Red Cross for the county and with Ernest, was an airplane spotter during the period the Army expected this service in our area. Ernest was Red Cross County Chairman.

Timmy, after two years in the public school, went down to Aiken Preparatory School at Aiken, South Carolina. It was a horrible wrench for

him to leave the nest but he bravely made the decision and decided he wanted it. From Aiken, he went to the Brooks School at North Andover, Massachusetts.

We grew things on the farm as intensively as we could to help the produce problem. Ernest tried to go into the service in some way but a little heart murmur blocked his entry.

We spent summers at Charlevoix and Bloomington. Timmy worked at the Pantagraph two different summers because he said he felt he must "help". He took a private pilot's flying license the last year of the war in Bloomington.

We worked the summer and fall of 1941 for the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. Adlai was the Chicago president of it.

We felt badly about the isolationist feeling in our land and the lack of foresight toward the Nazi dream of conquest. Also we were deeply shocked at times with the commentators and columnists in the attacks on the President, the High Command, and the general conduct of the war, and sadly enough, these comments are following these fine men into their graves but history has been written with them and another generation will, without passion, prejudice, or pettiness, judge the work of these men.

While Adlai was Assistant to Secretary of Navy Knox in Washington, he and his wife had a house at 1905 R Street and we went two or three times to spend a night with them. The children went to school in Washington but finally the family went back to Libertyville to the "farm" and Adlai had a tiny apartment in Georgetown.

When Colonel Knox died, Adlai was urged to buy the Chicago Daily News. Most of the employees of the paper and many of the Colonel's friends in Chicago backed this project but he did not succeed in obtaining the paper and after doing a series of special assignments such as Assistant Secretary of State and presiding over the Preparatory Commission of the United Nations in London, taking a leading part in the United Nations Charter meeting in San Francisco, being chosen alternate delegate to the United Nations General Assembly, he was induced in December, 1947, to run for Governor of Illinois.

I have a sad letter from Adlai, written New Year's Eve, 1947, telling me that he had accepted this responsibility of running for Governor of the State. It seems strange in looking back over this letter that he should ever have doubted that he would be "tough enough skinned" to take the pricks or not to be able to jump into the rough and tumble of a political career. He made such a valiant fight and won with such a record-breaking majority in November, 1948.

Ernest and I came out to Bloomington in February and opened the home so that the campaign could be launched from his own old home and the town where his own Grandfather, Adlai I, had started his campaigns.

People amused me very much by saying that we must not "play upon family tradition. Adlai must stand on his own feet". Some people said, "Don't talk about your Grandfather" but, after all, the qualities Adlai had, had been given him very largely from these very people whom we

were now asked not to mention. Some of the astute politicians have since told me that the name "Adlai Stevenson" had been worth one-quarter million votes in the State.

We had a large reception at our house in the afternoon and in the evening, Adlai made his campaign speech at the Illinois Hotel at a banquet given by the McLean County Democratic organization. Although I had been brought up in what might be called by some people a "Political Family", I am ablush to say that I knew absolutely nothing about political organization. The County Chairman, District Chairman, State Committeemen, and all the rest seemed very confusing terms to me. We had lots of the Chicago press present. Charles Wheeler, a distinguished political writer told me he had been on the campaign with Grandfather in 1908. He seemed to have a very strong sense of our Adlai's brilliance and political acumen.

We drove back to Southern Pines after this breath-taking experience of seeing my own brother launched on a campaign for Governor. My heart was full of what my own Father and Mother would be thinking would they know that their little Adlai was out in the rough and tumble world of politics but our "little Adlai" showed up very well! He was more than a surprise and when he came down to Carolina to visit us after the primaries, he was tired but had found his pace.

The summer of the campaign we learned a great many things. We learned that when you put the sights high and work with your thought on the principle of the thing you're doing and not from the personal angle, you can accomplish a great deal more than you could otherwise. Adlai's ceaseless efforts, his willingness to go to the smallest meeting, his lack of bitterness towards the good friends who simply wouldn't support him because he was a Democrat, the lack of expression of disillusionment of any kind toward the disappointing experiences in the human beings he counted on most for help -- this wonderful example made you want to work doubly hard for him. Timothy drove him on some of his trips and Ernest and I worked with Mrs. Edison Dick among the Independent Stevenson-for-Governor group.

We went to the State Fair on Democratic Day, our first visit. In fact, it was the first time in my life I've been in Illinois in August. It was breath-takingly exciting to us to have those great grandstands cheering and yelling when Adlai and Barkley spoke.

In September, we had a wonderful parade for Adlai. We worked it out with Alice Rawson Mulliken's inspirational help and the outpouring on Franklin Square the night we assembled there to march down Main Street to the Court House astonished Adlai as much as all the rest of us. Many people feel that the real turning in the tide dated from that September 17th, in that the parade did put something in the air. Certainly the campaign caught on from there. After all, 25,000 people pouring through the streets of Bloomington to hear the Democratic "home town" boy speak on the Court House steps in the humble, beautiful way he alone can do, was significant.

Adlai knew before November 7th that he had been elected but the wisest of the dopesters didn't!

We spent election night at the Independent Stevenson-for-Governor headquarters in the Klemm Building, looking down over the Square. Adlai's

friends were assembled and during the evening the merriest little face in the gathering was Cousin Julia Vrooman. Carl was defeated for Congress but Truman, Douglas and Stevenson were winning. Adlai phoned us from his own Chicago headquarters to ask how McLean County was going. This must have been around 10:30. I couldn't give an accurate answer but Joe Bohrer took the phone and gave him a few figures. Adlai sounded perfectly cool and as though he were doing a great deal of tabulating. He said then that he was elected.

Three or four days later we were on our way, speeding back to Southern Pines as Adlai had phoned us he wanted to come there for a rest and he would be accompanied by three Chicago newspaper political writers and Mrs. and Mrs. Edison Dick would join him and so we left the Bloomington house in the hands of our beloved Alverta Duff, who had so many times rescued us in our hurried life.

The inauguration in January, 1949, was my first State inauguration. Ernest, Timmy and I boarded the Inauguration Train as it went through Bloomington. In a special car was Adlai's immediate party and two or three cars adjoining were friends and press. When we got off in Springfield, my most vivid memory is of Adlai who was carrying a large box which contained his wife's gown for the ball and being constantly admonished by her to take great care of it. So the Candidate for Governor stepped from the train like any other husband, carrying his wife's parcel.

We went to the Don Funks for the night and the Stevenson party went to the Hotel Abraham Lincoln. The following morning, we all assembled at the mansion and were assigned cars to drive to the Armory. Ernest and I drove with Mrs. John Alden Carpenter and Carl Sandburg. I was awfully surprised to find Mr. Sandburg didn't seem to know what he would say at the Armory. He was much head-lined as being the principle speaker after the in-coming Governor.

When the solemnities were over, we had a small lunch party for the family and immediate friends at the Mansion. In the evening there was a buffet dinner party and then off we went for the Ball. We had a good deal of trouble getting started to the Ball as the Governor's wife forgot her orchids and wanted to delay in one way or another. To my amazement, there wasn't much of a ball -- just a crush. There was no chance at all to dance that I could see. We sat in so-called boxes on the stage under the glare of great lights. I don't think I had a very good time. It was so confining. Ellen seemed impatient to leave and after she had been induced by the photographers to "dance" with the Governor and they pushed their way through the crowd for a few minutes, our official party left. We and the guests all came away the next day and Adlai and Barkley spoke in Bloomington at the Association of Commerce banquet that night so really the first official act of Adlai's was a return to his home town.

It will very soon be two years that my brother has been Governor. I suppose the thing that impresses me the most is to see the way he has adjusted himself to his entirely new form of life. His personal loneliness in that large Executive Mansion has in no way been allowed to interfere with his consecration to duty. How he keeps up the strain of never-ending duties is probably only possible because he does not think in terms of self. I am convinced that he is honest in his expressions of wanting to do a good job and he can't do a good job and be thinking of personal gain.

The Mansion is a romantic house. I have slept there alone at Christmas time for a few nights last year (none of the staff sleeps in the house but at night it is guarded by the State Police on the outside) and it seemed to me that the high ceilings were looking down and talking of the past. It is hard to realize that that house was built in 1857 and has withstood with such dignity the attacks made upon its beauty by passing fashion, passing administrations and passing customs. It is said that Mrs. John Palmer, that child bride of the "conscientious objector" did her own wash, that the Fifer children rode their pony up the front steps and into the front hall, that Mrs. Richard Yates II painted the great stairs black, that Mrs. Tanner changed the circular stairway and then in the Green administration, all the murals and painted ceilings were painted white. Surely there was as much happiness and success in that house as there was frustration and disappointment for the Governors and their wives and their families.

There were brilliant parties, Presidents were entertained and slept there, babies were born and one Governor died there. Our family holds this house in great reverence. Adlai was so anxious to see some fine pictures in there and Jay Monaghan in the State Historical Library, loaned him the lovely Healey portrait of Mrs. Richard Yates, the Civil War Governor's wife, the Waldo portrait of Shadrach Bond, our first Governor of Illinois, and he sent us books to fill the empty bookshelves in the sun room. And Mr. Thorne Deuel, head of the Museum, sent two beautiful paintings, one of Chicago and one by Gross, a self-portrait in the costume of 1818.

I found very little in the attic. Two or three years ago they had "cleaned it out" but we found a lovely rosewood chair which we re-upholstered. We found an old velvet hanging with the seal of Illinois embroidered on it. We found a little step-folding chair, such as I used to see in Grandfather Davis' house and back in the staff's unused bedroom, there were some very pretty but badly used pieces of furniture, some of which we had reupholstered. There has been a very great scandal that so much has gone out of the Mansion in the way of state-owned furniture and furnishings. The inventory system from the Auditor's office is being redone and perhaps more control can be exercised over the discard of good things. Having seen so many old houses in the East and in Europe, I was particularly shocked not to find china, silver, furniture, that had been allowed to accumulate there since the earliest history of the house. We're too apt to discard carelessly in this country. No wonder our antique and second-hand stores are crammed.

The staff at the Mansion, my brother found when he went there, consisted of a housekeeper, the wife of a chauffeur who is the State Policeman, Captain Van Diver, the cook, two maids, two butlers, a houseman, a laundress, a yard man, all of whom, except Captain Van Diver, had been engaged by the Dwight Green administration. The housekeeper had been a secretary in the Capitol and brought over by Mrs. Green to run the house. The custom had been for the staff to work on eight hour shifts and no one to sleep there. So, as long as my brother's wife didn't care to live in Springfield, it seemed wise for him to carry on without interrupting the routine, but it has proven only partially satisfactory.

The Mansion has so much individuality of its own, and while I wouldn't want to sound sentimental, I really believe it appreciates the love we all feel for it and it is holding its head up now. It has had a coat of

paint, a few repairs, a touch here and there, and I really think the people are sincere who have been coming there frequently in the last two years when they say it looks pleasanter every time they come in.

The first summer we all felt a great deal of strain and heart-break because there wasn't a normal family life going on there. It was hard during the Legislature for Adlai, and Ernest stayed at the Mansion with him to try to help arrange the dinners for the Legislators. When I came out to Illinois in May, I could see that there was need to go often to Springfield and this I did all summer.

When Fair time came, there was a polio epidemic but Ernest and Timmy and I stayed with Adlai through the whole period as none of his own sons were there. The Fair was really wonderful. It was fun, sitting under the stars at night in the reviewing stand, watching the vaudeville on the stage, going into the horse show, seeing the exhibits of everything from monster sows to beautiful grains, modern pictures and gadgets. All the Chicago friends who came down were amazed and fascinated. It was surprising how few of the Lake Forest and Chicago people had ever been to Springfield. We all felt the heat very much but the Mansion had several well air-conditioned bedrooms.

Dear old "Cousin" Alban Barkely, the Vice-President, came back for Governor's Day and was just as much of a wow with the crowd as he had been a year before, and, of course, Adlai made some amusing quips about Mrs. Hadley, in Saint Louis, to whom the "Veep" was paying court.

Adlai asked Ernest and me to stay with him over the Christmas Holidays. We found he had good need of us. There were lots of parties which had long been the precedent to give — the staff and the young peoples party, the party for the little children, Christmas trees, gifts, etc. The Stevenson boys were all there for Christmas Eve and we went to the Attorney General and Mrs. Evan Elliott's for buttered rum and thence to the midnight service in the Presbyterian church. I never want to forget that row of shining children — Timmy, Adlai III, Borden and John Fell, sitting in the pew with us. John Fell finally fell asleep on his father's shoulder.

On Christmas Day we had Cousin Carl Vrooman (Julia was in England), Marietta Stevenson and her husband, Louis Livingston, the Speaker of the House, Paul Powell and his wife, the Executive Secretary, James Mulroy and his wife for Christmas noon-time dinner. In the morning, we had our gifts after breakfast and Adlai and I were very much pleased to each be given a covered dish of the silver service that the Senate presented to Grandfather Stevenson upon the end of his time as Vice-President. This silver service is owned by Aunt Letitia Stevenson.

We had a lovely dance for the young people at the Mansion and little Adlai and Borden brought down from Chicago a large group of their Lake Forest friends. Washburns in Bloomington did the decorating and a Bloomington orchestra, Larry Lonny, played.

Timmy drove back to the University of Virginia, the Stevenson boys were off to Harvard, Choate and Milton, and I just can't remember when we headed back to Carolina, but back we went.

This second summer of Adlai's administration has been much easier for all concerned than was the first. The State Fair was a brilliant success, there was no polio, two of the boys got here in time to ride in the parade on Governor's Day and receive with their father, the Vice-President and Mrs. Barkely at the Mansion reception afterwards.

We made much progress in the appearance of the grounds around the Mansion. William McCormick Elair, Jr. had joined the Governor's staff as his Administrative Assistant and lived in the Mansion so he was often able to get Adlai out to tennis which always was a source of great rest and pleasure to him. Adlai had a very acute pain in his right arm and found he had torn a ligament and was obliged to give up tennis just about the time he went out to Wyoming with the three boys and Ralph Heffernan to Jackson's Hole. This is the first time he had been in the West on a pack trip since about 1917. He and I had had several summers on the H-F Bar Ranch in Wyoming. For years he had tried to have a pack trip with his sons so I know what a deep gratification it was to him to have this period of rest and mountain life.

A great many interesting people come in and out of the Mansion--columnists, radio commentators, distinguished authors, "socialites", old friends and even distant kin, unheard of until they present themselves.

It has been the custom for some years for more and more organizations to ask to give teas in the Mansion. It began quite naturally long years ago when the Woman's Club and the Amateur Musical Club were organized that the Governor's wife not only joined but worked for these organizations and entertained them. What happens now is that the Chamber of Commerce will ring up Carol Evans, the Governor's personal secretary, or ring up the Governor's office in the State House and, for instance, say that the National Association of Agricultural Commissions would like to be entertained. Or the Sangamon County Farm Bureau, the Illinois Association of Park Districts, or a Regional Recreation Convention, or the Master Plumbers, the Elks Club Convention, etc., etc. We have been obliged this year to establish a rule of not more than four requests for teas being granted per month, and no teas during June, July and August, and Christmas.

There is no doubt in my mind but that a Governor's wife can so organize her life that she could live just about as she pleases. In any life there are duties and responsibilities to your community, to your husband's interests, to your children, to your own hobbies, and it is exactly the same thing in an official life only on a larger scale so it is a question of choice, elimination and personal strength. You can do as much or as little as you like. When I think of Mrs. Dunne and her years of illness in the Mansion and her daughter taking her place at the table when the guests were entertained, when I look back to the story of my own Grandmother wearing braces on her legs so that she could stand during official receptions, I realize all these problems are met in different ways by different women.

Springfield takes great pride in the Mansion and great interest in its Governor's family. For instance, they still resent the fact that Governor Small and Governor Lowden took no real part in the community life. Lowden did not go out to local dinner parties and the Smalls practically never invited anyone in. Mrs. Lowden spent a great deal of her own money

redecorating the Mansion. She had weekly "at homes" and was a leader socially. Even in the days of Mrs. Fifer and Mrs. Oglesby, there was a great deal of social life in the Mansion. Governor Horner was a bachelor and, of course, did little personal entertaining. The Greens spent a great deal of time in Chicago. As a result when we gave our reception for the Governors' Daughters houseparty July 1, 1950, the guest list was compiled by different Springfield friends and intended to include the friends of these Governors' daughters at the time they had lived in Springfield and it included people who had not been in the Mansion for 25 years and they were as happy as children to be there again.

It is rather arduous going back and forth to Springfield as much as we have done in the past months but it's given me tremendous pleasure to watch the changing beauty in the fields as we drive up and down Route 66. I've learned to know all the farm houses, the barns, the contours, the patches of trees (would that they could still be called groves) and the lovely progress of the corn crop and the changing color of the soya beans, the sweet fragrance of the clover and the waving grains. And I have never turned into the driveway of the dear old Mansion on Fifth Street, without the same thrill I think I first felt as I went up that driveway in 1914.

It's an honor, it's a privilege and it's a joy to see my brother serve the State of Illinois as Governor!

October 1, 1950

MRS. ANDREW P. KAYE
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

When Bloomington was halfway to its 100th Anniversary, I was just beginning my life in a little town 54 miles north of here.

Being the eighth child, born to William and Jennie Miller, I was just the last one of the Miller kids living at Dwight.

Dad was city engineer at this time. His earlier years were spent as an engineer on the railroad, and in those days, they were on the road all week, seeing very little of their families.

My mother was Pennsylvania Dutch, born and raised in McConnellstown, Pennsylvania. Her good judgment and level head helped us through many trying times.

Life, until nine years of age was uneventful. Then, my Dad was bitten by the homesteading bug. The spring of 1909, was the opening up of the Rosebud Indian reservation for settlement. Registrations for grants of 160 acres of land were held at Gregory, South Dakota. Dad and my oldest brother, Frank went out there to register in the early part of that year. Numbers were drawn for location, so when dad was notified of his location, he shipped our furniture, lumber, doors and window frames made up ready to set in, four mules, farming equipment and some chickens.

A crude shelter was built at Dallas, South Dakota, to house the family. There was a lean-to on each end of this shelter, one for the mules and the other for the chickens. As soon as this was completed, the rest of the family moved out, living in true pioneer fashion, dirt floor, bunk beds and an old potbellied stove.

By now Dad and Frank had located our grant of land. It was 60 miles west of Gregory, high table land with a sheer precipice on one side, going straight down for about 100 feet.

Table land in this country means high level land, and impossible to drill or ever reach water and get it up that high.

Being of an optimistic turn of mind, Dad and Frank had taken two wagon loads of lumber, including door, windows, ready made sashes and as much building equipment as possible along with them. They were stranded on this wide open prairie and during the night a prairie fire came along burning up the wagons and the equipment. The men had gone on ahead, taking the mules with them to an Indian's home, where they hoped to get shelter and food.

After seeing their land, losing their building materials and realizing the impossibility of cultivating the land, Dad became very discouraged.

He decided to relinquish the land back to the government. He then had an opportunity to lease 160 acres of Indian land from the Indians with whom they were staying. The Indians' names were Colombe. William Colombe was a graduate of Carlyle University, Carlyle, Pennsylvania. In leasing Indian land by government agreement, the leasee is required to lease it for 5 years at \$1.25 per acre, build a required size house, barn, corncrib, allow so much land for pasture, so many acres of plowed ground, a well and leave the property in first class condition at the end of the five years.

This 160 acres of Indian land was located 20 miles west of Gregory. The land was rolling, without a single tree within $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles of where we were to live. The soil was sandy and a high wind seemed to prevail most of the time. The altitude was high, so the results were extremely hot days and cool nights and very dry.

This land bordered the south side of the village of Colombe, named after the Colombe family from whom Dad had leased the land. The main street consisted of the post office, several dry goods stores, a grocery store, a restaurant with a bakery, a roller skating rink (used also for home talent and traveling shows), a bank, numerous saloons, a grade and high school combined, one hotel, one Protestant church and one Catholic church.

Being the usual homesteaders, we had no money and Dad having always been an engineer knew nothing about farming. He fell off of the plow the first time he tried to ride it and the mules turned around and came back to the barn. Dad said, "Damned if he'd ride that thing again". The result was, Frank had to take over. Everywhere wild garlic grew in abundance. The milk and butter was highly flavored and almost impossible to use. Rattlesnakes, prairie fires and cyclones were common occurrences. Of course, we had a storm cellar to go to in times of danger. This cellar was well stacked with canned vegetables, fruits, jellies, jams, pickled peaches and pears, all from the State of Illinois.

My next older sister Rachel and I were the only ones to go to school. The oldest sister Celia was married and lived at Emington, Illinois. Mary stayed with them and went to school at Emington.

Frank and Milton helped Dad and my brother Ralph drove the first mail route from Colombe to McNeely, South Dakota, a distance of twenty five miles. He drove every day and was paid \$50.00 a month and furnished his own transportation, which consisted of two horses and a light open wagon.

By the end of the first summer we were moved into the house with much left to be done.

At the beginning of the season the crops, corn and oats looked very prosperous, but by mid-July, with no rains, hot drying winds, the crops just shriveled up. My mother used to say, "These farms change hands every day". The strong winds blowing the dry sand back and forth. Such a growth of tumbling weeds, the country was literally covered with them, lodging against the fences, until they made a solid fence of them. They were dangerous in the spreading of prairie fires, being blown ahead by the strong winds that accompany the fires.

Even though I was only twelve years old, I can still remember the smell of sulphur in the air and the heavy oppressive feeling; the Easter Sunday in 1912 when the terrible cyclone tore through Omaha, Nebraska, killing so many people and destroying a hospital.

The first year's crops were failures, but since it seemed common that homesteaders have more optimism than money, we found ourselves getting mighty low on cash. Coal was \$22.00 a ton and it had to be hauled 20 miles. The end of the railroad was at Gregory. There was much talk of the railroad being extended to Winner, South Dakota, the county seat

of Tripp County. The road would go through Colombe. It was two years before the feat of engineering was completed. When the first train arrived in Colombe there was the typical western celebration, lots of drinking, gambling, broncho-busting, horsepitching, with dancing and more carousing in the evening. It was a wide open town. The tracks continued on to Winner, that being its destination for a good many years. The result was Winner grew rapidly while Colombe just managed to hold its own. I understand the town has almost gone out of existence and I know the building Dad built has been gone for years.

We all realized that if we were to live and pay our bills, there would have to be other means of income. Mother decided to go in debt for a cow. How well I remember the day she came over the hill leading a blue guernsey cow, having paid a down payment on a \$60.00 critter, which we called "Guernsey". It was my job to take Guernsey's milk in town and sell it for 5¢ a quart, carrying it in syrup buckets labeled "golden" or "white" syrup. I was to receive 5¢ for each new customer and that was my spending money. We had no movie shows and I earned my privilege of roller skating free by baby sitting for the Indian who owned and ran the rink.

It wasn't long until Guernsey was paid for and my mother was out scouting around for the next cow. She was a shrewd buyer and a good judge of cattle. Since Dad proved to be not too good as a farmer, he found that he liked to work with the cows, feeding, cleaning and milking them. The boys too, helped with the milking.

As the milk business grew, we ordered bottles from Sears Roebuck and really went into the business. Mother and we girls took care of the bottles and bottling of the milk. Dad built an extension on the back of a little wagon to hold the bottles and larger buckets of milk. We bought a gray mustang Indian pony "Prince" to draw the conveyance. I was in the driver's seat and went forth each morning and evening after school to deliver milk into Colombe.

My nickname then was "Honey" and my mother often said she could hear me long before she could see me, singing at the top of my voice and Prince plodding along.

Business thrived and by the time our five years of homesteading was up, we had by far the best head of cattle in that part of the country. Our income from milk was \$90.00 plus \$50.00 still received from Ralph carrying the mail to McNeely.

We were one of the few families that had money to pay their bills when they left South Dakota.

One of the things we learned to do was to boil red corncobs in water, strain it, add a little sugar and it made a passable syrup.

The prairie fires were devastating and the cyclones and electrical storms were so common. Many times you would see the funnel off high in the sky but not to reach the earth.

Then the winters with coal so expensive and scarce beside and of not a too good quality, it was almost impossible to keep warm. No wind breaks with high winds driving hard pebbly snow and with temperature as low as 35 degrees below zero made it difficult to be out-of-doors.

The snow drifts were so high and hard that you just walked over

fences and sometimes you couldn't see the barn. During the blizzards the men would use rope from the house to the barn, so as not to lose their way. These times were not too often but they were never forgotten.

Oh, yes, everyone had bedbugs. They came in the new lumber; they were everywhere and everyone had them. One of my weekly duties was to paint gasoline on the beds and springs. I can't remember when we were ever without them. Another daily duty was to wad a piece of newspaper, get it into the lamp chimney and clean and shine it. Then the wicks were trimmed, the lamps filled with kerosene, ready for the night's use.

It wasn't unusual to kill a big rattlesnake in the yard. The boys would skin and dry them to make belts. The rattlers would be fastened on their hats. Some of the older snakes would have 12 or 14 rattles and a button on the end. A few days later the mate would arrive as there was always two of them.

I can't leave South Dakota without thinking of old Mr. Hollingsworth. He was forever having trouble with his dentures. He carried them in his overall pockets most of the time. When he felt the need of them he would take them out of his pocket, use his jackknife to clean them, tap them on the rim of the wagon wheel, put them in his mouth and he was ready to go. He was always "gal durnn" everything. We came to the conclusion that all of the skinflints in the country were dumped in that God-forsaken place.

When our five years of homesteading was finished, my sisters Mary, Rachel and I were sent back to Illinois so that we would be ready when the fall term of school started.

I was then fourteen years old, wearing ankle length pegtop skirt, white kid hightop shoes, laces up the front and a cerise taffeta petticoat emerging from the slit in my skirt. Of course, you couldn't see the black sateen bloomers with a double row of elastic just below my knees.

We arrived in Chicago, then to Dwight where I was ready to enter High School as a Freshman. I was still called "Honey" but I became very conscious of it and it wasn't long until I was called "Peg", the nickname that has always stayed with me.

The rest of the family stayed in South Dakota until they had their sale and all business was finished. They came on to Dwight where they purchased a home and lived there until they died, Mother at the age of 72 years and Dad at 92 years. While in South Dakota my brother Milton was sent to Grand Island Business School at Grand Island, Nebraska.

My rugged training as a milkgirl in South Dakota helped to season me into a guard on the basketball team. In those days girls played interscholastic basketball. By the time I had finished high school, it became a ruling that the game was too strenuous for girls and interscholastic games were discontinued. I was Captain of the team and we played Fairbury, Toluca, Morris and all neighboring towns.

Lack of money seemed to stay close at our heels and I had to earn my own way through high school. My oldest brother was then janitor of the high school and he got the job of dusting the seats and tops of

the desks in high school and upper grades for me. I had to be at school each morning at 7 o'clock and work until 8:30. For this service I received \$3.00 per month. That, with taking care of children I was able to buy material and make my own clothes all through high school.

I still had time to be President of the Benedict Society, a debating team which solved the problems of the world. Then, have a part in most of the plays and be President of the Senior class. I graduated with 18 others in 1918.

The summer I graduated my Aunt took me to Pennsylvania with her, visiting all of my Mother's people. The expression of "How much you look like Jennie when she was a girl" was repeated each and every time I met new members of Mother's family.

The following January I entered Nurses training at Lakeview Hospital in Chicago. The head physician at that time was Dr. Gilbert Wynnekoop. He was the son of the Dr. Wynnekoop who was charged with and served a term for the murder of her daughter-in-law. There were several other sons on the staff. My term of nursing was short, since I was thinking pretty seriously of getting married. I liked nursing but decided to get married instead.

On May 5, 1920, I was married to Andrew Kaye, Joliet, Illinois. We continued to live in Dwight until May, 1926, when Andy purchased the drug store at 817 East Grove Street from Otto Steinkraus. We were married ten years before Jeanne was born on July 17, 1930. Sally was born October 5, 1933.

During those years I worked in the drug store part time. We lived in the apartment over the store.

I became associated with the Second Presbyterian Church in our first year in Bloomington. I was President of the Presbyterian Guild, Baillie Guild and Tuckabatchee Sunday School Class several times.

When Jeanne was ready to enter the Youth Choirs she was one of the first group. Sally joined as soon as she was old enough.

It was at Easter time in 1933 that we bought the old David Davis home at 1005 East Jefferson Street. This delightful, old Colonial home had stood empty for 12 years. It stood unpainted, with shutters closed and it bore the name of the "Haunted House".

We just moved in, lock, stock and barrel, ready for anything to happen. In spite of its neglect, the main part of the house was firm and its foundation well intact.

I don't ever expect to forget the smell of plaster dust, the fear of leaky pipes or water dripping from leaking eaves or loose slate on the roof.

The original lot went through the entire block from Jefferson to Washington Street. The stable and garage on the Washington Street side was later sold to Carter Davis who made a double apartment house. Eighty feet of the original lot went with the garage.

We began to renovate this lovely old home that had been built in 1851 by David Davis. This home was rented to Reverend McLean, then

pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. Later it was rented to several other parties until 1899 when Mr. and Mrs. David Davis moved in, had it remodeled and lived there until 1921. The Davis's then moved to 1000 East Jefferson Street. This home stood empty and run down, giving you a feeling of sadness to see such perfect architecture deteriorate. It was kept in the Davis estate until 1933 when they decided to sell. We were fortunate in being the purchasers of this property. We gradually reconditioned it, keeping its original lines, its lovely old white marble sinks and the dainty yellow tiled Colonial fireplaces in each bedroom. The house having seven fireplaces in all.

The lovely old rosewood fireplace in the west living room is truly a work of art. The carved fan shaped woodwork in dark fumed oak is most unusual. The dining and one living room had the old plate rail around the room. The entire three floors have been finished, we have been asked many times about the old wine cellar and did we get any of the wine. There was no wine cellar and we didn't get any wine.

Here we raised our girls, Jeanie and Sally. Many parties have been given in this spacious home and it will have fond memories for a great many friends.

Being interested in this old home made me consider antiques. Soon I was invited to become a member of the Bloomington Antiquarian Club. This club stimulated my interest in antiques for this home. It has developed into an interesting hobby. I was President of the club for two years. This club has given many interesting programs to Bloomington.

When Sally was a little Brownie in Washington School, I became interested in Scouting. For six years I was leader of a group of 25 girls, most of them staying in the troop to become first-class Scouts when they left Washington School.

When our troop were seventh graders, we decided to earn money for a trip. Our first attempt was a minstrel show called the "Bandana Minstrels". Our Scouts were the minstrel singers. We sang songs, told jokes and had special numbers. The Barber Shoppers sang for us, a colored man song and danced. All in all, it turned out well and we earned \$129.00 towards our trip.

We had an icecream social and showed travel pictures. Each girl put in 5¢ a week from her allowance. By the first of June when we were to take our trip, we had saved \$350.00. We chartered a bus, went to the Mounds near Havana, to Pere Marquette Lodge at Grafton, staying at a Girl Scout Camp up in the hills back of the Lodge. The next day, on to St. Louis and the Zoo and to the opera at night, seeing the Desert Song. The next day was spent on the USS Admiral, down the river and back. On to Bloomington that night, without a single accident, sick girl or a bit of trouble.

We had \$59.00 left in our budget and the girls still talk of that trip.

In 1945 I was sent to Camp Juniper Knoll at Elkhorn, Wisconsin, to take a Day Camp Directors Course. I was Day Camp Director for three years, holding camp at Miller Park, Forest Park and Eugene Field School.

During the summer at camp out in Forest Park, I began to dream

of a cabin of our own. The city had huge piles of old paving bricks going to waste, so about 25 Girl Scout leaders attended a City Council meeting one Friday night to ask for 30,000 bricks for a cabin for Day Camp. Our request was granted, but it was in April, 1947 before the first spade of dirt was dug and the foundation begun for our building. The bricks and some labor was given by the city. The trade unions supplied labor free and the money used in building Hike Haven was earned through grease drives, paper sales and cookie sales. We had earned \$2800 before we started to build. The main part of Hike Haven's 30' x 40' walls were built in two blistering hot days late in June of that year.

Construction progressed, summer camp was held there and plans were made to complete the building that fall. Different crafts supplied materials, money was donated and when the building was completed we had sufficient money to pay for everything. It was a wonderful job of cooperation by craftsmen, Scouts and friends of Scouting.

Today Hike Haven is fully equipped for Day Camp, overnight camping and troop camping. It is a wonderful place for girls to learn camping, out-of-door activities and a place to train leaders and have leaders' meetings. It will continue to help girls build a more rounded and useful life.

A beautiful bronze plaque hangs over the fireplace bearing the inscription "Hike Haven" built for the Girl Scouts of Bloomington-Normal by their friends, through the untiring effort and inspirational leadership of "Peg Kaye". And so a dream that seemed impossible has come true.

Interest in Scouting continues, in 1949 I was made Vice-President of Bloomington-Normal Girl Scouts and was one of six privileged Scouts to be sent to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to the National Convention. There I was inspired more than ever by the outstanding work being done throughout the world by women who are progressive and interested in the growth of our girls. Being one of 6,000 women at this Convention, I felt as if life was truly a thing to be grateful for and proud to be one of such a worthwhile group of women.

In January, 1950, I was elected President of the Bloomington-Normal Girl Scout Council for a two year term.

It was while I was at Camp Juniper Knoll that I first attempted to try a bit of charcoal sketching. This little bit of sketching opened up a new field of interest for me. It has grown from sketching to textile painting and now to water color. Through textile painting I developed a vacation fund, the money earned from painting has furnished me a ten day trip to New Orleans, Belingrath Gardens, Natchez and Mobile. A year later a trip to San Francisco, Berkeley, California, on to Washington State for a month. A year later to the Grand Canyon, San Bernardino, Los Angeles, Hollywood, Long Beach and Mexico for a month.

I have given numerous demonstrations of painting to women eager for a hobby. The simplicity and never ending source of pleasure derived from painting has been an inspiration beyond description.

Life is never dull and one cannot help but look forward into the future and dream of times when other dreams come true.

Mrs. Andrew P. Kaye
(Peg)

AN ADDRESS COMMEMORATING THE 15th ANNIVERSARY
OF THE STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANY

by

ADLAI H. RUST

AN ADDRESS

Commemorating the 15th Anniversary
of the State Farm Insurance Company

by

Adlai H. Rust

We are gathered here for the purpose of celebrating an important milestone in the life of an individual, who is loved and respected by all of us, and a similar event in the progress of an organization that under his guiding hand has become of such force and magnitude that while it is only fifteen years of age, by the most rigid standards, it has achieved a hundred years of progress.

Upon such occasions, thinking people naturally turn in retrospect and consider the life of such an individual so that they may see the basis for the development of the characteristics that are the primary reasons for his outstanding achievements, and they likewise study the underlying principles that are the basis for the success of such an organization.

Emerson said that a business is the lengthened shadow of one man. The bigger the man, the longer the shadow. That is particularly true in the State Farm organization and so, by an appreciation of the man and his outstanding qualities, we gain an understanding of the quality of his organization.

Sixty years ago today on this farm (a farm in the prairies of Illinois, about nine miles east of the city of Bloomington) this man was born, the fifth of a family of six children, four of whom are still living. His mother, before her marriage, was Susan Johnson Hull of Yankee and Holland Dutch stock. She was born in Ohio and taught school in DeWitt County, Illinois. His father, John Christian Thomas Mecherle, generally known as Chris Mecherle, was born in the village of Unter Mas Holderbach in the Province of Wurtemberg in Germany, and with an older brother came to this country in 1852. These brothers traveled in some seventeen states before finally settling in Illinois. They worked as farm hands for some ten or twelve years on the farm which is now proudly known in the family as the "old home farm" and out of their meager earnings they accumulated enough at the end of nine years to enable them to purchase 100 acres of their first 160. They commenced farming for themselves as partners in 1865, the year in which Susan Johnson Hull and John Christian Thomas Mecherle were married. This partnership continued until the death of Chris Mecherle.

Living frugally, laboring industriously, this family applied themselves diligently to the tasks that confronted our pioneer forefathers. This was virgin prairie soil and without drainage or transportation facilities. A fair measure of success attend-

ed these efforts and additional lands were accumulated and put into cultivation. It was into this environment that our "Chief" was born and spent his early life, acquiring habits of industry and learning lessons of integrity from these good pioneers that were to be the basis of his future success.

Here in this community, he received such schooling as was available. He exhibited such proficiency, that at the age of thirteen he successfully passed the examination for a teacher's certificate. This relatively meager schooling was supplemented by a part of one year at Illinois State Normal University, and you will thus see that the major portion of his education came from the "College of Experience". Fortunately he possessed and possesses a high degree of native ability which is an attribute, that coupled with diligence and integrity, is of much greater importance than an opportunity to learn from books. In 1899, he started farming for himself as a renter in this community and in 1901 he married Miss May Perry, and this good woman, despite the discouragements of ill health, has been a constant source of inspiration to him through all these years.

As one might anticipate, he was successful and gained a considerable reputation for his ability as a breeder of shorthorn cattle and Poland China hogs, and in the twenty years that he farmed, he not only became one of the leading farmers of the County, but acquired considerable land holdings and a reasonable competence of his own. Due to Mrs. Mecherle's health, he retired from farming in 1918 and moved to Bloomington.

A short period of inactivity was all that he could stand and his next interest was as a tractor salesman - a very successful one. From that experience, he gained a conception of the pro-

blems and possibilities of organized effort, and soon thereafter in his creative mind, a great idea was born. He had a short experience in the sale of automobile insurance, which served the dual purpose of giving him some practical knowledge of the mechanics of the business and an opportunity to see first hand how great was the need for an organization that would have the rendition of a real service for its basic purpose. After prolonged study and planning, that idea took concrete form and on January 31st, 1922, he presented it to the Illinois Mutual Fire Companies at their annual convention at Streator, Illinois, and received the endorsement of that body.

After a further period of preparatory work, on June 7, 1922, the idea became an actuality when the corporate organization was perfected and actual business began. Its growth since then is indeed remarkable, but I consider it to be the logical result of the great service it has rendered, and I consider that both are attributable to the primary ideas of our leader, which he rightly insists shall be the underlying principles determining any company action.

Any attempt to outline his outstanding characteristics will properly be subject to the criticism that major omissions are made, but I cannot refrain from mentioning some of them.

Sincerity of purpose in his dealings with his fellow man. Never have I known him to take a position with reference to company affairs without first applying the proposition to himself to make sure that if he were the insured he would feel that he was being treated fairly if he were accorded the treatment under consideration, and in the same spirit, he believes that

no contract or business arrangement can continue unless it is mutually satisfactory to all parties in interest.

He possesses considerable patience and is always looking for the good in his fellow man, and is more than willing to overlook another's faults in his search for good qualities. I never knew anyone who is so loath to hurt another's feelings by any act or word. Nor has he ever been known to ask anyone connected with the organization to do a dishonest act and certainly he would not condone any sharp practice by any company representative.

He looks upon the agency and office forces of these companies only as fellow workers and in that spirit discharges the responsibilities that are his as the chief executive officer. I believe that his mind dwells incessantly on how to improve the agents' status and his opportunity for success and advancement, and he is always willing to carry more than his share of the load.

His innate modesty will be offended by my mentioning his many kindly acts, but in this gathering are many who have been helped over the rough spots, and he would much prefer that no further mention be made of it.

Many visitors to the Home Office from other organizations, have gone out of their way to comment very favorably upon the personnel of the Home Office and the attitude of the individuals employed there toward their work. That attitude is but the reflection of the treatment received from the "Chief."

I state my own views as well as those of the others who have had the privilege of being somewhat closely associated with

him in official capacities, when I say that from neither a father nor an older brother could we have had finer or more considerate treatment in all our dealings with him, and that we glory in the privilege of serving him and these organizations that he founded, and we prize more than words can express the privilege of calling him "Chief."

The pinnacle to which these organizations have risen is indeed a lofty one, but viewing that progress in the light of the high principles that characterize the man who created them, they are the natural development of his basic idea and the Herculean tasks he has performed for their success.

Elbert Hubbard has said that the big man is the man who takes an idea and makes of it a genuine success - the man who brings the ship into port. And so I present to you the biggest man I have ever known, or expect to know - our "Chief."

LORING C. MERWIN
BIOGRAPHY

Loring C. Merwin
(Biography)

Loring C. Merwin, son of Louis B. and Jessie (Davis) Merwin was born at Bloomington, Illinois, March 26, 1906. He attended grade and high schools in Bloomington and Choate (preparatory) School at Wallingford, Connecticut, 1921 to 1924. Graduated Harvard College, B.A., 1928. Was an editor of the GRIMSON, Harvard University daily newspaper. Engaged in manufacturing business in Alhambra, California, 1929 to 1935. Returned to Bloomington May 15, 1935 to become associate editor of THE DAILY PANTAGRAPH. He became president and publisher of the newspaper in 1936 after the resignation of his brother, Davis Merwin, who had been publisher since 1923 and who left Bloomington to become part owner and publisher of the Minneapolis (Minn.) STAR. Mr. Merwin is also president of the Bloomington Broadcasting Corporation which owns and operates Radio Station WJBC. He is a partner of Model-Paris, launderers and cleaners of Bloomington and Normal. He is a partner of Park Hill Company and a director of Park Hill Cemetery Association and a partner in Lilly Orchard Company, Lilly, Illinois.

Civic activities include service as campaign chairman, Bloomington-Normal Community Chest; general chairman, Bloomington-Normal Art Exposition (the largest art show ever held in downstate Illinois (1939)); director, YMCA; director, Unitarian Church; trustee, Withers Public Library; president and director, Bloomington Country Club.

Professional Associations include Sigma Delta Chi, honorary journalistic fraternity; American Newspaper Publishers Association; Inland Daily Press Association; Illinois Daily Newspaper Markets (a director).

Loring C. Merwin married Marjorie Sward, daughter of Carl and Esther Sward, Turlock, California, on January 5, 1935. They now have three children: Amanda Fell, born March 16, 1936; Susan Buckley, born November 14, 1937 and Miles Loring, born December 25, 1949.

Military service: In World War II volunteered in the USNR in the spring of 1942 and served $3\frac{1}{2}$ years on active duty as a lieutenant in the Navy. Took part in the Normandy landing, June 6, 1944, the landing on Walcheren Island, November 1, 1944 and the Crossing of the Rhine in March, 1945. Awarded the Commendation Ribbon with Gold Star and the Unit Commendation Ribbon (Rhine Crossing).

Hobbies: Golf, fishing and shooting. Clubs: Anglers, Bloomington Country, Racquet (Chicago) and Harvard Club of Chicago.

Louis B. Merwin, s. of Washington Irving and Mary (Reynolds) Merwin: b. in New York. He formerly engaged in the mfr. of overalls but in later life retired from bus. activities. Served as pres. of the Model-Paris Launderers and Cleaners, the Manufactured Ice & Cold Storage Co., and the Park Hill Cemetery, all in Bloomington, Ill. Died December 30, 1948 and is buried in Park Hill Cemetery, in Bloomington.

His wife, Jessie (Davis) Merwin, dau. of William O. and Eliza (Fell) Davis, was b. in Normal, Ill. She d. in Aug. 1935, and is buried in Park Hill Cemetery, in Bloomington.

William O. Davis, father of Jessie (Davis) Merwin, was the son of William Davis. Members of the Davis family emigrated to Am. in 1630 and settled in Pa. William O. Davis became asso. with his father-in-law, Jesse W. Fell*, publishing "The Pantagraph", in Bloomington, Ill. in 1868, and on February 20, 1871, became sole publisher of the paper. He d. in 1910, and was succeeded by his son, Hibbard O. Davis, whose nephew, Davis Merwin, later served as publisher of the paper, being succeeded by his bro. Loring C. Merwin, the present publisher. William O. Davis was acknowledged as one of the outstanding successful publishers of Ill. and the Central West. When the Hall of Fame for Ill. journalists was estab. by the Univ. of Ill. his name was accorded a place of honor, and in 1930, a ceremony was held to unveil the bronze bust which was erected to his memory in the Hall of Fame. Eliza (Fell) Davis, wife of William O., was the dau. of Jesse W. and Hester (Vernon) Fell.

Washington Irving Merwin***, father of Louis B., and son of Jesse and Jane (Van Dyke) Merwin, was b. at Kinderhook, Columbia Co., N. Y., May 30, 1834, and was named for Washington Irving, the author and one of his father's closest friends. Washington Irving Merwin was reared on his father's farm, and attended school at Kinderhook. Following his marriage, he engaged in the mercantile bus. at Kinderhook, and later operated a grocery store on the Bowery, in New York City. In 1876, he moved to Ill., and settled at Padua, McLean County, where he became a prominent dealer in grain, livestock, coal, and lumber. In 1882, he moved to Bloomington, Ill., where he later retired. He m. Mary Reynolds, and they were the parents of 7 children.

Jesse Merwin, father of Washington Irving Merwin, was b. at Merwin's Point, Conn. Aug. 2, 1784. Members of the Merwin family originally emigrated from Wales to Am., about 1630 and settled at Milford's Point, Conn., which subsequently became known as Merwin's Point. Jesse Merwin moved with his parents to Kinderhook, N. Y., where he later engaged in farming. He was a Democrat, and served as a justice of the peace, 12 years. He died at Kinderhook, Nov. 8, 1852. His wife, Jane (Van Dyke) Merwin, who was born Sept. 12, 1788, died in 1882. They were the parents of 11 children, Washington Irving being the youngest child.

* For further data regarding Jesse Fell, see "History of McLean County, Illinois" (William LeBaron, Jr., & Co., Chicago, 1879), pp. 425-450.

*** For further data regarding Washington Irving Merwin, see "The Biographical Record of McLean County, Illinois" (S.J. Clarke Pub. Co., Chicago, 1899), p. 436.

AARON LIVINGSTON FAMILY

by

FANNIE LIVINGSTON OCHS

AARON LIVINGSTON FAMILY

written by

Fannie Livingston Ochs

Sister Rose was the oldest. She married Bernat Huebschman of Cleveland, Ohio in 1892. I was quite young. Papa decided we must have a bathroom for Bernat's family, who came to the wedding, were used to modern conveniences. So, a large closet downstairs was made into a bathroom. I can still see the zinc lined tub and the instantaneous heater of shining copper rising tall at the end of it.

Before Rose's marriage she took vocal lessons in Chicago to prepare herself for a career in choir singing.

Rose and Bernat had three children: Rhea, Cleveland, Ohio; Milliard, Cleveland, Ohio; Hannah, Rochester, N. Y. Bernat died in 1945. Dear Sister, at the age of 81, is still active and a sweet, brave soul.

Guida, (the second child), passed away in 1920. She studied art in Cincinnati, Ohio. When she was ready to graduate in 1896 and come home to teach, Mama said, "Guida must have a studio." So the little old dining room and kitchen were torn down and a modern dining room with hardwood floors, a butler's pantry, kitchen, and back stairs were built. Above this was a maid's room and cedar closet, big bathroom and the studio. A new invention, the folding bed, stood upright in one corner. And at this time a furnace was installed. No more hot irons in our beds and shivering in the morning, running down with our clothes to dress beside the big hard coal stove in the living room.

Guida had a few pupils. Miss Howard and Miss Burnham, old art teachers here, would come visit Sister and admire the frieze of roses, with each petal painted perfectly and the many water color heads of smiling girls, plumes and veils and bunches of violets at their throats.

On 1898 our darling mama, Hannah Eliel, passed away. It was a tragic shock. She was such a wonderful wife and mother. She was an ardent worker in the Temple and earnestly tried to give each of her children a sound belief in Judaism.

Papa had been an invalid for many years before Mama's death. He had gradually grown blind. Our two brothers, Milton and Sam, had taken over the responsibility of the store (A. Livingston's on the south side square) while they

after my marriage to Herman S. Ochs of Cleveland, Indiana in 1907, my brothers, 119 and Sam were married.

were still in their teens. So now Sister Guida had to assume the task of being head of the house. Fortunately, in those days the "hired girls" were plentiful and so faithful to the family.

Our father was such a sweet, patient man and always enjoyed having young people around him, so our home continued to be the meeting place of all of our friends and relatives.

In 1901 Guida married David Straus of Cleveland, Ohio. He passed away in 1913. They left a son, Alan, who lives in San Francisco, California.

After Guida married, I took charge of the home. (I was 19 years old.) Dear Papa's health gradually failed and he passed away in 1903. He was a veteran of the Civil War. Papa was a proud and honest man, leaving a good name as his greatest heritage to his children. People always said, "Aaron Livingston's word is as good as his bond."

By this time the old, carved walnut furniture in our home had been replaced by red plush in the parlor and a "conversation chair" in one corner. The silk draped "lamprican" was removed from the marble mantel piece and replaced by doilies under each ornament. A new golden oak (with carved lions' heads) mantel piece was put in the livingroom. We rejoiced in possessing a Turkish, deep tufted leather couch in the living room, my new upright piano, (replacing the old square one), a fretwork panel across the bay window, the old shutters taken off the bay and shades put up. There was a "rope" curtain between the dining and living rooms. A phone was installed in 1898; a gas stove in 1900. And with great happiness, the walnut beds were sold and we had white iron and brass bedsteads. Fortunately, some of the old walnut furniture was scattered about the house and in the attic and I am the proud owner of them, except a few pieces now in the possession of grandchildren.

My younger sister, Bessie, attended Lake Erie College in Painsville, Ohio. She married Lee Sycle of Richmond, Virginia in 1905. Their son Alan was born in Richmond. He now resides in Normal, Ill.

Helene was born in Youngstown, Ohio. She lives in Peoria, Ill. The family made their home in Bloomington since 1915. Lee was an invalid for many years before his death in 1929. Bessie lives in her home on North Evans Street. We are happy to be so close to each other.

After my marriage to Herman S. Ochs of Ligonier, Indiana in 1907, my brothers, Milton and Sam were married.

We sold our old home at 210 E. Jefferson St. where Bessie and I were born. It is now a "Parking Lot."

My life long friend was Florence Griesheim. She became the wife of brother Milton. Florence's father came to Bloomington from Germany in 1869. Wolf Griesheim and Mark Livingston had a clothing store at the northwest corner of Washington and Center Streets. Later, Wolf Griesheim went into business for himself where Thompson's Restaurant now is located. In 1897, he built the Griesheim Building. It was destroyed in the big fire in 1900. Wolf Griesheim built a taller and sturdier building on the same site, which is a lasting monument to the memory of such a fine and worthy man.

Dr. Aaron Edward and William George are the sons of Florence and Milton Livingston, both living here.

Brother Sam, as a young man was a fine violinist. He played concerts in many surrounding towns. Marian Ives accompanied him and Lottie Probasco gave "Readings." Sam married Stella Salzenstein of Ashland, Ill. They made their home in Los Angeles, California after Brother retired from business because of ill health. Their daughter, Elinor, lives with her mother in Los Angeles and Lois lives in San Francisco, California.

Our two brothers passed away, - Milton in 1937 while on a South American cruise, and Sam in 1943 in Los Angeles. They, like their father, left an enviable name. The whole city mourned their loss. They were wonderful sons and brothers.

My husband became a real estate dealer here in Bloomington soon after our marriage. The firm at the time of his death in 1927 was Kunz, Benson, Ochs & Co. We were blessed with three children: Hannah Livingston, living in Bloomington; Herman (Jr.) in Normal; and Prof. Robert David in Columbia, South Carolina.

Sam Livingston & Co. - Called the "Havana County Dry Goods Store" - Old Phoenix Hall, 112 E. Washington St. Owners: Aaron Livingston, Dr. and Sam Livingston.

Hannah Livingston Ochs
Jan. 25 - 1940

Wolf Griesheim, brother of Sam Livingston and Aaron Livingston, Dr. - Called "Wolf Griesheim Clothing Store" - Northwest corner of Center and Washington Streets. Open from

OUTLINE OF LIVINGSTON FAMILY FROM 1855 to 1950

1855

Aaron Livingston, Sr. clerked for H. Marblestone on Main Street. He came from Germany and first lived in Monticello, Ill. He died in 1881.

1857

Sam Livingston clerked for H. Marblestone. He came to America from Germany in 1852, settling at Washington Court House, Ohio, then to Sullivan and Monticello, Ill. He was the first Livingston to come to America. He died in 1892.

1859

Livingston & Bro. clothing store - Southwest corner of Main and Front Streets - Called "Great Western Clothing Store." Owners - Aaron Livingston, Sr. and Sam Livingston.

1866

Sam Livingston & Co. Clothing - Owners, Aaron Livingston, Sr., Sam Livingston and Abram Berman - Corner Main and Front Streets.

1866

A. Berman & Co. - Called "Oak Hall" - Corner Main and Washington Streets. Owners - Aaron Livingston, Sr., Sam Livingston, and Abram Berman.

1866

Sam Livingston & Co. - Called the "McLean County Dry Goods Store" - old Phoenix Hall, 112 W. Washington St. Owners - Aaron Livingston, Sr. and Sam Livingston.

1866

Mark Livingston, brother of Sam Livingston and Aaron Livingston, Sr. - Called "Head Quarters Clothing Store" - Northwest corner of Center and Washington Streets. Came from

Germany in above year. Died 1909.

Albert Livingston - Partner, Livingston & Griesheim
Tailors - Jefferson and Center Streets.

1869

Livingston & Griesheim Headquarters Clothing Store -
Washington & Center Streets. Owners - Mark Livingston
and Wolf Griesheim.

112 W. Washington St.
Sole Owner - Aaron Livingston.

1872

A. Livingston & Co. - 112 W. Washington St. Owners -
Aaron Livingston, Jr. and brother Resell Livingston.
Previously, Aaron, Jr. clerked for his cousins, Sam Liv-
ingston & Co.

1880

Albert Livingston, cousin of Aaron Livingston, Jr., came
to Bloomington from Germany. He clerked for A. Livingston
& Co.

1882

A. & R. Livingston - 112 W. Washington St. Owners -
Aaron Livingston, Jr. and Resell Livingston.

deceased; Rosalie, deceased; Sigmond (lawyer), deceased;
Alfred (lawyer), deceased; Herman (retired), Bloomington;
Irvin (lawyer), deceased; Rosalie, Omaha, Nebraska; Harold
(lawyer), Chicago, Ill.

1882

Oak Hall - Corner Washington & Main Streets. Owner - Ike
Livingston. Brother of Aaron Livingston, Sr., deceased.
Ike came to Bloomington from Germany in 1882.

A. Livingston & Sons - 112 W. Washington St. Columbia
Clothing Store out of bus. Sam Livingston, deceased.

1882

M. & S. Livingston Clothing Store - Corner Front & Main
Streets. Owners - Sam Livingston and Mayer Livingston.
Mayer, brother of Aaron Livingston, Sr., deceased, came to
Bloomington in 1882 from Germany.

1903

Livingston Building built 1882
Livingston died in 1926. Children: Harry, deceased.

Mark Livingston and I. Straus Headquarters Clothing Store.
Wolf Griesheim left the firm and went into business for
himself.

1889

Albert Livingston - Partner, Livingston & Griesheim
Tailors - Jefferson and Center Streets.

1892

A. Livingston Dry Goods Store - 112 W. Washington St.
Sole Owner - Aaron Livingston.

1892

Sam Livingston & Sons - "Columbia Clothing Store" - 114
W. Washington St. Owners - Sam Livingston; Abe Livingston;
and Aaron Livingston.

1896

A. Livingston & Sons - 112 W. Washington St. Owners -
Aaron Livingston; Milton Livingston; and Sam Livingston.

1897

Mayer Livingston opened New Market - Front & Center Streets.
Mayer Livingston died in 1915. Children: Morris (New Market)
deceased; Rosalie, deceased; Sigmund (lawyer), deceased;
Alfred (lawyer), deceased; Herman (retired), Bloomington;
Irvin (lawyer), deceased; Gussie, Omaha, Nebraska; Harold
(salesman), Chicago, Ill.

1897

A. Livingston & Sons - 112-114 W. Washington St. Columbia
Clothing Store out of business. Sam Livingston, deceased.
His sons: Abe Livingston, deceased; Aaron Livingston, de-
ceased. Aaron Livingston's Sons: Sam Livingston, deceased;
Herbert Livingston (lawyer), Bloomington. (1950)

1903

Livingston Building built - Ike Livingston & Son. Ike
Livingston died in 1916. Children: Harry, deceased;
Rosalie, deceased.

1905

A. Livingston & Sons - 110-112-114 W. Washington St.
 Aaron Livingston died 1903. His sons: Milton Livingston,
 deceased; Sam Livingston, deceased. Sons of Milton
 Livingston: William George, third generation, - active
 in only store bearing name of Livingston. Dr. Aaron
 Edward Livingston, Bloomington. (1950)

1907

Albert Livingston bought Goudy's Dry Goods Store on west
 side of square. Was with New Market up to that time.
 Died in 1928. His son: Morton Livingston - continued
 store for three years. Morton Livingston now living in
 Chicago, Ill. (1950)

His adventurous spirit early fired,
 Later to look on distant seas and hills,
 Of golden epochs, life's sweetest hours,
 From Eastern front to congress of Versailles,
 To chronicle the vanquished and victors,
 Paris the lovely held his longer share,
 From a penance routine drew his part,
 In whose happy hours when France could beguile
 A finer note from him, poet at heart,
 That grateful patriots prized ribbon he wore,
 When leading Europe's hosts, call some more:

James Earl

PAUL SCOTT MOWRER
(Bloomington Native, Foreign Correspondent,
Poet and Editor.)

It was here in boyhood pastimes carefree,
Often when of lessons or play he tired,
Things going on in lands beyond the sea,
His adventurous ardor early fired;
Later to beckon on distant news trails,
Of Balkan upheavals, Riff desert wars;
From Western front to congress of Versailles,
To chronicle the vanquished and victors.

Paris the lovely held him longer while,
From a prosaic routine drew him apart,
In those happy hours when France could beguile
A finer note from him, poet at heart,
That grateful nation's prized ribbon he wore,
When heeding Midwest's homing call once more.

James Hart

L. VLIET BRINDLEY OSBORN

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By

L. Vliet Brindley Osborn

Born March 15, 1887, in DeWitt, (Carroll County) Missouri, I was taken as an infant to live in St. Joseph, Mo., where my only sister, Allie Webster Kantz, was born October 28, 1888. My father, Harry Carleton Webster, was a newspaper publisher and cornetist; my mother, Julia Powell Webster, was a pianist. My Grandfather Webster was also a newspaper man and my Grandfather Powell a Methodist minister.

Serious illness of my mother necessitated a move for the family to a boarding house, where my mother died May 18, 1898. My sister and I attended school one more year in St. Joseph; I was sent to San Francisco, California, to spend a year with an aunt and my father and sister moved to his boyhood home, Utica, Mo., where he purchased the weekly newspaper, the Utica Herald. I joined them in Utica in the spring of 1900. We lived in my father's boyhood home.

We three kept house and worked in the office together and never did a father better meet the responsibility of being father and mother to two very small daughters.

My sister and I spent our after school hours with my father in his office and he taught us to follow his profession and to do the multitude of things which go toward the making of a small town weekly newspaper. I sought out the news, wrote it, set the type by hand for news, ads and job work, operated the job press and the old Washington hand press, which we used for the printing of the 500 to 700 copies of the

paper, which was affectionately termed the "Letter from Home." Two pages were printed at a time which meant two complete runs each week. The two page forms were inked by means of a roller, carefully maneuvered back and forth on a stone to insure even distribution of ink.

My father taught me that clean, honest newspaper service, dedicated to the community, was the finest of arts and I shared his feeling that the reader must always be first in consideration.

I was graduated from the Utica High School and from my father's office into the printing office of the Daily Constitution in Chillicothe, Mo., in March of 1905. At that time I was one of four compositors to set by hand all the type for the daily edition. We started work at 7 a. m. and set type steadily until the paper went to press. Then we distributed type until our case was well filled and ready for the next day. This done our work was finished for the day, usually about 5 p. m.

When the Constitution installed the first linotype I remained to hand set type until the operator could carry the load alone. Then I was transferred to the ad and job department and later to the news room as social editor. I continued in this job until August of 1909, when I went to Elkhart, Indiana, to be with my sister, who was married the previous March to Vernon S. Kantz of Elkhart.

I became identified with the Elkhart Daily Review as society editor and continued there until the spring of 1911. From then until September of 1913 I found myself in other fields of activity, attractive and interesting, but newspaper work was still my greatest interest. I first went into Wisconsin and later into Illinois as Field Secretary for the After School Club of America, a truly remarkable program which helped to further my desire to be of use in all types of work for children.

Having found much satisfaction in volunteer service in the Young Women's Christian Association I accepted an offer in the fall of 1912 to serve as business girls' secretary on the staff for the Bloomington YWCA. However after one year in this capacity I decided my field was journalism and I became social editor for the Bloomington Daily Bulletin in the fall of 1913.

I was married in St. Matthew's Episcopal Church in Bloomington June 27, 1914, to Emmett B. Brindley and we lived for 31 years in our home at 1001 East Front Street, which continued to be my home until 1949. Three hours following a tragic accident September 27, 1945, my husband died. Our only daughter, Ruth Adele, born May 16, 1918, was living in Pensacola, Florida, where her husband, Harold E. Chapman Jr., to whom she was married May 25, 1940, was stationed with the United States Army.

I continued as Home and Community Editor for the Daily Pantagraph, having become affiliated with that newspaper March 14, 1927, as editor of the junior and high school departments. In the spring of 1928 I accepted the responsibility of the Home and Community department, along with the two youth pages. Right here may I say there could never be a happier relationship between employer and employee than that which continued for me with the Daily Pantagraph until ill health forced me to change climates and I left active participation with the newspaper in January of 1949.

The difficulties and problems we faced during the depression and the second world war seemed only to strengthen the association of a devoted and loyal employee with a newspaper management never lacking in appreciation and understanding. Activities held my attention only when they helped me in one of my three fields of effort, my home and family, my church and "my Pantagraph."

The Pantagraph led in all projects of community betterment and because I was also interested in community service I was constantly given encouragement and opportunity. Topping the list is a full 25 years of active membership and service for the Illinois Congress of Parents and Teachers, as a unit president, in unit, county, district and state chairmanships and finally 15 years on the state board of managers in the capacity of state press chairman and as editor of the official state publication, the Illinois Parent-Teacher. I resigned this chairmanship in 1949 when I was leaving Illinois to make my home in California.

Other community affiliations included membership on the board for the East Bay Camp Associates, chairman of the county court division of the McLean County Youth Planning Council, member of the board of directors for the McLean County Tuberculosis Association, YWCA board member for many years, chairman of publicity for the Bloomington-Normal Council of Church Women, second world war rationing board, county and city recreation committees and other community service organizations.

In connection with my newspaper job with the Pantagraph I conducted monthly birthday parties for children in local theaters. They were admitted by means of Junior Pantagraph Club membership cards, presented when they contributed stories or drawings for their own Junior Pantagraph. I also directed Christmas parties for the children of Central Illinois, repeating programs four times in one day for capacity audiences. Holiday favors were given the children as they left the auditorium.

Of the average membership of 9,000 boys and girls of Central Illinois in our Junior Pantagraph Club I knew thousands to call by name and some of my happiest memories are concerned

with the may projects I was privileged to direct for them. Our Christmas programs began with the singing of Christmas carols. Schools co-operated by directing the singing of the carols we had selected for our party and words were thrown on the screen for them or provided later by means of a huge song book on the stage. I shall never forget the thrill of hearing the voices of those hundreds of children seated in front of me as I led them annually in that part of the Christmas Jubilee.

One of my very real joys was the opportunity to help in the establishment of a camp for children and youth at East Bay on Lake Bloomington. When, during the depths of the depression the camp was almost lost for lack for financial and moral support, I was able to write story after story in an effort to inspire community interest to the point where needed finances were available. East Bay Camp on Lake Bloomington is now nationally known and firmly established as a character building institution, of which the community may justly be proud.

Another project which stands out in my memory was one conducted at Western Avenue Community Center. During the depression, when many families in that part of our community were without incomes, when there was so much discouragement, the wise and efficient director for the Community Center decided some recreation must be provided for the families in the Center neighborhood. The director, the Rev. Frank L. Breen, sought the aid of the Pantagraph. I was commissioned to see what could be done with the result that every two weeks for more than two years I arranged for the talent, publicized the event with pictures and stories and personally attended and directed each program. The very fine co-operation of both Illinois State Normal University and Illinois Wesleyan University, public and parochial schools, dancing schools etc., made possible the very best of all talent for the Center activities. The auditorium was packed for each evening, admission being by families. Children were given front seats and often they were seated on the edge of the stage and adults stood clear around the large room.

When I gave up active direction of this project folk in the neighborhood took over and continued in a very fine way under leadership which had been trained by Mr. Breen.

In my capacity as editor of the Home and Community department I always felt I had a unique opportunity. Every possible effort was made to get into that department information and material helpful in the home and in family and community living. We held our standards high and strived each day better to meet the need of our reader. Some 200 or more organizations, small and large, looked to this department for news about their activities. I worked closely with the McLean County Home Bureau, League of Women Voters,

Woman's Club, Parent-Teacher Associations, welfare groups, Garden, Music and Art clubs, amateur dramatic groups and on and on.

Will I ever forget our Cooking Schools, regular food demonstrations, weekly recipe contests and the one and only dressmaking contest which all but brought me to a state of collapse? It happened this way. We decided to conduct a dressmaking contest, with patterns used from our department and materials from Bloomington merchants, and prizes offered in various classes. We did not anticipate the entrance of more than 1,000 garments, all of which had to be insured and owners given receipts. We displayed the dresses in the YWCA gymnasium for several days and awarded prizes following decisions by competent judges.

I could not forget the annual parades for children, conducted for years as part of our Junior Pantagraph Club program. Many classes were organized, with prizes for each, and the grand prize a trip to Chicago, one year to Springfield, which I personally supervised. Because of special excursion facilities these round trips were made on Sunday and children were given tours of the city, visits to museums and parks. I remember one year the father of a small girl winner called to tell me he could not let her go because for several years she had enjoyed a perfect Sunday school attendance record, which he felt was important. The child had never been in Chicago and I could not think of going without her. I quickly suggested that since I was a Sunday school teacher and had served at one time as superintendent would the church mark her present if I taught the lesson on the train with the children as a class. He conferred with the Sunday school teacher, it was agreed, and we had a very interesting lesson and discussion that morning as we rode from Bloomington to Chicago by train. The little girl later visited in our home and the family became our good friends.

As the needs and activities of high school young people changed our high school page was discontinued and then came the second world war with reductions in news print, staff members called to service, increased demands and our Junior Pantagraph had to go.

But with all the demands and needs which the war brought in the Home and Community department I found myself on a much heavier schedule to give readers information about food conservation, waste fat saving, meatless recipes, classes in health and care of the sick and dozens of other things.

In 1941 I was voted the Ideal Pantagrapher award, given annually by the Pantagraph to the employee selected by fellow workers. Three years in succession I was given first place awards in news and feature writing contests

conducted by Theta Sigma Phi, national society for women in journalism. In PTA I was given special scrolls for service and in 1948 the Bloomington-Normal PTA Council honored me by presenting a life membership in the state organization as part of the state convention program.

After 20 years of this very happy but strenuous service I decided to retire for a much needed rest. The office received this announcement with a request that I take a sabbatical leave for a year and return to a less strenuous position. I left my department September 27, 1947, and started for a wonderful year of leisure. I spent some time in Bloomington, visited in Indiana, Ohio and Missouri and spent the winter with my son-in-law and daughter in Tallahassee, Florida. En route back home I visited in Washington, D.C. and in New York City and after a time in Bloomington I made a trip to the west coast, with stops in Tucson, Los Angeles and surrounding area, in San Francisco, Portland and Seattle. I returned to Bloomington and to the Pantagraph October 5, 1948.

I was given some special work in the office library, to which I devoted half of each day. Then came a blow for weather conditions in December greatly aggravated a chronic sinus and bronchial condition and doctors insisted an immediate change of climate. Reluctantly I decided to go to Tucson, Arizona, and January 15, 1949, I left Bloomington, stopped in Tallahassee for a visit with my family and went on to Tucson. Doctors had sternly advised against Illinois climate again, summer or winter.

About this time a letter came from an old friend of 'teen age days, Robert Osborn, who had gone to California from Missouri in 1909, later married there and had lost his companion. I had not heard from him for 40 years. When we both lived in Chillicothe, Missouri, we spent most of our Sundays with my family six miles away at Utica, Mo., and in March of 1909 we were attendants for my sister's wedding. Correspondence and visits, including a reunion with my sister and her husband, at that time in California, led up to our marriage on July 1, 1949, in All Soul's Episcopal Church in Berkeley, California, and we came to make our home in Santa Cruz, California.

To calvary Episcopal Church in Santa Cruz was transferred my membership from St. Matthew's in Bloomington, where since 1912 I had been a member and served in the choir, church school and organizations.

The year 1949 not only brought to me the experience of helping to establish a home in another state but my first and only grandchild, Cynthia Chapman, was born November 8, in Tallahassee, Florida. My small but wide-spread family circle includes my daughter, son-in-law and

granddaughter in Florida; one sister and brother-in-law, a nephew with his wife and three daughters, all of Indiana; and a niece with her husband and son in California.

Scenery and climate in California, particularly this section, make it a delightful place in which to live, but having spent 37 years in Bloomington there can never be a place dearer to me; and of one thing I am sure, there are no folk like Bloomington folk, who will be ever to me "those gentle people who live in my home town."

CORNELIA GIBBS REEDER
(MRS. JAMES REEDER)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By
Cornelia Gibbs (Mrs. James Reeder)

Born in Normal, Illinois October 5, 1869.

First child of Wm. H. Gibbs - Norwalk, Ohio
and Helen Archer Gibbs - Plymouth, Vermont.

Went to Normal Public School - graduated in June 1, 1883. Many
Normal citizens did not want their children to attend Model
School at I.S.N.U. - to be taught by pupil teachers.

Lived with my Grand Uncle in Jacksonville one year - went to
school - studied piano.

The Jesse Fell grandchildren went to the public school.

Miss Fannie Fell graduated - then later taught Latin in what
is now U High.

Miss Alice Fell was an artist - did much painting.

The grandchildren went away to college.

Walked out to S. O. Home with my father in 1876 to shake hands

with Gen. U. S. Grant.

My father was under him during Civil War. Principal Musician of his Regiment. 94th. Illinois Volunteers.

Began piano lessons at nine - went to Bloomington to Albert Beuter 1880 - played reed organ at Normal Methodist Church 1882 - Normal Presbyterian Church 1883. Father died 1883.

October 1884 went to St. Mathews Episcopal - Mr. Ed Humphreys organist - graduate of Boston Conservatory - had to move to California - in such poor health - and died there.

The rector had degrees from Oxford, England in music and a fine boy choir - taught me everything I could soak in.

Married in 1888 to James Reeder - his family life long neighbors.

Moved to farm north of Normal, Illinois in 1889 for one year. Daughter Sally born June 1, 1890.

Moved back to Normal in 1892.

Gov. Altgeld, Democrat let Mrs. Ohr and daughters - Supt. of S. O. Home - out and appointed Chas. Bassett of Austin, Supt. - was engaged as organist and pianist - they had small pipe organ - was there off and on for 10 to 20 years - could do that and church in Bloomington O.K.

My mother, brother and sisters lived near me and took care of the children when I had to play.

When we moved to Bloomington - 1910 - Mr. Reeder was sheriff.

I resigned for good at S. O. Home and left St. Mathews - April 1905 to become organist at Second Presbyterian Church, Bloomington Illinois. Good organ - more money.

The organist, Mrs. May Capen, had been there 13 years - resigned - her husband very ill - she asked me to come - Played there 40 years - was retired at 75 as Emeritus on full pay.

Daughter Sally - Mrs. H. F. Cogdal, South Haven, Michigan - came here on visit in January 1920 - took cold - died of pneumonia - buried in Park Hill Cemetery - had 5 diplomas from I.S.N.U. Was a Kappa at I.W.U.

Sam J. - fond of Tennis, Swimming, etc. - died of a sudden heart attack - November 1934. Graduated from U. High with Lindley Scholarship - went to University of Illinois but called to World War I and did not go back to school. Was A.T.O. at Illinois.

Both died in their mother's home.

Mr. Reeder as officer and sheriff had many accidents - sick spells - died in September 1938 of Cancer.

Games we played early were - Prisoners base - crack the whip - drop the handkerchief. Spent winters coasting Fells hill.

Had no money but took part in all school things. Never did any sewing only carpet rags - just practice, practice, practice - go to school. When married made all my childrens clothes till High School

After fathers death never had music or piano lesson or piano I did not earn every cent to pay for. Did all washing, baking. Married 30 years and 50% would pay for all bakery goods we ever had.

When married 50 years lived within half mile where each were born.

Public Appearances:- Community Sings at B.H.S. during World War I -

G and A Shops every Tuesday 12:30 to 1:00 for 2 years - played for chorus Chatauqua Houghton Lake (now State Farm Park) - Amateur Musical Club Chorus - Messiah - Elijah - Enock Arden - Mikado.

Joined Amateur Musical Club in 1900 - Board member since 1910. Played at least 200 weddings and many more funerals.

Catholic Churches: - Holy Trinity - Father Weldon - years and years - beautiful church - fine organ and choir - played Christmas service for years when Christmas did not fall on Sunday - burned in a holocaust March 8, 1932. The new church one of the finest in Illinois.

St. Patricks on West Locust St. - Father Burke started - built fine church that served West side community - very prosperous.

St. Mary's on West Jackson is German Catholic - beautiful building - filled with marvelous images - windows - hangings. Big congregation of our most influential German citizens.

Lutheran Churches: - German Lutheran - one of the oldest churches in Bloomington.

English Lutheran - newer church - very active.

Trinity Lutheran - older - large membership - very important in all activities.

THE MUSIC GANG

An interesting group that has been meeting through the years is known as THE MUSIC GANG.

A group of young couples - all musicians - were invited for the evening to the sheriff's residence in 1912. The pleasant large rooms, fire places, and high ceilings made an ideal place.

None were married at the time. Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Straight were married first, the others soon followed - then the children came - by 1950 the grandchildren are coming on and it is still the MUSIC GANG.

They always sang for the Jail prisoners until 1934. Their favorite numbers were: - Buck's Festival Te Deum - Hallelujah Chorus - Harold Saurer's "Ol' Man River" - and Mrs. Admire's and Mrs. Ramseyer's 'Qui est Homo' - (Stabat Mater)

The members were:

Mr. and Mrs. James Reeder
Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Straight
Mr. and Mrs. Roy Ramseyer
Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Long
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Admire
Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Jackson
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Saurer
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Snow
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lartz
Mr. and Mrs. Dewitt Miller
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Brazelton
Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Nance
Dean R.H. Linkins
Roy Atkinson
Mrs. Porter Phillips
Mr. and Mrs. C. Dale James

Those deceased are:

Roy Atkinson

Arthur Lartz

Dewitt Miller

Flora Jackson

SOMETHING ABOUT BLOOMINGTON AUTHORS

by

HAROLD SINCLAIR

SOMETHING ABOUT BLOOMINGTON AUTHORS

past and present

by

Harold Sinclair

It is generally assumed, more or less correctly, that Bloomington has produced a considerable number of writers, authors if you prefer the term, of consequence and renown. There is a good deal of truth in the assumption, but before elaborating on it one must arrive at some kind of definition. Just who or what is a Bloomington author, and why? Any definition of this kind is necessarily arbitrary and probably won't satisfy a lot of people, but one has to make a start, so I'll try--and begin by borrowing. A recent book on Indiana authors uses the following bases for inclusion:

Writers who,

(a) Were born in Indiana.

(b) Were reared and educated in Indiana.

(c) Whose literary work began during residence in Indiana

and was obviously influenced by Indiana residence.

(d) Who chose Indiana as a place in which to spend a major portion of their lives.

Substitute Bloomington for Indiana and you have at least a working definition--except for one thing. Bloomington and Normal are so situated that in a paper such as this they are simply inseparable. So when Bloomington appears hereinafter it should be assumed to really mean Bloomington-Normal.

I don't want to complicate things any more than necessary, but it also needs remarking that there are writers and writers. Strictly speaking, I suppose a writer is a person whose principal occupation is writing; but, again, that will not do exactly here. Too many people who really were (or are) writers in an important, though perhaps not professional, sense, would have to be left out. For the fact is that most of the Bloomington authors of repute, were authors only after being something else first. It is also true that for most of these, writing was not an avocation, in the true meaning of the word, but something which grew, perhaps naturally, out of their other work. The list of these is both large and important.

Frederic William Goudy, who was a prolific writer, and some of whose work is still definitive in its field, was first of all a printer and type designer. Edgar DeWitt Jones, who has published something like twenty books, is probably thought of

primarily as a minister of the gospel--and I daresay he would prefer it that way. John Wesley Powell was first of all a geologist, ethnologist and explorer. David Felmley was primarily an educator. Edgar Ansel Mowrer and his brother Paul Scott Mowrer were newspapermen. These are but a few that come quickly to mind; there are many others. This has been especially true in the case of university people. It is only reasonable, of course, that educators should write about education. Still, there is no reason why university people should not produce what is generally called creative writing--many do, but the Bloomington record is remarkably shy in this respect. I don't know why, or even suggest any possible reasons, but simply record the fact for what it may be worth.

No criticism of this expository writing is even implied, far from it. In fact a good case can be made for the opinion that the world could very easily do without so-called creative writing. (Many people can remember when children were forbidden fiction and poetry on the ground that they were bad for the mind and a waste of time. Even today there are more than a few people, otherwise fairly well read, who pride themselves on the fact that they don't waste time on novels.) The world would be immeasurably poorer in many ways, but it could still do without what we ordinarily call creative writing. A privately printed, 40-page volume of poor poetry is, technically at least, creative writing.

As far as its measurable value is concerned such a book cannot compare, for instance, with the posthumous book on goiter published by the late Dr.E.P.Sloan. Since this paper is history rather than criticism, it seems proper to point out the several different kinds of writing.

Bloomington has produced a large number of writers of which, local patriotism entirely aside, she has every reason to be proud. But only a very few of them, comparatively, have been really creative writers. (It might be argued that some of James Harvey Robinson's historical work was creative writing in the truest sense, but this is no place to argue the point, since it is essentially a technicality.) A few of these come readily to mind--Rachel Crothers; Wilson Tucker; Julia Scott Vrooman (one novel); Walter Havighurst; Mary Bell (one novel); Elbert Hubbard in some but not all of his writing; Richard Hovey; Rudd Fleming (one novel); Elizabeth Irons Folsom, first winner of the O.Henry Memorial Award; the present writer within his obvious limitations. Some of these names are impressive in almost any company and certainly represents a higher average than most towns in Bloomington's class can show. On the slightly negative side, and for the record, it should be pointed out that the work of these people (and others of course) was done over a considerable period. Elbert Hubbard, for instance, had done most of his best known work long before Wilson Tucker was born. In other words Bloomington has never been able to boast of having any

considerable number of practising writers, creative or otherwise, at any one time.

Bloomington has also had its share of those who, for one reason and another, delivered themselves of only one book. A few of those that come readily to mind are: Vice-President Adlai E. Stevenson; James G. Harbord; Dr. E. P. Sloan; Herbert Pease; Arthur Moore; and Melville Stone.

One further writing category should be especially mentioned here. In fact it should be more than merely mentioned, but I must admit that this is a field in which I don't know my way around too well. I refer of course to childrens' literature. Curiously enough, at least it seems so to me, Bloomington writers (all of them women, I believe) have produced a great deal of this kind of writing, especially during the past twenty years. In fact I suspect that more work has been produced in this than in any other single field. We have had only one major historian, one top flight playwright, and so on, but a considerable number (considerable in view of the overall number of writers) of authors, our authors I should say, have devoted themselves to writing for children. It is an important business, of course, though it doesn't much lend itself to publicity. I suspect a writer may be well known in this field and still be relatively unheard of by the larger public.

When I began this paper I had thought that somewhere in it I would find occasion to say something very profound concerning

what might be called the common literary heritage of our native writers--meaning native in the Bloomington and Midwest sense--, the common quality which distinguishes them from, let us say, New Englanders or Southerners. Now I haven't anything to say about that quality, for the simple reason that I can't find it--at least I can't isolate it. Maybe there is something that escapes me here, but I can see no especial common reason why people such as Rachel Crothers, Wilson Tucker and James Harvey Robinson write as they do (and did) and in no other way. It is true, I think, that some of our Bloomington writers come closer than others to being what we think of as Midwestern--in their writing of course. But then I suppose there might be some difficulty even in agreeing on what we mean by Midwestern. Perhaps the one thing they have most in common is their individualism.

One other thing all writers, Bloomington and otherwise, have in common is the desire to write, and coupled with this must be determination, for without it desire isn't worth a thing. And why do people write, anyway? To the outsider the first reason which usually comes to mind is money. But the professional or semi-professional knows better--or soon learns. It is possible, of course, to make a great deal of money by writing. It is also true that a man from Bloomington once broke the bank at Monte Carlo, or so the story goes, but that was 50 or 60 years ago and it hasn't happened since. The odds against making very

much money out of writing are about the same or less. Automobile salesmen usually do better.

Most people, I think, write because they have to--or think they do. Even the writer who especially wants to merely make money usually keeps on writing even when the money fails to materialize. There is an inner compulsion which makes some people, in fact most people, write and publish. Not many, a very small percentage, have anything of importance to say. But some do--and for them it is undoubtedly important that we suffer the rest.

All this is perhaps not too important here, but it is pertinent because what is true of authors everywhere is also true of Bloomington.

There are statistics available which will tell you how many dentists, carpenters, grocers, etc may be found in the average American community, but as far as I know there are no figures on writers. Probably they are lumped together under miscellaneous. Be that as it may, Bloomington's average, particularly during the last fifty years, has been considerably higher than most similar small cities. I suppose there must be some reason for this, but again I for one must admit I don't know what it is. Perhaps it is just as well to call it an inexplicable accident, good or bad according to your point of view, and let it go at that.

There is one other thing which I feel has a place here, and that is the matter of a really complete bibliography of Bloomington-

Normal authors, one that is technically correct and that, once organized, could be easily brought down to date as occasion demanded.

Let me go back for a moment. In 1900 (I believe the date is correct but it isn't important) the late Ezra M. Prince gave to Withers Public Library what was supposed to be a complete collection of everything, books at any rate, written by McLean County people up to that time. Mr. Prince was a thorough man, one of the founders of the McLean County Historical Society, and I'll wager that if he said the collection was complete, it was. Now, however, there is no trace of that collection, except perhaps as individual volumes scattered through the library. Certainly this is not the fault of anyone now connected with Withers, but the loss is no less because of that. A transcript of the Prince collection would have provided the beginning of the bibliography, the most difficult because the earliest, and the books themselves would have been the basis for a permanent collection--as they were intended to be.

It's too late to worry about the Prince collection now, but certainly not too late for the compilation of an adequate bibliography. I recommend the project to one or perhaps several of the local literary clubs, as a permanent and really useful community service. It would be no easy task and of necessity would have to be a cooperative venture, but it is certainly not impossible. When the bibliography is reasonably complete, or

even when well under way, it should not be too great a task to assemble the books to go with it--and that really would be a valuable community property.

It is my own personal opinion that our native writers themselves would appreciate such a permanent collection far more than the occasional public kudos which is their lot now.

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CHILDHOOD LETTERS AND FIRST ESSAY

Written by

Adlai Stevenson

Governor of Illinois

FIRST LETTER WRITTEN BY ADLAI STEVENSON

New Orleans, La.

1628 State Street

Dear Mrs. Stone:

I am going to school.

Buffie has a cold, and can't go to school.

We are coming home soon.

How is the weather there?

I wrote it myself.

With Much love,

Adlai

ESSAY "MY PET BUNNY"

By Adlai Stevenson

When I was eight years old my father brought me from his farm a wee bunny that seemed to me not more than three weeks old.

At first bunny was very much frightened. I got a large box for his home and fixed it up very comfortably, where bunny lived cosily for some time, never running away.

His box was kept in the upper half during the night, and one morning when I went out to see how bunny was, I found he was gone. Then everyone in the house started to look for bunny, but nowhere was he to be found until the cook, coming into the dining room saw bunny sitting on a register as comfy as could be. This was only a taste of adventure for bunny, and every day he was in some new mischief. One bright day bunny was sunning himself on a window sill, when a thievish cat suddenly snatched him and ran away. I hunted everywhere, but I could not find him and I never saw my pet bunny again.

ADLAI E. STEVENSON

age 9 years old

1316 E. Washington Street

LETTER FROM ADLAI E. STEVENSON TO HIS FATHER

Dear Father:

I was over at Dave's house this afternoon. Betty Coolidge and Tip Fredrick and Mary Fredrick and Hester and Dave and I were there. We made pop corn balls, and had lots of fun in the attick.

We had consibrel snow to day it is freezing so I think we will have some coasting. When you called up from Urbana Mother and Aunt Jessie were at Normal in Aunt Jessie's electric.

I made a big Wind Mill with my American Model builder. it works fine. I am going to attach my motor and see how fast the fan will go round.

I am going to school tomorrow and day after tomorrow they have the Geography test and I don't have to go because I don't have to take it.

I hope you are well.

yours

Truly,

Adlai E. Stevenson

Jan. 20, 1913

Bloomington, Ill.

LETTER FROM ADLAI STEVENSON 11 TO HIS MOTHER

Bloomington, Illinois

September 15, 1913

Mrs. L. G. Stevenson,
The Sanitarium,
Clifton Springs, N.Y.

Dear Mother:

I wish!! you would not make me change my studies as my english which comes in the morning is the best in the school, and I know every body in it. The other one is very large, please! please! please! don't make me change. I like Normal very well except that I should have to change in the very beging of the term. Please don't make me change the class comes in the middle of the after noon and is very large. Am playing golf most every afternoon. Am having a fine time except the thought of having to change hope I will not have to.

Your loving son

Adlai

September 22, 1918

Dear Mother:

I am writing this letter on the couch with my new fountain pen. Dave and I bought 2 dozen bottles of pop for 60 cents a few days ago. We made what we paid for it the first day. Father bought 3 bottles and Mr. Linn 4, Uncle 2.

I started this letter last night and am finishing it this morning. Buffie got your letter this morning in which you said you would not let me play football for another year. that is what you and father have been telling me for so long and anyway you promised me at Clifton you would let me play this fall.

If I wait another year I will not be able to play. All doctors say its a bad game but all doctors haven't played it, and more than that they do not play like we play at Normal. Everybody these days have such terreable conceptions of football when they now nothing about it, just because they have read of accidents in far instances, a Harvard and Yale game. this is a third Normal team.

Everything all right at school. I think Normal is easy.

!!! Lots of love !!!

Adlai

P.S.

All the games you mencioned in your letter are out of season.

A.E.S.

LETTERS FROM ADLAI STEVENSON TO SISTER "BUFFIE"

Dear Buff:

Mother got home last night in good spirits although she was very distressed to see you go.

We got your telegram and were glad to hear that you had arrived safely. Mother is resting now so I am writing you for her. She is not ill only tired from her trip which she says was very successful. Father's rest is doing him a great deal of good and I suppose you know he is feeling much better. The Rostrum gave their roast last night but I went to another one.

The weather is bright but cool although it is much warmer today than it has been.

I hope you like your school, and don't study too hard. Mother says that she saw Cousin Letitia Bromwell and Mildred in Chicago. I do not know wheather this was before you left or not. I got the second highest mark on my English History test in class.

Mother will write you soon.

With lots of love,

Adlai

Saturday

Dear Buff:

Mother was so pleased to hear from you today and awfully glad to know that you were well. I will probably come up to Chicago to meet you next Saturday although I am not sure.

We expect father tomorrow. He had dinner last night with Cousin Julia Vrooman in Washington. You have probably heard of the sad death of Col. Bromwell and will see an account of it in today's Pantagraph.

Scott and Mildred come tomorrow and Cousin Letty returns Tuesday from San Francisco.

Davis comes Sunday. He leaves school the same day you do.

We are all well and Mother says that she will send money tomorrow.

With lots of love,

Ad

LETTER FROM ADLAI E. STEVENSON TO HIS SISTER ELIZABETH

October 15, 1915

Dear Friend Buffie:

I received your epistle this morning and was very glad to hear that you were still alive. On receiving this letter don't be surprised because I will not write you again for two (2) months.

I was glad to hear that your room mate is a Sweede and docil, because Sweeds are, as a rule, simple (in the head) and poor dancers. Mr. Oberge must be a fool from your description and I hope that all the people there are not like the two you spoke of in your letter.

I just got thru sending you a telegram regarding your cold about which Mother seems to be worried (although I am not).

I just wrote the "old man" asking for fifty seeds (dollars). I am expecting a hot reply.

I am going over to Decatur tomorrow with the football team. We are having a special car on the interurban. (Notice: I did not know how to spell the last word reason for curious figures at end). I hope your cold will improve as it gets older, I mean better.

Lots of love,

Adlai

P.S. I have been working extremely hard in school. This is what I will look like if I keep it up.
(sketched)marked "Me 20 years hence"

THE CHOATE SCHOOL
WALLINGFORD, CONNECTICUT

Sunday

Dearest Mother:

I just got back from church a few minutes ago. It certainly was a long sermon, believe me.

Last night we had moving pictures here at school. We are going to have them every Saturday from now on. We saw Marguerite Clark in "Prince and Pauper". It was very good; however, I have seen it before.

I got a letter from father the other day. He was in Washington then. I was glad to hear that the trip had not fallen thru. But where will you be when they are floating around the world?

I received the glasses and the Pantagraph. I am out of second ball again this week but not first.

Yesterday afternoon we beat Bridgeport High in hockey.

How are you feeling these days? I did not get a letter from you all last week. I go skating most every afternoon and am getting quite good at it.

Well it is time for dinner so I must close. Will write soon.

Love,

Ad

LETTER FROM ADLAI STEVENSON 11 TO HIS MOTHER

Sunday

Dearest Mum:

I certainly have been busy this week. Besides my lessons which are taking quite a little time and my News work and an occasional few minutes devoted to the persual of literature, I have had all the Dramatic Club publicity to handle and believe me it is some job. Yesterday the Dramatic Club shoved another sweet job off on me, namely to have charge of decorating the Dramatic Club room for the dance. I also have been pretty busy writing to different firms about pins for the fifth form.

I have engaged a room for you. It isn't much good, however it is the best I can do and I guess you will be able to live in it for a couple of days. We had a very interesting lecture last night by Prof. Clark of Yale on the Italian part in the war. He had the most beautiful moving pictures I have ever seen. They showed fighting in the Tyrol Alps and were really very beautiful. Tomorrow the Hockey team plays Kent and a very exciting game is expected. Kent has won every game thus far this season.

I heard from Dave the other day and he is coming down to the festivities. An Alumni from Harvard has been down here this week and he says Dave has the Lampoon cinched. We certainly hope he makes it. I heard from LeRoy Whitmore this morning and he says to tell Buff that "He is very glad to hear that she is doing well". He says he may enlist in the Navy.

Tell father I was mighty glad to get his birthday letter and that he is a brick to give me the watch. Tell him not to worry about my health, etc.

Love to All,

Ad

POST CARD FROM ADLAI STEVENSON TO HIS FATHER

Princeton, N. J.

Feb. 2, 1921

Dear Father:

Once more may I protest (as usual in vain I suppose) against your assumption of the duties of my publicity manager. As in the past, when I have strenuously objected, you have nevertheless gone ahead and with the apparent intent of pleasing a mere child, put things in papers which were altogether wrong in point of fact and most embarrassing to me. And now again; assailed from all sides with clippings from the Chicago Tribune to the effect that I am head of the Princetonian and as a matter of fact am only second. Consequently many stories about how it got in, can't understand it, etc. Please desist and do me a real favor.

Adlai

ADDRESS

by

ADLAI E. STEVENSON

ADDRESS

by

ADLAI E. STEVENSON

Mr. President, I appreciate very much this opportunity to express my heartfelt thanks for the honor this Bar has done my grandfather today. Naturally, I have been exceedingly affected by the recitals of my grandfather's virtues which these gentlemen who knew him so well have chosen to express. I wish very much that I had something to add that would be of real interest to you, or something which would express the sincerity of my feeling. But I have nothing. You knew him better than I knew him. I wish it were not so.

I have one thing I wish to say, however. I have been profoundly moved by Governor Fifer's remarkable address. I have heard him speak several times - not as often as I should like - and I have heard many other gifted men of our times. But I truly believe that in spite of great age and its infirmities he is the most accomplished speaker, has the most cultivated taste for the English language and that his manner of expressing purpose, motive and sentiment is the most moving and sincere that I have ever witnessed.

I feel that the descendants of my grandfather will count high, in listing his many achievements, the fact that this Bar has seen fit to honor him, - and I shall never forget the occasion on which you did so. To be sure, the circumstances of his life called him aside from the law, but like anybody enjoying transient political favor, he returned to this Bar, and finished his life a colleague of you gentlemen who have gathered here today.

I wish he could be here. I think as Governor Pifer said, that he probably is in spirit, enjoying with humble pride these proceedings. And I hope very much that we can all look forward to the time when these walls will be adorned with the portraits not only of these gentlemen who have added such lustre to this Bar, but with the portraits of Justice David Davis, Judge FitzHenry, and other members who have achieved distinction and public honor. I think that time will come, and that when it does McLean County will perhaps stand foremost among Bars of comparable size in our land in its rich heritage and the glamour it enjoys from the men who have passed before this bench. I thank you.

THE STEVENSON FAMILY

BY

Mrs. Martin B. Hardin
(Julia Stevenson)

THE STEVENSON FAMILY

by Mrs. Martin B. Hardin
(Julia Stevenson)

July - 1945

I have hesitated to put these meager fragments about our Grandfather into form for you, his great grandchildren, because my memories and information are so slight. I had hoped to again read "His Life" written some time after his death by his friend, Dr. Halsey of Louisville. But the years fly by and the book is not immediately available. Aunt Letitia and I and our cousins, Letitia Bromwell and Julia Vrooman, are now the only ones who heard these stories in our childhood. And so I pass them on to you in grateful tribute to a good man whose noble life should not fade from the memory of his children, even unto the third and fourth generation. He died long years before Letitia Stevenson and I were born and yet we seem to have dwelt in the warm and gracious atmosphere he had created, as though under the shelter of some wide-spreading oak.

Do you recall in Mrs. Browning's poem "Aurora Leigh", as Aurora speaks of her "Scholar Father" she says, "He wrapped me in his scholar's mantle, careless whether it did fit or no." And so we, as growing children shared up to our small capacity, in the sweet wisdom of our Grandfather. That experience confirms me in my own feeling that we can make "our wonderful Dead, who have passed through the body and gone", living presences to our children.

My Mother's wedding day, December 20th, 1866, has been so special a day to us that I should like to pass on to you children something of its fragrance and beauty.

We always celebrated it so long as Father and Mother lived and after they were gone, my Letitia never failed to recognize it in some lovely way until she too went Home. Let me tell you part of that sweet story.

Its beginning goes back to the birth of my Grandfather, Dr. Lewis Warner Green in 1806, at the stately old manor house "Waveland" near Danville, Kentucky, which his father, Willis Green, had built in 1795. It has interested me greatly to see how often those Virginia gentlemen, going out into the Kentucky wilderness, stepped from the stockades and forts like that famous one at Harrodsburg, into stately beautiful homes. There seems to have been no intermediate stage between the fort and the mansion and they knew no other way of building. And so after a brief period of Indian warfare, they went on with their ordered way of life. I may be quite mistaken about this or it may have been only an occasional instance, but in any event my Grandfather began his rich and useful life in that lovely old home where I spent some happy days in my childhood and youth. It stands high on an eminence over-looking the rolling countryside and remained in the family until very recent years.

I have just had a wonderful confirmation of my fitness to talk of the old times. The other day young Thad asked his mother what I was writing. When she said, "Grammy is writing down things she remembers of the old days," he said, "Oh! The dinosaur days?" I answered, "Yes, Thad, I had a little pet one. I led him around on a leash. He was a lively fellow and often got out of hand." Both children with eyes and mouths wide said, "Oh, did he?"

The "Warner" in Grandfather's name was from "Augustine Warner", George Washington's grandfather, from whom he was directly descended. He was the youngest of a large family there at Waveland, an intelligent and sensitive child. As he grew up in that sheltered, privileged atmosphere, he seems early to have developed what we would today call a "Social Consciousness". I fancy they may have then called it just an essential part of the Christian way of life.

A warm compassion grew with his growth and from all that Mother has told us, I gather that he was most fortunate in a close and challenging friendship with a kinsman of an older generation. Mr. James Birney was editor of the leading newspaper in Danville. He seems to have been the "Gad-fly" -- the "Stormy Petrel" of that region. Three times his office was burned down and he himself was mobbed and

maligned because of his stand on abolition. But he went on in his undaunted way and we may picture the influence this able and militant reformer had upon our turbulent young Ancestor. For turbulent and exciting his youth was and long years did it take him to gain self-mastery. Take heart, you fathers and mothers of today, if your own sons and daughters do not spring full grown from "Minerva's Brain". There is the story that Grandfather used to smoke a cigar so violently in his later days, that it was set afire all down its length.

Mother used to say that he freed his twenty-two slaves as soon as he inherited them, but that does seem a large number for the youngest son of a numerous family. In any event he became much interested in the "Liberia Project" of which his kinsman, Mr. Birney, was one of the sponsors. Many "Liberals of the day" felt that in this plan they had found a partial solution to the grave problems which were threatening the life of the nation. And so Grandfather sent a number of his "men and women" to establish the Negro Republic in Liberia on the west coast of Africa. President Roosevelt stopped at the Capitol City of the little Republic on his way from Casa Blanca, you recall.

Danville was a center of culture, very largely as a result of another ancestral contribution. The son of the original Joshua Fry, who had been sent over from Oxford University by the British government to help establish William and Mary College and whose dramatic story you know; this Joshua Fry, II, had been sent back to Oxford to be educated, had then gone early to Kentucky, opened his home to "sons of Gentlemen" after the manner of the English clergy and for a long life time continued with the able help of his wife to educate those "bloodthirsty" young Kentuckians. It is delightful to dwell upon the contrasts between the struggles with the Indians, the harsh conditions of pioneer living and the scholarly withdrawn atmosphere in which "Dr. Fry's Young Gentlemen" pursued the classics. Grandfather came into this gracious inheritance and later married our Grandmother, the great grand-daughter of that house. But first he fell in love with "Miss Montgomery". We never heard her first name. She floats into and out of the picture, a dream-like and lovely phantom presence. She was dying of "consumption" and he married her and carried her off to the tender and sheltering care of "Waveland", and there she faded away.

I must have told, as Father and Mother so often told us, of the turbulent, intellectual ferment and unrest Grandfather endured during those years in his efforts to find himself. He first studied law and was wretched, then medicine and hated it, then he studied theology. By this time he and Grandmother, Mary Peachie Fry, were married. Don't forget, children, that there are in the Reconstructed Williamsburg in Virginia, two of the original Peachie homesteads. Grandmother was the young widow of Colonel Lawrence, left with one son. And a very powerful sort of person she was! Rather arrogant and haughty, justly proud of being descended from the man who had caused that section to be called the "Athens of America". She was excessively "worldly minded"; not a bad sort of wife perhaps to a man whose mind was set on "heavenly things". They went to Germany where in the famous universities of Theology and Philosophy, he was caught up in the tide of the first destructive wave of what was later called the "Higher Criticism". There he completely lost his faith and walked in darkness; the old anchors washed away. A story I heard in Danville when I was a girl, illustrates his attitude of mind, long years later and throws light on what must have been his mental state at this period in Germany. The old lady who told me this story was one of his parishioners in the Presbyterian church in Danville. She met him one evening walking slowly up the path to the "President's house" his home. He seemed tired and when she stopped to ask him how he was he raised his hat in his usual courtly way and said, "Faint, yet pursuing, madame. Faint yet pursuing". And so from that dark time in Germany, faint with confusion and the conflict with increasing knowledge, yet always pursuing truth, he came out at last into a serene and matured faith. His sermons often have a modern tone and application that is startling and delightful. If anybody ever read sermons today, I would commend them to you!

And then they came home, these travelled Grandparents of ours. Grandmother (but she never allowed us to call her that. She was "Geen" to the Scott girls and to Lewis, but "Mama Green" to Mary, Letitia and me) also brought back valuable acquisitions; one which greatly delighted us as children was her delicious way of clipping off the end of an egg and eating it from the shell. Not until later years when our own travels had given us a glimpse of "foreign lands" did we know where she had picked up that delightful little trick. My memories of her are all of a solemn and awesome character. She died about '81; would never tell her age and had not a gray hair on her splendid

black-haired head. But more of that redoubtable "Grand-Dame" when we come to Illinois.

When they returned from Germany it was to the scholarly career which took Grandfather from Alleghney College in Pennsylvania on to "Hampton-Sydney" in Virginia on to "Transylvania" now the University of Kentucky and then finally back to "Old Center" in Danville where he was President of both the college and the Presbyterian Seminary and pastor of the church. My Father was his student for two years until his own father, John Turner Stevenson died in Bloomington and Father came home to assume all the care of his adored Mother and five younger brothers. Father never ceased to speak of "Dr. Green" with reverence and gratitude. He does seem to have had a quality of spirit which enriched those who came near him, and the old "President's House" was the center of warm and gracious hospitality. When our Father and cousin James Ewing reached Danville as rather shy students older than the usual Freshman, from Illinois, and were asked to dinner at the "President's House" on Sunday, Mother, aged about sixteen, was planning a party. Her father said she must include the two new students, whereupon she rebelled bitterly and said she would rather give up the party than have to invite "Old Stevenson and old Ewing"; but the party was held and the two "Old men" came.

Grandfather was a stern but most devoted Father; the real Head of his household. After the Calvinistic manner, no food was prepared on the Sabbath Day, no horses taken out of the stable. He and our Mother were congenial, devoted companions and friends from her early childhood. He would often rouse her from her bed at dawn to be off and over those rolling Kentucky hills on horseback. Mother used to say after a long lifetime in Illinois that to find beauty in the prairies, you must have been born amongst them; for her, there was no beauty like Kentucky. Here is a taste of Grandfather's quality of discipline. He had Aunt Julia and Mother taught "ballroom dancing". They must not be left in ignorance of any ladylike accomplishment. But when they had learned to dance, he called them into his study one morning and said, "My daughters, I hear that you are now accomplished dancers. You are well aware of my feelings about dancing. You are free agents in God's sight. Decide for yourselves." Needless to say, the young ladies sadly put away their slippers. But how they loved him. A bright atmosphere of gaiety and youth wrapped the old house about. But although he welcomed good "historical

novels" as an aid to education (and his daughteers were well and soundly educated) yet he so abhorred the "irregularity" of George Elliott's life, that not one of her books was tolerated in the house.

His years were crowded with Christian ministration of varied sorts. The fragments of his library, which have been safely stored for two generations in "Aunt Julia's House" testify to the wide learning which formed the background of his teaching: Hebrew, Greek, Latin and German. And to his pastorate he brought the warm and living understanding which could interpret Christ to the humble and the unlearned.

As years went on and the terrible tensions of the slavery situation increased, heavy burdens were laid upon his heart and mind. Kentucky was indeed the "dark and bloody ground"; a divided state. His "boys" were of two loyalties -- as families were divided and chief friends were separated. In my Father-in-law's family, his Father, Judge Parker Calhoun Hardin, was a strong Union man as well as his two older sons, soldiers in the Union Army. But my Father-in-law, a lad of fifteen, lied about his age and ran away to join the Confederates. And so our Mother's Father, sensitive, wholly devoted to his high calling, saw brother fighting against brother; all the precious heritage of Christly devotion and learning spilled out upon the cruel battlefields, and his tired heart broke.

Mother, Letitia Barbour Green, was in school at the time at Miss Haynes Fashionable Finishing School for Young Ladies, that very same school at No. 10, Gramercy Park in New York City where the tortured heroine of "All This and Heaven Too" found refuge a little later. Incidentally, Mother used to tell us in her sparkling way of one of the formal promenades the girls took. One lovely Spring morning, down the avenue, two by two, with a sprinkling of teachers throughout the demure ranks, they met their great adventure. For there along the avenue with out-riders and attendants and all the military array of New York's welcome to royalty, came the irresistible young Prince of Wales, son of Queen Victoria and Mother always vowed he caught her eye and winked!

When word reached her of her adored Father's illness, she began that long and terrible journey home, through the battle lines, leaving the train at Lexington and going on by the stage coach, which was stopped again and again while soldiers peered in at the window demanding her passport.

And she prayed with all the fervor of her devoted young heart that she might reach home in time to hear again that beloved voice and regain that strong sense of support which had never failed her. He had always been a very special sort of Father and there was the deepest sort of bond between the mature scholarly man and the growing girls. In their day began the family tradition of reading aloud, which I hope may never die in the hurried years of your life. To digress for a moment; you will recall an experience which Mother had during the Battle of Perryville, fought some miles away from Danville. Mother, a child of fifteen, was in bed downstairs in the "President's House" when snipers, following the retreat of the Confederates, came up to Danville and began shooting in the village streets. Mother started up and rushed across the room to the door and just as she reached it, a bullet struck the pillow where her dear head had rested; where would we have been had she not reached that door? But she did and here we are.

Grandfather died many years before I was born, but so real and living was he to us all that he has remained a vital influence in my life ever since. I used to stand beneath his portrait in the library at home and bring my childish conscience to the judgment bar of those grave eyes. And so he died and underneath his portrait in the hall at "Old Center" are these words:

"When ere a good man dies
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him
Lies across the paths of men."

Leaving the old Danville home after those rich good years, my Grandmother and her young daughter, Letitia, came up to Illinois to make their home with Aunt Julia and "Uncle Matt" - Matthew Thompson Scott. There again Mother met my Father, no longer the "Old Stevenson" of her sixteen year old eyes, but a promising young lawyer of the neighboring village of "Metamora". On the twentieth day of December in the year 1866, they were married in Aunt Julia's home; my haughty Grandmother, whom Father always called the "Duchess of Buccleugh", consenting in a rather half-hearted manner. For to her, the descent from the "Blue-Grass" to the "Penny-Royal" was a descent indeed. It was all very elegant, that marriage. They would not have dreamed of ordering anything from that crude town, Chicago, that was crawling along the shores of Lake Michigan to the north of

them. Indeed no, the supper came from St. Louis, if you please; ices, salads, cakes and waiters. In a sudden severe cold wave, everything froze stiff. Even the waiters had to be thawed out before the wedding feast could proceed. And so they were married and as they drove through the frozen ruts of the muddy streets of Metamora, an old man passing them in a sleigh, called out, "Hi Stevenson, I hear you got hitched. Bring your old woman around to see us." And that little bride, shoe size one and one half and wasp-like waist, had not one dress other than silks or satins or fine muslins in which to begin her pioneer life, ten miles of Illinois mud away from the railroad.

Grandmother Green "The Duchess", having never buttoned her own shoes nor made a cup of coffee, was not, I gather, an altogether comfortable companion in Aunt Julia's home. But so deep was their loyalty, so strong their affection and pride in the redoubtable old lady, that I think neither one of her daughters ever for a moment questioned her right to make demands and have them instantly gratified.

Let me show you as feeble words may, what sort of a home she had entered when she left "God's country" and came to Illinois. This old sweet story seems to come to us today in the midst of the war and tumult in which our lot is cast as out of a remote, serene past, and yet, its roots, too, were in grim war. Mr. Matthew Scott of Lexington, Kentucky, (Lincoln's wife's home town) had inherited some ninety years ago an excellent estate and all the tastes and traditions of an English and Virginia country squire. After his marriage to my "Aunt Julia Green", for whom I was named, he came to Illinois, bought vast acres of that fertile land and settled down to live as nearly as one might in an undeveloped pioneer country, the life of his forbears. A tiny hamlet grew up about his enterprises to which he gave the name "Chenoe" in another Indian dialect, having the same meaning as Kentucky, "The Dark and Bloody Ground". He developed a fine vineyard and though he was a militant "Teetotler" himself, he made a superior wine which he gave to sick people and to churches for communion. He made his own grape boxes, round and generous and I see myself, a little child, sitting on the steps of our side porch in the warmth of a late September day, with a box of those blooming purple grapes at my side and content bursting my heart.

He later moved to Bloomington into the big friendly old house which was another home to us and where the orchard

and the barn with its mountains of sweet hay in the loft and its vast carriage house, offered all manner of mysterious joys to the fortunate children who gathered there. He was a great horseman, and among my splendid childhood memories are the delights of swift sleigh-rides under bear or buffalo robes as he made his fine team dash over the frozen roads. He often drove us all out to Normal to school in the old fashioned carriage and it was the law that he and his spirited horses must not be kept waiting. Woe betide me if I were not ready on the front porch when he dashed up to the hitching post; how humiliating to be left and have to walk meekly to the corner to take the mule-drawn street car with straw on the floor to keep our feet warm.

One of Uncle Matt's friends was the famous "Colonel Pickett" of Confederate fame, who afterwards became famous as a wild animal hunter. He is mentioned several times in Ernest Seyton's "Wild Animals I have Known". He used to send us weird and dangerous pets from the Rocky Mountains. I recall one afternoon when my brother Lewis, a boy of fourteen, lay ill, the express man brought a package and Grandmother returned from the front door carrying a large box which she rattled exclaiming, "Lewis, it Whink its strawberries! See the little holes to keep them fresh!" I rushed for the hammer and Lewis propped himself expectantly upon the pillows and when we pried off the lid, there slid out upon the bed two extremely ferocious looking alligators!

Throwing a pleasant light upon the unmeasured hospitality of those days and of that household, Colonel Pickett's brother, "The Major", an unreconstructed Rebel, came up to Bloomington to visit Uncle Matt and Aunt Julia one summer and stayed for eighteen years, until my father had him appointed Postmaster in the town of Colton, California, as far away as possible. Mr. John Finley, that great newspaper man, editor of the New York "Times" and notable Christian and Presbyterian elder, once told Martie the story of Major Pickett's brief visit to Uncle Matt and Aunt Julia, as he had heard my father tell it; elaborating the details and making a gorgeous yarn of it. Years later when I was in Colton with Lewis, the old Major was still there, presiding over the post office. Here is something for you to remember in reference to Uncle Matt; whenever he heard the name of Robert E. Lee, he would stand up, lift his hat and bow his head. What a mastery that great man had to inspire such devotion and loyalty.

I think one reason why I so love history and have felt myself a living link in this vital chain of family and fast moving events in which the generations seem to tread upon each others heels, has been because my Grandmother, Eliza Ewing Stevenson, Father's Mother, who lived in our home until she was nearly ninety, was an intelligent and sparkling sort of person with a good glib tongue and a rich sense of humor. She made the past so alive with her stories and her long talks with Father to which I would listen fascinated, that I have always had the queer mysterious feeling that my own small personal life began in 1809 when she was born.

Well, to return to the "Duchess" our Grandmother Green. When the two families were settled in Bloomington, she spent most of her remaining years in Aunt Julia's home, but was often with us for long periods. No matter what the pressure of household cares resting upon our frail Mother during those times when Grandmothers were under our roof; raw Irish maids, fresh from Ellis Island, children ill, yet Grandmother Green remained in her room in queenly seclusion during the morning and her breakfast was correctly served to her there. Then she would appear at the mid-day meal, resplendent in those trailing tea gowns of velvet and satin in which my memory clothes her, and regale the household with brilliant and erudite accounts of her morning's reading. Father used to say that she could get on the mule-drawn street car down at the court house, go around the Loop to Normal and home again and have more adventures than most people who had gone around the world.

What a wonder our Mother was; frail and burdened with the care of two delicate children, and two boisterous ones, she kept those antagonistic old ladies happy and reasonably pleasant to each other. So unlike, both in background and character they were; Grandmother Stevenson, rather gentle and meek in outward seeming, but with a spark in her blue eyes that belied her gentle aspect. And the Duchess with her high and mighty ways!

Your Aunt Letitia says that she can recall being ashamed of Mother only once in all her life and then her head was bowed with embarrassment! Guests came to mid-day dinner and what do you think Mother served? To guests, mind you - and at dinner, the regal meal of the day! She served beefsteak! Beefsteak was for breakfast or for supper, but only royal roasts or fowl were correct for dinner.

In the upper hallway of Aunt Julia's noble old house so full of precious memories and associations, there hangs the statement in Father's own hand that he had heard the

"Giants" - Lincoln and Douglas, give one of their mighty historic debates under the "Lincoln Oak" out on the lawn. My childish memories of Aunt Julia are of her generous, lavish hospitality and of going with her on various errands of mercy, perched up beside old Dan on the front seat of the carriage while Aunt Julia and the laden baskets filled the back seat. Your Aunt Letitia and I went to the "Fourth Ward School" until we moved to Washington, only two blocks down the hill from the Scott house and we were often invited up to mid-day dinner. I have no more vivid childish memories than of those wonderful meals of chicken, dumplings, beefsteak and gravy. I can taste them even now in these hungry days.

We all recall how Aunt Julia after years of frail health following Uncle Matt's death, came, in her later life, into a remarkable renewal of energy and creative activity. She made a brilliant record as "President-General" of the "Daughters of the American Revolution", going about the country speaking and organizing and presiding over the "Continental Congress", in Washington City with great distinction. She was the most classic instance I have personally known of unusual gifts coming to renewed rich fruition in later life.

You, our Mother's grandchildren, come of a "Goodly heritage", and I rejoice to know how worthy you all have proven yourselves to carry on what has been given to you.

CHILDHOOD HOME

by

Clark E. Stewart

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(Taken from the book "My Musical Memories")

Down on the banks of the winding Kickapoo stands the old brick house where five of us were born.

It stands on a hill and faces down the valley. The trees stood so thick around it that when they laid the foundation they could not get a true line on the sun. So it does not stand quite square with the compass. Ninety-five years have swiftly passed away since my grandfather dug and burned and mixed the clay and made the bricks and laid them. Then with an adze he hewed the timbers and thus erected his home. The burning suns of Summer have blazed upon it. The bitter winds of Winter have buffeted it. The driving rain and the pelting sleet have beaten upon it, but still it stands, a monument to his enterprise and skill, the oldest house in the county. Verily, he builded better than he knew. It was brick and full two stories high. It had three flues all coming from different fireplaces, but all converged into one great chimney. Attached to the rear was a lean-to, made of wood. It was also two stories, but the roof was so low that we boys used to lie in bed and put our feet against the ceiling.

It had settled away from the brick part of the house until there was a great crack right over our heads. Thru this the snow sometimes sifted until we often awoke to find a thick blanket of snow lying on top of our blanket of wool. But under the two blankets we slept as warm as kittens.

I believe that this experience was not so novel with the early settlers, but I can add that a drift used to form before the bed, a yard wide and nearly a foot high, over which we had to jump, in our bare feet, as we ran pellmell down the narrow, crooked stairs to the great fireplace in the sitting room, where we put on most of our clothes before the roaring fire. That is, the fire roared sometimes. Oftener my memory recalls a great backlog, from which the snow slowly melted, while the hired hand knelt down and blew on the coals to try to get the green wood to burn. His shadow made terrifying shadows on the wall from the few flickering tongues of flame which slowly appeared while we stood around and shivered.

Among my earliest recollections was of a time when I was very small and I had been given my first pair of pants. The hand had raked a great bed of blazing coals out in front to make a bed for a new back log, which he had gone after. Father was superintending my first effort in dressing. I had successfully gotten one leg in and was trying to get the other in to the top, when my toe caught and before they could do a thing, over I fell, flat on my back into the midst of that bed of blazing coals. I can remember father's startled shout as they snatched me instantly out, screaming with fright, but as I remember, not much burned.

A couple of hours after that, I was feeling of my body with my hands. "Mother," said I, "I wish you would feel of me. My body feels awful warm. Do you think that I have cooled off yet?"

I used to fancy that the windows upstairs were eyes and I believed that I could read their expression when I looked up at them. Sometimes, when I had been sent on a hasty errand to the neighbors and boy-like had stopped to try to build a dam, or play with Burt or Ed, I imagined that I could see a distinct scowl in them and they seemed to be watching me as I scurried up the hill. At other times I could detect a distinct twinkle in them and sometimes they seemed to smile.

At the foot of the hill there was a wooden bridge, spanning the "Branch." A hollow sounding, shaky, springy bridge. I remember many a time when I would be coming home after dark, with what terror I approached that bridge. Slower and slower I walked, on tiptoe. As I stepped on the loose boards it seemed to me that great hands were reaching out from underneath to grasp my quaking legs. The minute that my feet felt the earth on the other side, I would dig out just as fast as my legs could fly until I could see the light from those welcome windows over the hill, and I felt safe. Then they seemed to express safety and protection and warmth, and I felt safe.

I can see as but yesterday the great fireplace in the "sitting room" where we all gathered of an evening, a great batch of mush or hominy simmering in the pot which hung from the great crane, cooking for our morning breakfast. Grandmother sitting next the cupboard, her white hair covered by a lace cap. An

austere, straight nosed, straight backed woman, decidedly Scotch in her appearance. She was always, always knitting. Father usually sat next to a small table with a lamp on it. Seldom do I remember father when he did not have a book in his hand. Always reading. Then came mother, whom father called "Little Woman." She sat in a low chair always sewing, or mending, or darning. Then ranged round in front of the fire came the five children. Watch, the old dog, lay right in front of the fire and so close that we often wondered that he did not scorch. Talking, studying, reading and singing we spent the short winter evening while the fireplace threw long shadows about the room and sang its own song in a deep throaty roar.

A very happy, a very contented, a very common country home.

MUSIC AT HOME

My father was, I believe, a most unusual man. A country doctor with an inborn love for politics; a farmer with the mind of a poet; a father with the heart of a boy. All his life he seemed to dominate, not only his family but the entire community. He seemed to have been born with a natural conception of music. This is not so uncommon, but with him it was very pronounced. He taught himself to play the violin, or fiddle as we invariably called it. He knew how to play the cornet, or horn as we named it. He even attempted and worked out the scales and developed a limited amount of skill on that alluring, but elusive instrument, the clarinet. Before the Civil War he organized and taught the Randolph Brass Band. This band was composed of the neighborhood boys, and they played on those quaint looking instruments known as "Bell-over-shoulder horns," where the bell, instead of sticking out in front, turned around and ran back over the player's shoulder and stuck out behind, like an old-fashioned blunderbuss, and the noise all went out backward, until it sounded like the band was approaching after it had passed by. Father also played a little on the guitar and could play a bass part on the cello. We never called it anything but the bass fiddle, and we never dreamed that melodies could be played on it. Father used to say that he played just well enough to make his friends wish he could play better, or that he could not play at all.

His children all inherited some of his musical instincts. But what we did not inherit, he attempted to drill into our fingers and instill into our minds by the most rigorous and vigorous and persistent study and practice, while we were still very young.

However, among my earliest memories is one of mother, as she sometimes dropped her never-ending housework and took up the guitar, which he had taught her to play.

I can still see her in memory as she sat bolt upright on the edge of the chair, holding the guitar nearly straight up

as she played chords and sang in a soft, sweet voice.

"O bonny Katie Strang
I will warble you a sang."

Her songs and all of our songs were more or less of the Scotch type. Father knew a host of old ballads and often of an evening he would drop his book for a time and sing. He sang with great enthusiasm, with many gestures and much waving of his hands and nodding of his head.

He afterwards taught us (or we picked them up from him) many songs and ballads and Scotch folk tunes.

"James on the Stormy Sea," "Poor Little Fisher Boy," "Sweet Mary, Weep No More for Me," "Johnny Sands," "O Maggie Are You Sleepin'"--these are among those that are clearest in my memory. Then we sang the grand inspired songs of the Civil War, which came in for their full share of appreciation. Great songs, many of them. These stick to my memory much better than those that were learned later in life.

We almost unconsciously learned to sing by note. But father put in many and many an hour drilling us on the Do-Re-Mis. Then more time learning the sharps and flats and the elusive key note. Every - Good - Boy - Does - Finely. All - Cases - Easy - Gained. Good - Deeds - Are - Excellent - But - Few. Frank - Baker - Eats - Apples. Thus he drilled into us the fundamentals of the lines and keys.

I could not have been over six years old when I remember delving into a singing book written by George F. Root. Peace to his memory. He was a spontaneous composer "whose song gushed from his heart." After considerable labor I, at last, went to father and mother and asked them to listen to me sing a song, and this is what I had chosen:

"Wake! 'Tis Freedom's call
Rally one and all,
Down oppression,
Seize aggression.
Naught let us appall."

I could not see for the life of me why they laughed so heartily when my tongue limped over those long and mostly, to me, meaningless words.

Mother had, like most mothers, many stories to tell of our childhood. One was, I remember, of a time when Bruce and I were asked to sing for some visitors.

Bruce piped up at once:

"Oh have you heard the robin's song?
Cheer up. Cheer up."

But I sat there calmly eating an apple.

"Now Bubbie" (my nickname at that time), said Grandmother, "lay down your apple and help Bruce sing."

I took another bite and replied, "I don't sing until I get to the chorus. I can eat till then."

Mother regarded us as very unusual children.

When we got older, father got anthem books and singing school books and taught us to sing the different parts. His drill was so thorough and was begun so early that I have always been a first-class sight reader. Give me Do and you cannot throw me off the key.

When I was about nine years old, father got hold of a cello and started me on a wearisome grind, trying to teach me to play it. About the same time he started Bruce on the violin. Now I have always stoutly maintained that no person ever became much of a success musically unless he shed some tears over his work. I also claim that no one will ever become a musician if he gives up when he gets discouraged. I do not believe that there ever was a successful musician who at one time or another did not regard himself as a complete failure. No, it is by a long, tedious, self-sacrificing, disheartening road that people make musical progress. There is surely no royal road to musicianship, although it does come much easier for some.

I have often been approached by children, who seeing their neighbor's children making themselves popular by their musical performances, would get ambitious and they would ask me, "What is the easiest musical instrument and what is the quickest way that I can learn to play it?" Then I reply very emphatically, "My boy, if that is your idea of becoming a musician, you had better get a Victrola." There is no easy way to become proficient.

So, my progress on the cello was marked by some tears. Father would sit at my elbow and find a great deal of fault. Scolding when I hit a wrong note. Criticizing my bowing and impatiently correcting me and making me do it over and over till my head was in a daze. "No, no, little boy," he would almost shout at times. "That is wrong. Don't you remember what I just told you? Play it again. Play it again. Can't you see?" Well, frequently I could not see, for the blinding tears that rolled down my cheeks. John Brown, our hired man, used to look on with a good bit of sympathy and condole with me afterward. I think that John was glad that he was only the hired man.

After a time the hairs in the bow got very scarce and I

fondly hoped that the rehearsals would have to stop. But father was a man of resources and he proceeded to remedy the shortage. He had three fine colts. One was dark, and he called him Pluto. One was kind of lively and he named him Neptune, and one was rather deliberate and heavy and he named him Jupiter. The neighbors were a good deal disturbed at his giving them such heathenish sounding names. They feared that it bordered on sacrilege. We promptly shortened the names to Nep, Plute and Jupe.

Well, poor Jupe, being gray, was made a victim. For father got the poor beast penned in his stall and in spite of his flinching and laying back his ears and frequently kicking out behind, he contrived to pull enough hairs out of his tail to rehair the bow. He some way contrived to get them glued in and the rehearsals went on. I was sorry and so was Jupe.

The next year, father took two of us boys to Chicago--that magic city by the lake, that modern Sodom which the Lord has not as yet destroyed. Some people called it dirty, dingy and wicked, but to us it was just Fairyland. Such thrill as we felt. Such Oh's and Ah's. Such gasps of astonishment. I can still trace in my mind every hour of those few days. Haverly's Minstrels, the pipe organ at the Exposition, the lake itself. A grand and glorious feeling all the time.

I made one of my few "bright remarks of children" just before we started. I remarked, "Well, if we get killed, I hope it will be on the way back." I wanted to see Rome and then die, as you might say.

While father was there he went into a pawn shop and bought a clarinet for five dollars. A brass trimmed, yellow clarinet with five keys. A yellow clarinet occupies a lower scale than even a yellow dog. I do not believe that a musician could ever have gotten music out of it. Now the clarinet is a wonderful instrument. No instrument offers greater possibilities for expression. Few have as great a range. Then, those deep reedy tones that have all the thrill and appeal of the human voice. But at a touch, it will blare with all the virility of a trumpet. Truly, it is a master instrument. But it is as sensitive as a nervous horse. The trick of playing the clarinet lies in holding the reed on a balance properly on the lower lip, which is turned in over the teeth a trifle. If you do not take it in quite far enough it simply chokes and will not give forth a sound. But if you take it in just a trifle too far, it suddenly gives forth that startling squeal commonly known as a goose note and properly so named.

Father immediately went to work on it and on me and many times I was sorry that he did not let me continue on the cello. My progress on that clarinet was very slow and even after he had gotten me a fairly good one and several years had gone by I could only play some simple tunes and make up a kind of second

to Bruce's violin playing. I well remember my first public appearance. It was at old Washingtonian Hall, where there was to be a concert and father had gotten me a place on the program. No convict ever approached the scaffold with greater trepidation. The piece that I was to play was a low minor melody which we called "Call Wagner," because we first heard it at that pioneer minstrel's show. It ended with a kind of lively polka which father had tacked on to give the end a flourish.

The hall was packed and Dell played the piano for me. So I got going and had just begun to feel like I was going to survive, when here came old Doctor Faloon slowly up the aisle, looking for a seat. He walked on and on till he got right square in front of me and then stopped and gazed around and then slowly walked back clear to the rear. Poor old chap. He was doubtless much embarrassed, but this diversion took the eyes of the audience so much off of me, that I got thru pretty well and they did not notice the crudeness of my effort. So my youth and the novelty of the instrument won for me that goal of all young musicians (yes, and old ones, too), an encore. He pronounced it as it is spelled.

As I got a little (literally a little) more proficient, I used to wonder if there was anything about a clarinet that I did not know and could not do. However, when I went away to college later I soon found out that there was. For instance, I did not know that there was an upper, or altissimo, register at all. High C was as far as I had ever discovered. But after I bumped up against some real clarinet players, I got a real method and went to work and made the air and the neighbors blue for a year. But the ground work that I had absorbed while I was still so young made it comparatively easy for me to make rapid progress.

I may say in passing that I do not think that any person ever became really proficient on an instrument who did not begin early. With singing it is perhaps different. But the work that is done with the hands must be drilled into the growing child, until he literally thinks with his nerves, until the using of the hands is nearly automatic, while the brain is only furnishing the vision of the whole result.

I knew an orchestra leader in Pittsburgh, named Gernert, who played very well, but he had taught himself to play when a boy and only took lessons after he was well thru his teens. The consequences were that he played the violin with that stiff, jerky elbow movement that largely marks the difference between a fiddler and a violinist. So his playing was a kind of joke among his friends, for no amount of hard, intelligent practice could ever give him that long, graceful, flexible draw of the bow that marks a real violinist.

Drawing a long, flexible bow does not make a real violinist. I have heard numbers of them who could not do anything else well, but could do that. So they posed as violinists. Posed ex-

presses it. But what a pity that a man of Gernert's real talent should have been so handicapped for lack of early training while he was young.

I have a great fondness for all musical instruments, except the accordion, and I sometimes have my fingers crossed when I think of some saxophone playing. But the instrument that I truly love is the guitar. There is something singularly fascinating about this rather inadequate instrument that is credited to the Spanish people. It suggests moonlight nights and birch bark canoes and lovely women, and youth and love. There is something very soothing in its deep vibrations. There is something alluring in its curves as you take it in your arms. It is the one instrument that does not give out anything but music. Other instruments can jar your ears and set your teeth on edge and keep you awake at night as much as a squalling cat (or baby). But with a guitar, only music can be brought from it.

Now I had a wonderful cousin Frank, who used to sometimes flash before our youthful eyes from Chicago. He wore a real "plug" hat and had a goatee, and he sure thrilled our childish imagination, for he played real "tunes" on the guitar. All we had ever heard was just chords. The guitar does, by the way, in spite of its limited capacity, furnish both melody and accompaniment, a thing that many of its more spectacular brothers (or sisters, there seems to be a division of opinion regarding the sex of musical instruments) fail to do. His playing so fired my youthful imagination, that I undertook to learn to play the guitar myself. Now it happened when I was a very small boy, as I was poking straws into a straw cutter, that another boy ran against me and my first finger was caught in the cutter and before I could realize it, the first joint was cut clear off.

I still remember the look of horror on mother's face as I ran, crying, to the house with the end of my finger dangling from the merest shred of skin, while the children followed me, looking pretty scared. That faithful mother of mine took me in her lap and wrapped the finger together as best she could and sat for four long weary hours, afraid to move for fear the finger would not knit, until father could be found. He sewed it on and it has made me a pretty serviceable finger; for which I bless her memory. She always said that it was the hardest job she ever did in her life. However, as the tendon was severed I could not bend the end joint, so when it came to the playing of the guitar I had a bad handicap. But the deep abiding love for the instrument made me stick to it and I slowly developed strength into my weak and inadequate little finger to take its place. It took years, but eventually I became a pretty efficient guitar player. Nothing but love for the instrument could have accomplished it.

When I was about seventeen, father again felt the call, and again organized a brass band. He went to Chicago and brought back a lot of old second-hand brass rotary valve instruments. The stale smell of old brass still takes me back vividly to those days and I still love to press the heads of a drum together and smell that peculiar odor of varnish and calf skin that gushes out of the vent. It takes me back as to yesterday, when we all got together at Center School and tooted and squawked and thumped and made every sound under heaven but a musical sound. We had as our bass drummer, a solemn, black whiskered man named Misner. He had about as much sense of rhythm as an elephant. Father had a merry time trying to make him understand the difference between two-four and three-four time, and we had to play our waltzes in two-four time because Mr. Misner persisted in beating them one two, one two, down and up, down and up. Father finally got a scantling six feet long and with this he stamped the time out on the wooden floor and contrived in this way to make himself heard amid the din, enough to keep us in a semblance of a tempo. I had drawn for my part an old battered E-flat cornet and I went valiantly to work on it and to such good purpose that at the end of the year when father had gotten enough of it and resigned, I was duly elected as director. I believe that in most respects that was the proudest moment of my life.

These were rough, hard times in many respects. Bitter cold in winter, with very poor facilities for keeping warm, hot in summer with no ice nor electric fans; flies by the millions; mosquitoes in swarms; mud alternating with dust; and the never-ending drudgery of keeping a timber farm in condition. The one bright spot in my memory is our music. We all sang. Probably with crude, uncultivated voices, but we had the musical instinct and good ears and we sang with fresh clear voices. Lucy, the soprano; Dell, the alto; Bruce, the bass, and I took the tenor. "Let me write the songs of a people and I care not who writes their laws" surely applied to us. Our music books were few and simple, but they were wholesome and inspiring. The old-fashioned books written for singing schools by Root, Perkins, Leslie, and Emerson. We had most of them. Then for Sunday we had "Pure Gold," to my mind the finest book of the kind ever compiled, and "Royal Diadem" and "Fresh Laurels." Then an anthem book by T. Martin Towne, which we sang from cover to cover and knew and loved them all.

Among the happiest hours of my life were the Sunday afternoons when we all gathered around the old square piano, which father had picked up at a bargain, and sang, father sitting by and alternately criticizing and commending, mostly criticizing. He used to say that there was only one thing harder than to get us started and that was to get us stopped. We often sang all afternoon. Musical events were so few that what we did hear we never forgot. Emma Abbott, that pioneer of grand opera, gave us our first (and last) opera, singing "Bohemian Girl," while we were still children. I had a fifty-cent seat away up in the "Nigger Heaven." Only that night it

happened to be a white man's heaven, at Durley Hall. The air was so foul in that unventilated pen up under the roof that it gave me a violent pain in my head. But to offset that, they gave us programs with perfumery on them. They say that the sense of smell will bring back a memory more vividly than any other sense. So, for several months, all I had to do was to put that program to my nose and at once I was back, hearing and seeing Emma Abbott and the magic and the thrill and the glamour of the opera was around me like a halo.

Meanwhile, father had organized us into an orchestra. Bruce played an old fiddle which we called the Jay Bird fiddle, because of a crude work of art on its back representing a jay bird with his mouth open, presumably squawking, not a very suitable picture perhaps for a violin. Perhaps it was more consistent than one would think, when one remembers some of the primitive efforts that were put forth on it. Hugh played the cornet, or horn, as we called it. Dell and sometimes later, Lucy, the piano, and I played at (literally "at") the clarinet.

Some of the pieces that we had were very alluring. Especially do I recall the thrill that I got, and still get, out of a simplified arrangement of "Poet and Peasant." Now, a melody is a wonderful thing. Just a few notes of varying lengths--some high, some low, some quick, some slow; eight measures as a rule and end on "Do." One group of them will amount to nothing. They seem to be just a collection of notes. Another group, similar in appearance can thrill and inspire and exalt men until they will do heroic deeds, think great thoughts and if need be, die under the magic of its spell. What is it? Where does the charm lie? How do we explain it? I do not think that it can be analyzed. I do not think it can be explained. I regard those melodies as direct inspirations from Heaven, one of the things that the Lord, in His goodness, has given to humanity to carry them forward and upward and to give them a vision of the possibilities of Heaven.

I once took a kind of census as to what was the most beautiful melody ever written. After a great deal of discussion, the one that received the most votes was Schubert's "Serenade." A lilting rhythm, a combination of beautifully related harmonies; a rare combination of brightness and sadness. Perhaps it is. With all beautiful melodies there runs thru them a sort of blend, a sort of connection, a kind of consistency. Each note seems to belong in its place. Like a beautiful river valley, it seems to flow along and still all be connected into one vision--but why try to analyze it--I have just said that it cannot be done.

If I remember right, Rubenstein's "Melody in F" came next in the vote. I, myself, put Nevin's "Narcissus" in third place, but perhaps few would agree with me. Then there is the stately melody, the one that seems to march, that seems to

belong to the trumpets, the ones that become national hymns. It is said that "La Marsellaise" will come nearer driving men to frenzy than any hymn ever written. My own favorite is the Russian National Hymn and of the stately melodies I palce Cufus Animan from Rossini's Stabat Mater first. There is a rising movement as it begins that will nearly lift one out of his seat when a great orchestra begins to play.

Well, we scraped and we blew away on our instruments until, what with the rather low standard of music at that time, we became known as a Musical Family, and on several occasions went to nearby towns and gave entire programs. And so time went rapidly on, until I was nearly of age.

The burning passion of my youth was to go to college. True, I had had other great aspirations. After every circus came to town, we all became fired with an ambition to become a pole performer and many an hour did we boys put in trying to do the muscle grinder and the little drop and hand springs as well as plain turning.

After that I developed a strong desire and taste for making rhymes and for several years my desk was covered with efforts at writing verses. I do not think I ever felt more exalted than when, one evening I stayed after school and evolved my first poem. Some verses about "Winter in his coat of white." Simple? Probably. Weak? No doubt. But to me it was like a revelation and I grew in an evening into a dreamer, from which dreaming I have never wholly wakened.

This disposition has clung to me all my life and some of the verses that I have written are very dear to me, if to no one else. Whenever I finished one I felt certain that I had written a masterpiece and I am sure that Longfellow never felt any more delight than I did when I read them over for the first time. But after they had stood awhile, some way I could see faults in the rhymes and limping places in the meter. Now, as I look them over, I see that they were mostly dim, imperfect copies of the great poets' thoughts which I had perhaps unconsciously imitated as best I could.

I had been laboring for a long time on an opera, which I named "The Gypsy's Warning," and I planned to use the old song as a basis for my work. Having no knowledge of harmony and virtually no knowledge of operas themselves, naturally it was very crude. But I spent many a happy hour trying to get onto paper the melodies that kept singing themselves to me. I do not remember that girls as girls cut much figure in my life up to this time.

Father curiously and rather inconsistently, did not warm up at all to my college ambition. All that I could get from him was rather sharp and sarcastic replies to my rather timid arguments. Father was always financially hard up and he needed his boys to help make a living for us all. I think perhaps he

had a lurking suspicion that the main reason for my desire to go to college was a wish to have a good time and get out of a lot of hard work. Possibly he had some grounds for his attitude. He told me bluntly that he was entitled to my time until I was of age. So after much turning it over in my mind, I approached him as he was walking in from the field, singing to himself as he often did.

"Father," said I, and there was tremor in my voice, "am I not entitled to my schooling in the winter and spring until I am twenty-one?"

"Why, certainly you are," he replied.

"Well, then," said I, gathering courage, "you have those two carloads of cattle to feed. If I will stay out of school and feed them this year, will you not let me go to college next year?"

Father appeared a good bit disturbed. He said, "Why, my boy, do you want to go enough to make that sacrifice? Don't you realize that that will be very hard work? It will be bitter cold and you will be buried in snow."

"Yes, father," I said. "I realize all that. But I am willing to do it if you will let me go."

"Well, well," said he, "well, well, I did not believe you had it in you. Well, well, we will see what can be done about it and I will talk to your mother." Tears nearly spring to my eyes as I saw that he was favorably disposed and began reluctantly to talk about ways and means, especially the means.

So all that long and bitter winter, when the thermometer stood below zero for a week at a time and when forty-two inches of snow fell in one month and the fodder was buried under it (one of the coldest winters on record), I worked away, but with a warm heart and a cheerful mind, happy and contented, for I was dreaming all the time of going to college...

The glamour of youth. The glamour of novelty. The glamour of accomplishment. And above it all was the wonderful glamour of music. Sancho Panza said, "Heaven bless the man who invented sleep." But I paraphrase this by saying, "Heaven bless the man who invented GLAMOUR."

Ah, yes: The magical glamour of music. All my life I have lived mostly under a halo of musical influence. Under its glamour a dull room becomes brilliant. A chill air becomes warm. A troubled mind becomes at peace. Tired feet will dance and dull eyes will sparkle at its magic spell. Ah, wandering, gentle, lovely sprite. May I live and die beneath thy spell. As I listen to the whispering wind, thou turnest

it into harmony. As I harken to the roar of the storm, I hear the chords of a mighty organ. As I sit sometimes in the stillness of the night the very blood tingling thru my veins, thou weavest into melody until I sometimes think that I can hear an angel chorus and feel almost the touch of unseen hands.

Ah, yes; and Ah, me. Heaven bless the man who invented glamour.

CARL VROOMAN
Biographical Sketch

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF CARL VROOMAN

For over a quarter of a century Carl Vrooman has been farming scientifically and successfully thousands of acres of Illinois and Iowa land. Before coming to Illinois he was a Regent of the Kansas State Agricultural College. He thus has learned the practical needs of the farmer through his "pocket book nerve". He has addressed farm organizations in nearly every state in the Union and for many years was recognized by millions of farmers throughout the country as one of their ablest, most active and most devoted champions.

Moreover his writings in ~~the~~ leading American magazines in favor of progressive economic and political policies also have made him popular with forward looking people of both parties.

In both Wilson administrations he was the First Assistant Secretary of Agriculture and frequently served as "Acting Secretary of Agriculture". His Farmer's Bulletin, entitled, "Grain Farming in the Middle West with Live Stock as a Sideline", was one of the most popular bulletins ever printed by the Department of Agriculture, nearly a million copies having been requested by Congressmen for their constituents.

When the foot and mouth disease broke out in 1915 he took personal charge of the nation-wide campaign to stamp it out and later called the Chicago Foot and Mouth Disease Conference, which succeeded in ironing out serious differences between stock raisers and governmental specialists and developed definite plans for furth-

er harmonious cooperation by cattle men and State and Federal authorities for a permanent control of this disease.

From college days Mr. Vrooman has been an outstanding public speaker, having represented Harvard in a debate with Yale and Oxford in a debate with Cambridge. He was President of the Harvard Union and of the Inter-Collegiate Debating Union. During World War I he spoke for the Government in three-fourths of the State. Like Secretary Baker he was a "pinch-hitter" for the administration, several times being sent to fill engagements made for the President which a sudden pressure of public business made it impossible for him ^{to} fill.

In 1918 he was a member of a Presidential mission sent overseas to help solve the agricultural problems of our allies and our allies. His speech in French before the French Academy of Agriculture was received with marked enthusiasm and was published as a pamphlet by the French Government.

The War Garden Movement during the First World War, of which the Victory Gardens of World War II were an outgrowth, was conceived and organized by Mr. Vrooman. In an interview with ~~S~~ Washington correspondents, published by practically every daily paper in the United States, he called for a million War Gardens, one of his most popular slogans being, "Eat less freight". Over two million war gardens were forthcoming--practically ~~every~~ ^{all} vacant lots in every city and hamlet in the United States being plowed up and planted in vegetables. The French Ambassador, Jules Jusserand, in an autographed copy of his well known book on "America" wrote, "To Carl Vrooman, father of the War Gardens of America from one of forty million grateful Frenchmen".

At the close of World War I, representing the American Farm

Bureau Federation, he collected, had processed and shipped to the starving peoples of Europe nearly a million bushels of corn, as a gift from American farmers. In recognition of this service, he was decorated by the Polish government.

in 1921 Mr. Vrooman on his own initiative and at his own expense spent six months in Washington, working to secure Equality for Agriculture through Federal legislation. The central idea of the bill which Mr. Vrooman had drafted, and introduced in the Senate by the Chairman of the Senate Agricultural Committee, was the exporting of our surplus crops to Europe on well secured credit. The fight for this bill was the first great fight staged by the "Farm Block". Although so obviously sound that it passed the Senate by a unanimous vote and the House by a two-thirds majority, on the last day of the session it was prevented ^{from} by becoming a law by the almost ^{un}precedented breaking by two "conferees" of the House, of a "Gentlemen's Agreement" entered into by the leaders of both houses of Congress. If enacted into law, this bill would have raised the prices of farm products enough to have saved tens of thousands of farmers from going broke and hundreds of thousands of European children from going hungry.

Among the organizations ^{which} endorsed the Vrooman proposal to dispose of our surplus crops abroad on well-secured credit were, "The Farmers' National Council", "The American Farm Bureau Federation", "The National Farmers' Grain Dealers' Association", "The Mississippi Valley Association", "The Illinois Agricultural Association", "The Illinois Implement Dealers' Association", "The Southern Commercial Congress", "President Harding's ^{Agricultural} Conference" at Washington and "The National Board of Farm Organizations" including in its membership a number of powerful organizations such as "The Farmer's Union". In fact, this proposal long had the almost unanimous

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support of millions of American farmers-- Republicans and Democrats alike.

Mr. Vrooman is author of a book entitled "American Railway Problems in the Light of European Experience" which was the result of several years first hand study of railway transportation in Europe and America. This volume has long been considered authoritative by economists and statesmen who recognize the legitimate interests of shippers, employers, stock holders and the traveling public as being more important than the illegitimate profits of speculative and predatory finance. He collaborated with his wife in writing a book of travel sketches entitled "The Lure and the Lore of Travel".

For many years he has advocated the non-partisan American foreign policy now supported by leading Democrats and Republicans, including President Truman, Vice-President Barkley, Senator Vandenberg, Gov. Dewey, General Marshall and Mr. Dulles.

In the present struggle for world ascendancy between Russia and the Free Nations, Mr. Vrooman believes that this is not merely a conflict between conflicting economic ideologies but as well a life and death struggle between a demonic totalitarianism and a free, developing Christian civilization.

"WHAT IS BACKGROUND?"

An Autobiography

by

Grace Wagner

WHAT IS "BACKGROUND"?

Grace Wagner

When I was a little girl, I used to sit on our front steps, and I would look up and down Main Street, and out across Bloomington as far as I could see, and I would think of all the people -- millions of people -- who had not the good fortune to be born just where I was, and I would feel very sorry for them.

In recent years I have found myself thinking more and more often of that little girl and what she saw from the front steps as I have watched New York become almost a foreign city, where at times it seems that every language but English is heard on the streets and the inundation of strange ideas, customs, and ideologies often becomes almost overwhelming.

Few of these people that I have encountered seem to have any conception of, or interest in, the ideas and ideals of this country. Not too many appear even to respect it or the people who have made it what it is today -- the snug haven of refuge for them, free from fear and danger and oppression.

Nor are all who claim to have been born in this country overly sensitive to the finer points.

Americans need to be very patient these days, and I try to be.

I try to remember that New York is probably the easiest place in the world to form a distorted and exaggerated picture.

Certainly in no place else are there so many people to the square inch who are all scratching and scrambling to reach some certain goal in the shortest possible space of time after the manner of the five o'clock rush hour in the subway -- all striving to gain more of this or a bigger that for themselves, an unbelievable number still entirely indifferent to what is going on around them or to world conditions of today.

So with the crowding here and the confusion, all the foreigners, and all the scramblers, the so-called citizens of uncertain antecedents and activities, and the many indifferent Americans, to look back on that vista of years ago, seems like looking on something out of a dream or an ideal world.

In retrospect, life in those days seems leisurely, and conservative, well-bred, where the little courtesies of life had time always to be remembered. It seems also simple and straight-forward and honest and honorable.

I am not attempting a lecturette but I would like to say that my respect for the community in which I was born and the kind of people we produce there, has grown steadily with the passing of time and I believe the little girl on the front steps showed a perception well beyond her years.

This sense of curious and complete contentment with environment was an even deeper thing than comes of a carefree, happy childhood with loving family and relatives, and among kind neighbors who were real and sincere friends.

We seemed still so close to the early history of our country. I had been brought up by parents who had great respect for this country and all for which it stood. They had taught me much of its early history. I knew of the hardship and at what great cost of effort and lives it had come into being. My Mother's family went back to the earliest days. Many were the soldiers and statesmen in that family who had had a part in this. All the families we knew seemed to have the same deep roots. All the children I knew were taught much the same things — a home training that seems to me of priceless importance now.

Of this great and wonderful country I was certain that Illinois was without question or argument the finest and fairest of all states; and that McLean County with its Bloomington, must surely be the focal point of all that was worthwhile and desirable of all that was America and American.

And here was I, sitting on our front steps right in the middle of it all! I was a proud little girl!

A noted English author, who fancies himself much as a traveler, made the statement that all American cities are exactly alike, and, such being the case, that travel in this country is the most monotonous of any place in the world.

During the years that I toured in concert, I am sure that I saw as many American cities as this writer, quite possibly a good many more. I did not find them alike or that travel in this country was ever at any time monotonous.

The "inevitable Main Street and Court House Square" were often there, in some variation or other; the public buildings; probably they had the same number of civic arms and legs; but their individuality, as well as their beauty, seems to have entirely escaped him.

He missed completely the wide friendliness of the "long straight streets", He deplored. "Their crossing always at right angles", clear-cut, open and honest seems to me symbolic of our way of life in contrast to the winding and often dark and devious ways and byways of old Europe.

(Our little street in Paris ran around the block. We loved it for its funny, crooked ways but what would we do with a street like that in these United States?)

Bloomington had its own edition of "Main Street and the Court House Square", its public buildings, city functions, but there I am sure its resemblance to any other city, large or small, abruptly ended. Looking

back now, it seems to me in many ways unique and in none more so than in the deep accent it has always placed on personal achievement, the genuinely friendly and encouraging soil that has sent more people out into the world to try to accomplish something worthwhile in some given line of endeavor, I truly believe, than any other place of its size in the world.

Madame Schumann-Heinck left this final word ~~an~~ ultimatum: "Never say 'Don't' to an aspiring youngster. You cannot possibly know what he can do — only God can know that." and added in her own dry, inimitable little way, "You are not God, no matter how highly you may think of yourself!"

Bloomington never said "Don't" to youthful aspiration and ambition. From the first, one's efforts were met with kindness and encouragement on every side.

So many times in the years since, I have seen young people struggling to gain some word of appreciation or even notice from their home, a word of recognition in the local paper for some really praiseworthy piece of work, at least a news item to tell their friends what they were doing, only to meet with complete indifference or, at most, a dribble of very faint praise.

At those times, I think with gratitude of our "Pantagraph". They could always seem to find space for the struggling aspirant, trying to accomplish something out in the big world. And how carefully we followed every word as the "Pantagraph" watered the soil. And with what pride and enthusiasm we talked about it afterwards.

Careers seemed an inevitable product of such an environment, indigenous, a by-product of McLean County soil. And we were not far removed from the early settlers who were indomitable.

"Excelsior" was in the very air I breathed when I was a little girl.

If, as Maeterlinck suggests, we all come here with a special talent, or a particular "job" to do, and my mission in life was to go out into the world to try to learn something about singing, a beneficent Providence could hardly have placed me in a likelier spot.

Main Street, as I remember it, was a thing of beauty and dignity, a wide, friendly street with tree shaded walks and many stately homes. Sometimes drowsy and quiet in the warm summer sunshine, utterly beautiful when covered with solid white after one of the lovely, heavy snowstorms we do so well out there.

In the pre-automobile days, most of the families owned horses and carriages. I thought a "closed carriage" the most glamorous thing in the world, and used to mention this, wistfully, to my parents, wondering when we would be able to have one. Mother always looked shocked and said, "We have 'Nellie' and the phaeton. What more do you want?"

My immediate interests in Main Street as a young child were bounded on the north by the little grocery store where the children of the

neighborhood bought licorice by the yard and a magnificent creation called an "all day sucker", in comparison with which the current anaemic lollipop, which we feed the benighted little children of present-day New York, rates most unfavorably; and bounded on the south by the "little Vandervorts" with whom I played and fought and could hardly have done without.

Between these boundaries lay the all-important "Four Corners", the Funks, the Greens, the Evanses, and the Wagners.

My parents brought me to North Main Street when I was a very young baby -- and surely not the most beautiful one for the story is told in our family that my "Uncle Willie" (Will Spofford, then a young boy) came to see me when I was a few hours old. He took one look at the red, squirming little creature his sister had produced and, without comment, went away from there fast!

The neighbors took a great interest in the new baby and I received so much kindness and friendliness from them as a young child that I grew up feeling that "Uncle" and "Auntie" Miller, "Uncle Ben" and Aunt Sallie Funk, the "Uncle and Auntie Evanses", were like members of my own family.

One of the first sadnesses of my little girlhood was the death of "Uncle Ben" Funk. I loved him very much. My Mother had explained to me how gravely ill he was and I would go over and sit by him, quiet as a mouse. A few hours after he died, we had a heavy sleet storm and the day of his funeral, the whole world was still covered with ice. The trees were hung with it -- all that ice against the deep grey of the mournful winter sky. I thought it was the saddest world that day. Young as I was, I felt that with his passing, went something very fine and sweet from Main Street forever, the first of the many great changes that I understand have since taken place.

A friendly and interested part of all Bloomington, old North Main Street was a little group in itself. We were all American families but there was a diversity of opinion on many subjects, including politics. Certainly every religion in Bloomington was represented, but there was never, to my knowledge, one word of unpleasantness or disagreement between the families there. We were all friends. I think I learned the true meaning of that word right there. We lived with self-respect and respect for each other on North Main Street. We were nice people.

THE AUTO AGE

On North Main Street, we saw the dawn of the auto age. It seems incredible now that there ever was a time before everyone owned a car but I can remember the first "horseless carriage" that scampered through the streets of Bloomington. It looked more like a funny little wagon than the early automobile that followed it so soon. It looked weird and abnormal without the usual accompaniment of horses.

The year the automobile made its debut in our midst, a few cars appeared. The next year my Father bought one. We thought ours very

modern and wonderful because it had side doors. Many of the earlier models had a little door in the back, with a slick little seat on either side and considerable of a hazard this was for the door wasn't always dependable and unless one hung on frantically going around curves, it was all too easy to slide off of the slick little seat and out the back door!

Our car had a headlight, sitting boldly up in front like the headlight on an old-fashioned locomotive, and my Father had to get out of the car and light it with a match. It rarely functioned after the first few times but whether it made any light or not, it would fizz and sputter and emit an indescribable, unforgettable evil odor. Came the dusk, my Father always tried it again, with fresh optimism. It always responded with its fizz and sputter, then would immediately drench the atmosphere and surrounding landscape with this unbelievable evil odor. The poor man would jump back in quickly and we would go away from there fast, lest someone call the police or the board of health.

Otherwise, considering its early vintage, the car was not too bad. Its attacks of temperament and acute indigestion were numerous but not fatal. It usually pulled itself together at a last dramatic moment and took us home with a good deal of gallantry.

The Evanses, who were venturesome souls, urged my father to drive them to Peoria and he, much encouraged by a few trips in the country from which we always managed to return sooner or later, agreed. A trip to Peoria by automobile in those days was high adventure. It was a moment of great daring in the lives of all of us. By secret, grapevine, known only to the early auto owners, the epoch-making news got about that the Wagners and Evanses were making the trip. I think every car owner in Bloomington called my Father and wished him luck. They also warned him of a steep incline and curve just before reaching the river and added cheerfully, "You'll be all right if the brakes hold." We fervently hoped that they would!

We took off one hot Sunday morning in the middle of the summer. About noon, on a treeless stretch of road, miles from anywhere, the car slowed up, gave a tired sigh, and decided to take time out for a rest. My Father rattled this and that without any faintest idea of what he should do and he cranked! Oh! How that poor man cranked! After a time, something caused it to have a violent and familiar fit of coughing and it started up again with no damage to anything but our nerves.

Presently we reached the fatal curve, the "brakes held" and shortly after, we were at the Huickle door with Imo running down the steps and welcoming us like explorers returning from a polar expedition.

We were all alone on the road that Sunday. There was no ~~train~~ ^{traffic} hazard, no crowding, no road hogs, no red and green lights to watch. We saw a few cars in Peoria.

The Evanses were so enchanted with overland auto travel that they immediately bought a car. In another year, it seemed that everyone in Bloomington had one. Each year the automobile became more dependable but that dependability, the peculiar zest of those early days when we never knew what was going to happen next, that sense of high adventure of the pioneer days, began to disappear. It was never quite the same again.

Three outstanding history-making events of one kind or another took place during my childhood in Bloomington: The Big Fire, the storm, which we understood to be the worst in the history of the city up to that time; and the concert of Madam Lillian Nordica!

Mother was desperately and pitifully afraid of storms. She would read, fearfully, every description of every storm that she could find in the newspapers and file away odds and ends of such information in a kind of mental index that she kept for such matters. At the first sign of any disturbance in the sky, she would run from window to door, closing everything, and scanning the heavens for cone-shaped clouds and salmon-pink tints, all the while muttering to herself, "I wish your father were home.", evidently feeling that his presence would give added stability to the premises.

Someone told her that she was apt to be like the old lady, who for thirty years looked for a burglar under her bed every night and finally found one -- that her expectation might one day beget a storm to fit all the descriptions in her mental file. Mother's cyclone when it finally arrived was a real twister and did much damage. It was late at night and my Father was home! I do not know what storms the city may have had since our departure but I know that this was the worst storm in my experience until the recent hurricanes here on the eastern coast.

The North Main Street homes were well protected by their trees and were little damaged but I will never forget the blackness of that night, the wild howling of the wind, and the sound of branches of trees beating against the windows on the Graham Street side of the house.

Our sedate, middle-aged horse lived in a not-too-robust barn at the end of the yard. I was very fond of her and my great concern that night was for "Nellie" out there in the darkness and the storm all by herself. My suggestions that we either bring her in or go out and stay with her met with stern rejection and I was kept under watchful eye lest my curly brown dog and I decide to go to her rescue by ourselves.

When dawn finally came, we could see that the barn was still standing. A tree had blown across the horse's lot and "Nellie" was out in her playpen, partaking of a luxurious breakfast of fresh green leaves. The barn had weathered the storm, undisturbed in its little pocket of trees and "Nellie" had the entirely serene air of one who has passed a pleasant and peaceful night in soul-satisfying repose.

FIRE

The fire that destroyed the heart of down-town Bloomington was a hideous and heart-breaking thing to see -- the stricken faces of all who crowded the streets that early morning, the sinister red glow over everything that night.

We were awakened by the clamor of the patrol wagon and the police beating at our door to tell my Father that his store was on fire. My poor parents were terribly shocked and frightened. The store meant so much to us. I ran to say my prayers like the greatly loved little Methodist Grandmother had taught me.

Later, when it was over and we could laugh at the incident, or at least smile again, my Mother used to tell how she had found my Father, precious minutes later, still in his pajamas trying to adjust his collar and his necktie carefully, with shaking hands. He came out of his trance, threw on his clothes and vanished with the police wagon.

We dressed and joined the crowds out in the street. The Fire Department did all it could. Help arrived from other places. Finally the fire was stopped.

The whole front of my father's store was blazing when the police came for him. Now it looked like a giant cleaver had chopped off the front. The fire had left the store filled with all kinds of paper and inflammable materials and gone elsewhere. I considered this phenomenon a direct answer to my little-girl prayers.

The McLean County Court House and our pretty city for blocks around it was laid waste, unbelievable in its desolation, but when we went down town again that afternoon, already work had started on any place that was cool enough to work on.

It seemed that in no time at all, Bloomington rose phoenix-like from its ashes, intrepid, indomitable Bloomington with finer, more modern buildings, bigger and better than ever.

The concert of Madam Lillian Nordica was a kind of coming-of-age birthday party for musical life and musical activities in Bloomington although with all the stress and anxiety attendant upon that event, they evidently did not so regard it at the time.

Someday, someone will write a history of musical development and musical booking in this country. It is a prolific and interesting subject and so far, almost untouched. Paderewski had something to say about it in articles he wrote some years ago and a few others have skirted the subject. Our own Clark Stewart makes a real contribution in his book "Musical Memories" because he, above of all of them, mentions the source. In telling the appealing story of his family and their musical activities, he shows how music was kept alive in this country in earlier days.

It has always seemed very wonderful to me that in all the hardship and bitter struggle for existence in this country that, from the first, there were people who could still remember about music, and who loved it so much that they would not let it disappear even briefly from our lives. To families such as these, we owe our musical structure as it is today.

From them came the early musicians, the first little handful of teachers, the small groups who began to work together toward the first unpretentious recitals, the beginnings of the clubs that have made our musical life what it is now.

When I entered the concert field, some years ago, there were six hundred cities in the United States booking top rating concert courses. There are, of course, many more today. A large proportion of these courses are managed by clubs that have grown from just such small beginnings into important and powerful organizations. They are composed of gracious, intelligent women who have grown (probably from experiences like the Nordica concert) into shrewd and capable business women.

These organizations make concert giving in this country different from any place else in the world and each concert under their management, a pleasant and happy experience for the artist.

Clark Stewart tells the story of the Nordica concert in his book much better than I could tell it here. I was too young to know of the confusion and skulduggery connected with the event. I saw it only as a great event for me, the first great singer I had ever heard, and the only opportunity I ever had to hear Lillian Nordica; and not as the milestone it turned out to be for, although the exhausted sponsors of that concert said a firm and "Raven"-esque "Never More", the next year we had Schumann-Heinck, the important orchestras and other great artists which followed. We had two performances of Grand Opera before I left Bloomington -- "Faust" and "Madame Butterfly".

Alice Nielsen did "Marguerite" in "Faust" that night -- the night I saw my first Grand Opera, and she did a beautiful "Marguerite". It was one of her best parts, just right for her voice.

Some years later when I sang "Marguerite" in "Faust" in New York, Alice Nielsen sent me a wire -- the night of my debut -- wishing me success and reminding me of that night in Bloomington when I saw my first performance of "Faust" and she was the "Marguerite".

In his book, "Musical Memories", Clark Stewart says, "My father was, I believe, a most unusual man." Then he proceeds to tell of his father and his family and their many musical activities. It was my intention to quote here from that book but it seems unfair to do so. The prelude and first chapter should be read in their entirety. Mr. Stewart tells ~~an~~ appealing story with simplicity and great charm.

It is inaccurate to call the Stewarts a "typical" musical family for the Stewarts were obviously in a class by themselves as pertains to early music. I think I will call them a "First Family of Music". The Stewarts were all musicians -- inevitably. They still are. I do not know how much the Stewarts had to do with the early life of the Amateur Musical Club but I will venture to say it was considerable. At any rate, the Stewart Music Store was for years the hub around which moved a large portion of the musical life of Bloomington.

I think they are the only musicians I have ever known who sat calmly on top of their music. It never seemed to give them the periodic beatings up and leave them torn and bleeding and exhausted the way it did to most of us. Perhaps that was because they were not trying to go any place in particular. At any rate, nothing ever seemed to disturb the Stewart poise and calm.

Strausky, for many years conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, once said to me (a propos of another conductor!) "The master is no longer fighting with his profession." I indorse that heartily now but mastery is a long way from the young student and the impact of the impenetrable calm of Miss Lucy on my pent-up mental state when I would go charging into their store after a lesson, is indescribable. She knew that mastering an instrument, or mastering a voice, was hard. Music was hard, and without even seeming to think about it, she was always able to say some little thing that would ease the tension.

I was very proud the day I reached Bach "Inventions" and "Fugues". Miss Lucy seemed to sense that and we talked about Bach that day and many days to follow.

No matter how upset anyone was, in the presence of Miss Lucy, there was calm.

One time she went to Chicago to study singing for a little while. When she returned, I asked her if she had made fine progress. Without apparent disappointment or rancor towards anyone or herself, she replied that she had not, that she felt she had been "chasing a rainbow".

I came to think of that as a very apt expression of trying to learn how to sing, descriptive of my struggles at that time and many times later in life, I thought of "Miss Lucy's rainbow".

When I went to tell them goodbye, Clark was teaching himself to play the harp -- the big one -- probably the only instrument he did not know how to play, probably the only instrument that "most unusual man", his father, had not been able to get his hands on when they were children at home.

I believe I am correct in saying that Bernice Green and I were the first children to attend regularly the concerts of the Amateur Musical Club. I was ten or eleven years old when I heard my first program there. Bernie was two years older and had been going for sometime.

We attended these concerts together for many years, all the time we were growing up. About the only times we were not there sitting together were the two very important days some years later, first when Bernie gave a beautiful piano recital for them and still later, when I had the honor of playing for them myself.

That first recital is one of the things I remember most clearly. We had been looking forward to it for days. We were dressed in our very best and the fact that a heavy snowstorm made it imperative for us to ride there in the "closed" carriage of the Green family, was no hardship for either of us. It was in the pre-Unitarian Church days. I remember a hall above street level. I have no idea where or whether we arrived there by benefit of elevator or stairs. Perhaps we just floated up on our own happy enthusiasm. There I heard of Grand Opera for probably the first time. It was a lecture recital on "Parsifal". I was deeply impressed and when I returned home, I lectured my parents thoroughly on the music of Richard Wagner.

Bernie and I were close friends from that time on. We had one great interest in common -- our love for music.

There is no doubt that Bernie's little-girl hand had its part in shaping my life. I had great respect for her opinion and confidence in her judgment and I felt she knew a great deal about music. I was hardly more than a beginner. Bernie was already a good little pianist. She had real talent and she had been well taught. Her lack of physical endurance to do long hours of hard practice, handicapped her.

The inevitable outcome of all this concert-going was that Bernie and I decided to give a concert. I was twelve years old by that time and supposed to have a voice. Bernie liked to play my accompaniments while I yowled happily through everything we could find from baritone to high soprano. Bernie was now fourteen. When we planned the program for our concert, however, we did it right and as near like the Amateur Musical Club as we were able.

A ballad much sung at the time with many "ohs" and "ahs" at the end had an optional set of German words. We used the German words because we had learned that it was correct to start a program with a German group. They did so at the Amateur Musical Club. The ballad was my German group.

We set the date for the concert, allowing ourselves two weeks to get ready, invited all the neighbors and went to work. This was in no sense a "play" concert. It was a serious effort and was so regarded by our friends. We wore our mothers' clothes simply because we honestly felt that we would look more "impressive", more professional and more like the "Amateur Musical Club". We were still little girls!

Mother was considerably startled when she heard all the people we had invited to hear my untrained voice but Mrs. Green reassured her with much wisdom. She said, "They have been going to concerts for some time now. They want to give a concert. Let them see what they can do."

Mrs. Green, a fine musician herself, had asked us if we wanted any help. We told her firmly "No". So we were let completely alone. It was our concert. But our mothers arranged for refreshments in case our friends were feeling a little exhausted at the end of the evening.

We soon discovered what any one could have told us had we asked for, or permitted, any advice -- that two weeks is no time at all in which to prepare a program. We knew we would have to eliminate one group each. That made the program too short. We would have to have an assistant. Benoni would have to do something. Benoni was my age. So what time we were not practising, we were trying to persuade a rebellious and very-busy-elsewhere Benoni to take part in our program. Threats and blandishments and bribery finally prevailed. He would play a few pieces on his mandolin but he couldn't be bothered practising. We could take him as he was or leave him alone! His pieces were all popular numbers. The one he knew best was a certain "Zizzie Zum Zum". Bernie fingered the music gingerly and looked at the title with great distaste.

"That will never do on this program." she said.

Benoni said it was his best number -- we could take it or --

"We will call it 'Romance' by Mozart." Bernie said firmly, cutting the Gordian knot.

Now I was horrified. I said "I don't think he (meaning Mozart) would like that."

She answered reasonably enough, "He won't be here". So we rehearsed Benoni in the old dress suit of his father's. He began to show

some interest. The night of the concert he produced a mustache. We hadn't counted on that but it was too late to argue then.

We had invited a sizable portion of North Main Street. They all came. The big rooms on the north side of the Green home were filled and overflowing into the hall. We had another gathering in the hall, on the stairway. Our dear Anna came from our home, Bernie's Teresa and their friends were there -- a real claque -- and how they clapped!

Then a curious thing happened. All those dear friendly people that we knew so well, sitting there together, suddenly became to us an audience, waiting for us to perform, and we were scared. Our stage deportment was impeccable, our dignity profound, but we were scared.

I made the horrid discovery that untrained breath can leave you flat in moments of excitement or stress. I gulped and gurgled over the German words of my song and gasped and choked over the "ohs" and "ahs". The second group wasn't a great deal better. I came off much the worst of the three.

Anyone can guess who was the success of the evening. Benoni, with no nerves or inhibitions, went through his numbers without a mistake. The "Romance" by Mozart was terrific. He maintained throughout the entire evening a remote-of-another-world demeanor, even when struggling with his mustache, that simply "slayed" our guests.

Bernie, upon whose frail little shoulders the whole program had rested, was having her first taste of that kind of responsibility and she came through beautifully, far better than she realized. She played all our accompaniments as well as her own solos. It was an adult assignment. Her own numbers had suffered in preparation because she had to spend so much time on us.

We learned from that effort a new respect for people who do public work. We both cried ourselves to sleep that night. An old Italian conductor I once knew would have said "They put their toes in the water and found it cold!"

North Main Street, however, firmly insisted that they had heard a very fine concert. It was an accepted fact now that Grace Wagner had a voice and that she, being a Bloomington product, would do something about it at the proper time.

Mrs. Green expressed herself as well pleased with what we called "our failure" and said, "Now they will really go to work." and we surely did.

For me, the little concert had far-reaching results. I had tasted "professional life" and that seemed to be all I needed. I was still too young to study singing but I went to work with grim determination to make a musician of myself. I was "playing for keeps". I knew now that I wanted a career.

To say that my parents were lovers of music is such an understatement that I really do not know what to say about them. What they wanted for me and what they did for me, I think, describes them best.

Mother had a most beautiful voice. My father had a good voice, too, and of very pretty quality. They could both have been fine singers had they had the opportunity. Mother "took lessons" after she was married but I came along and I used to howl dismally everytime she practised. She seemed to realize that her own time for study would be short for she spent a large portion of the months before I was born at the piano, playing the few chords she could pick out and singing. It seems to have been taken for granted that the approaching "event" would be a girl and a singer. In due time, the girl arrived but in view of her extreme youth, the singing career seems to have been temporarily forgotten.

When I was three years old, however, something happened that Mother considered very remarkable. She had gone back to her singing lessons and had reached the meritable point where the struggling student has the inevitable song about spring and the inevitable little bird who sits on a budding branch and sings. The malicious little bird, with no mercy whatever for the poor student, invariably ends by doing a trill. The anguish poor students have suffered over these vile little birds and their trills beggars description. You have to go through it to know. Mother struggled with her bird and the trill that wouldn't trill and Baby howled. Finally she gave it up and went out into the kitchen for something. Baby followed. Then, as the story goes, three year old Grace walked to the window, put her two chubby little hands on the sill, and gazing off into space, began to sing. In a firm little voice, she sang the song through, entirely correct tonally, with all the words in their right places, and complete with trill! Mother burst into tears at what she felt to be the answer to her prayers. I remember all this vaguely but another member of the family was present and vouched for the story. I know that I always had a natural trill. I believe the only thing I ever got in my life without very hard work was that trill.

But it was a long time to wait to be a grown-up singer and I went through many phases when my parents had to hang on grimly to me and the singing idea. Curiously enough, all my "phases" had to do with something of public performance. I wanted to be a circus rider like a pink-spangled little girl I had seen somewhere. I wanted to play violin like Della Phillips. Della, with her marked talents, her big blue eyes and golden hair, her delicious little retrousse nose, was captivating everyone just then. I wanted to write plays "like Rachel Crothers" whom I admired extravagantly. One of my aunts had studied with her and used to tell me about her. I wrote many plays, not quite "like Rachel Crothers". Then I wanted to act them like Margaret Illington who was my special goddess and whom I thought was the most beautiful girl in the world.

Mother finally got me to the keyboard and with very disappointing results. The teacher must have advanced me much too fast for in no time at all, I was floundering around, away beyond my depth, completely disgusted and discouraged.

So I gave up music for life and went into business with Marion of the "little Vandervorts", making dolls' hats. It was a very brief interlude. That such a business venture actually took place, Louise Kessler says she can prove by producing one of the hats! I am sure that Marion must have done all the work. I know she must have done all the sewing. Probably I divided the proceeds with her -- business acumen that should have done better by me later in life.

Of the "little Vanderverts", Marion was the child of whom everyone stopped and said, "Oh, what a pretty little girl!" I liked Marion. She was so sweet. But, oh, how I respected Isabel! There was the mental giantess who always knew her lessons, who got the best grades without any apparent effort on her part. A little older than the rest of us, she knew so much more than we did!

I cannot remember that the North Main Street children had much money to throw around the way the child of today seems to have. And what did we need of much money? An ice cream soda was five cents. And such a soda! Comparable in size with the child consuming it and with Hunter's or Kleinau's ice cream! I still think wistfully of Bloomington ice cream and wonder if I will ever taste it again!

Movies, in their infancy then, were five cents. "Nickelodeon" was, I believe, the technical name. Here we stamped and clapped and yelled while intrepid firemen ran up and down ladders and rescued everyone.

We had a wonderful time!

But music was not a happy subject in our home after my brief experience with it. My parents considered my failure to make satisfactory progress to indicate that I had no talent and they were deeply disappointed. I felt that I had failed them miserably and was very sorry but if a little girl just has no talent, what can she do about it? So I approached them reluctantly when I wanted to go to the Amateur Musical Club that first time but Mother went into prompt action. They bought me a season ticket and a new hat and I was off!

That is how matters stood when Bernie and I gave our concert. My parents then decided to give me another chance at music.

This time I went to work with Mr. Skinner and things went better from the first. I was always an indefatigable worker when I had anything intelligent to work with. Mr. Skinner was a thorough and experienced teacher. Like many another who handles many pupils, he would give routine instruction if the pupil would take it but if there was a real disposition to work, he would work too. He did with me. With him, I laid the musical foundation upon which I built the rest of my life and this musicianship was the only thing I had to take with me to Europe, that and my untrained voice. Otherwise, I knew so much less than nothing that I wonder now I had the courage to go.

The Wesleyan College of Music was then in a building containing a tea and coffee store. Mr. Skinner's studio was directly over the store. The odor of tea and freshly ground coffee permeated the entire building and especially his studio. To this day, I always associate the odor of freshly ground coffee with my first scared piano lessons.

We had an old, square piano that my father had taken on a trade. It was a Chickering and had a pretty tone but almost no action. Of course, Mr. Skinner pounced on that piano as a serious handicap to my progress. Finally my Father said that if Theodore Roosevelt was elected so that the country would not "go to the dogs", he would buy me a piano. And I think I may say "without fear of successful contradiction", that never was a presidential candidate more fervently prayed for!

I wanted a Steinway Grand so very much but we were not rich people and that is the kind of present parents try to give a child who had made some notable progress in music. I was thirteen and hardly more than a beginner! By what I felt sure was a special dispensation of Providence, Mrs. Grey of the Wesleyan College of Music chose that moment to dispose of her Steinway Grand piano. It was a most beautiful instrument, had been carefully selected by those two fine musicians, and had had little use. My candidate for the Presidency of the United States was elected and my Father bought me that piano. I thought it was the most beautiful piano in the world and felt that I was surely now on the road to a big career!

Three years later, when I was sixteen, I received a "Teacher's Certificate" from the Wesleyan College of Music. That was a proud and happy moment for the Wagners. I still have my picture in cap and gown and I remember the beautiful summer day and the exercises on the campus. I was told that the learned law students up in front looked down their noses at the little music certificates trailing at the end of the procession. We didn't mind!

That Fall the Skinner School came into being and I naturally followed my teacher. I began to play in their recitals and then gave my first piano recital.

I did much concert playing before I left Bloomington and the Spring before I sailed for Europe, the Amateur Musical Club invited me to give a piano recital for them. I considered this a great honor and a very happy thing to happen just at that time. I had graduated from the Skinner School some time before. That year I received a Post Graduate diploma. I was so interested in piano by that time and having so much success with my recitals that I seriously considered trying to make a career of piano. North Main Street, God bless them, always came to hear me play. They were always kind and encouraging but never failed to remind me that my first duty was to "Voice".

In the meantime, Minnie Saltzman Stevens made her sensational debut as "Brunnehilde" in London and came home to give her concerts in Bloomington. All the world seemed to be talking of Jean de Reszke and trying to study with him. Bernie's dear grandmother, Mrs. Kidder, would make a stately trip across the street every so often and climb our steps to make the same little speech, "Jean de Reszke is an old man. Something might happen to him! You must get Grace to him soon! I know that he can place her voice!"

So we sailed for Europe and in the days when no one needed a passport and just being an American made you feel safe and happy anywhere!

Paris was like a land of enchantment to me. It was so beautiful. In those days we could ride the little river boats up and down the picturesque Seine miles and miles for a few cents. In this "Never, Never Land", the funny steam tram cars chugged and puffed in the streets and a goat-herd out of a fairy tale book drove his charges through the crowded streets every morning, playing his pipe. Traffic stopped while customers ran out with bowls and pitchers for fresh goats' milk and a friendly little goat obliged.

Our little street that ran around the block like a happy puppy chasing its tail, finally joined the "Rue de la Tour" of "Peter Ibbetson" fame. Later when our Bloomington friends came to see us, I used to hang out of my studio window and scream at them to turn the corner, as they naturally went charging straight ahead, certain they were on the right street.

We were not far from the Avenuette^{Henry} Martin. I wrote my Father that it was the dream of my life to have an apartment on that beautiful street. Emma Eames had lived there when married to Douglas Story. Other celebrities lived there now. I thought it would be just the place for me some day. My Father replied that we had been living on "Henry Wagner" for quite some time and that it would be all right by him if we lived on "Henry Martin" for a while!

Minnie Saltzman Stevens must have been a superlative operatic artist. I have never recovered from my disappointment and chagrin that I was never able to see her do any of her roles. She was preeminent as "Brunnehilde", Sieglinde, Ysolde, and Kundry. I heard her voice a few times in her Paris apartment but the only time I ever really heard her sing was at her Bloomington concert.

Her voice, so beautiful of itself, had the individuality of style and treatment that de Reszke gave his people, a sort of aristocratic authority, the imprint of the man who was "the greatest operatic artist of all time". The second year we were in Paris, Mrs. Stevens took an apartment close by and I came to know her very well. She walked in one day and informed me that she was going to teach me to act. I was so delighted I could hardly speak. We started right that minute. She was the most lovable and patient of teachers.

The "stage deportment" that so pleased our friends in Bloomington when I returned, I learned right there. She taught me first how to walk across a stage, to turn, to kneel, bow, the many and varied courtesies, and most important of all, how to fall. That wonderful "fall" of hers, I never found anywhere else. Gesture work was begun but by that time, she had to leave and with her engagements and the events in both our lives, we were never able to continue. I was able to go on from there later with other teachers but the fall and the certain foundation work she gave me, I never found anyone else teaching. All this work was pure kindness on her part, "without money and without price". She had a peculiar kind of self-consciousness, if it can be called that. I can't seem to think of a better word. She seemed always so afraid that some day someone would penetrate that wall of reserve she had built around herself and find her out -- discover what an utterly adorable and great-hearted woman she was. I found her out in a hurry. She saw that and, I think, at first it bothered her but as she knew us better, she came to trust us and then she didn't seem to mind our knowing her secret.

She gave me the greatest "moral support". In dealing with some of the catty chatter-box element that seems to hover around the edge of any big studio, She would say to me "Keep still! Saw wood! Someday you'll have a big wood pile! I did!"

At first, when I referred to any of these catty chatterers, her face would go perfectly blank, without a flicker of expression, but

her eyes would grow bigger and bigger until they seemed almost to cover her face. Finally one day she told me this story.

In the early days of the de Reszke teaching, she said, he had classes and in these classes were all the early students, including herself. Maggie Teyte, already a popular success in London, the wife of the Hon. Cecil Edwards of London, later to have a big success at Covent Garden as Madame Edvina; Lucille Marcal, one of the first "glamour girls" of the opera and who later married Weingartner; the brilliant and beautiful young Alex. Androvitch; and all the others; also the usual crowd of rich women that he always had around him and the usual number of titled ones. Most of these were beautiful women, expensively dressed. Nearly all of them were show-offs. Great art is always dumb in such a gathering and a great artist still in the embryonic stage pitifully incapable of coping with them. And Minnie Stevens with her sweet, so much more than beautiful face, was not wearing pearls or sables. They must have let her have it! So, so amused at her struggles. There are probably no words in any language to describe what she went through with those women at those lessons. On her way home, she would stumble down the subway steps, blinded by her tears. At the foot, she would already begin to get an iron grip on herself.

She would say to herself, "Minnie Stevens! See these people mulling around here on the platform! They are the people you have just left in the studio! But see that --" Here she would jump up and grab my hand and point, dramatic as "Brunnehilde". She would say to me "Do you see?" pointing. Of course, I saw. Who wouldn't see where "Brunnehilde" pointed? I saw the headlight of an oncoming train, coming at great speed but still a great way off, impressive even at that distance. She would continue, "I would say to myself THAT is Minnie Stevens! She'll arrive some day!! And she did!"

That little story, so acted out, would leave me completely exhausted emotionally, but feeling cheered and comforted and ready for anything.

We arrived in Paris in July. Jean de Reszke was away for the summer. Later, when he returned, we found him hemmed in by much red tape, and about as easy to see as the "President de la Republique". Those of his students that I met were delightfully frank in informing me that the master would never waste his time on one so young, so naive and so ridiculously unprepared as I.

During the summer we had done the usual sight-seeing and we had found and furnished a small apartment. I was now ready for business. By the end of August, every boat sailing west was filled with Americans going home. My uncle, Charles L. Wagner, who had been with us on and off during the summer, sailed with them. The throngs of friendly, chattering Americans around 11 Rue Scribe and on the boulevards, vanished practically over-night. Paris took on the aspect of a really foreign city and it began to rain as it does there, almost continuously during the winter. For the first time, we were conscious of the vastness of the deep wet ocean that separated us from home.

I was doing some work in languages with a wierd little man who began now to preach a doctrine that I was to hear much of over there:

I will call it, for purposes of brevity, "learning by living". Some students were so occupied with it that they never got around to taking any lessons and wasted little time on scales and arpeggios. One of them told me that she considered bringing a Mother with me to Paris really quaint!

This time the wierd little man told me that he would call for me at three o'clock the next morning and take me across Paris to see a public execution by guillotine. I almost swooned! With my tender heart! Then he went into his routine: "If you wish to be an artist, you must see! You must feel! You must experience! You must look upon terrible things! etc., etc., etc., etc. I got rid of him and told Mother what he had said. We looked at each other bleakly. It was raining torrents outside. Our little grate fire sputtered disconsolately. We were cold. Mother said, "Let's go home." But we didn't. After a while she said, "Well, we're here now. Why don't you learn how to sing if you can? And we'll worry about the guillotine and 'learning by living' later." And that's what we did. I managed to make something of a career without ever attending a public (or private) execution!

Soon after that I had my audition with de Reszke. He wasted no time in idle words or compliments. Surely there was little to compliment. But he must have seen raw material that he considered promising for he put me in ahead of a long waiting list and started my lessons at once.

He said, "You know nothing. We must work very hard!" And work we surely did.

I knew no languages, no opera roles. The few arias I had learned in English had to be done over to resemble opera and relearned in their original language. I think it amused him to see how much work he could pile on me. I took a new aria or piece of opera, learned and memorized to each lesson. That was never less than twice a week. Along with the new, we continuously reviewed the accumulating "wood pile" as Mrs. Stevens called it. At the end of three years, I was dropping in my tracks but I had roles, repertoire and had made great vocal progress. I was very content.

My first real vocal encouragement had come oddly enough from Madam Melba. She dropped in one morning to weep on the master's still-handsome shoulder, over something that had upset her. She heard a snatch of my lesson and waited to hear more. After that she inquired many times and came to hear me again. De Reszke was a good deal impressed and spoke of it many times because Madam was supposed to have a permanent peeve at young singers. She had had considerable experience with budding genius and had found it very hard to take. For that reason, he felt that her interest in me was a very favorable indication of how things were going.

We were now seriously considering debut and I had decided to stay another year. I went to take my last lesson of the Paris season. Tired as I was, I intended following him to the sea shore for another four weeks before stopping for the summer. It was a good lesson. At the end of the lesson, he began to talk. He said some wonderful things -- things infinitely precious to me now -- of what he expected of me -- of what he thought I could do. They didn't all come true but they could have and they should have if for no other reason than that he said them.

It was worth all the effort and the weariness. He suddenly stopped talking and laughed like it seemed to him an odd time to be making a speech. For it could have sounded like he was telling me goodbye. He gave me a pat and said "Au Revoir! See you soon." and I floated out of his presence, bubbling over with joy at what I had just heard.

I never saw Jean de Reszke again!

My little French doctor spoke firmly and finally that afternoon I was packed off to Switzerland for several weeks' complete rest. We had hardly reached there when World War I burst upon a horrified world. Before I could realize what was happening, I was back in America -- shocked, dazed and heart-broken at losing my teacher.

I felt completely at a loss without de Reszke and it was a long time before I could make any kind of adjustment. I thought many times of Joseph Hoffman's immortal words "To whom can one go after Rubenstein?" To whom could I go to complete the work of Jean de Reszke? I felt I had no choice but to go on alone. I was still suffering from nervous exhaustion. It was a year before I sang for my friends in Bloomington. That concert, when it finally took place was met with so much kindness and enthusiasm among the friends there that it was a great inspiration to me, and is one of my happiest memories.

There are no words to describe May Christian. She was so lovely, so finely intelligent, and so kind. She was capable of acting with courage and initiative or cooperating willingly and tactfully with others. She was a wonderful President of the Amateur Musical Club. She had been in touch with me all through my studies, both in Bloomington and in Europe, and it was in a great measure due to her efforts that the concert under the auspices of the Amateur Musical Club was such a fine success.

Never was a girl given a more cordial and heart-warming homecoming. So inspired, one could only do one's very best.

After the concert, I returned to New York to fritter away another winter in a so-called opera school with which I had become involved. Not only were wonderful engagements to develop in this place but a whole new opera company was to emerge, composed of the "stars" in the school. I did not quite believe all that but I was still trying to complete the dramatic work I had started with Mrs. Stevens and I figured that if I got nothing else in this place of rosy promises, I would surely find that. They took all the money I had and exactly nothing happened. A sign on the door proclaimed it a school. Usually an accompanist appeared sometime during the day and we sang through the same old opera that I had been doing for years. As the building was unheated in the coldest winter weather, we sang with our breath forming icicles before our faces. Finally I gave up hope of any instruction there and said goodbye sorrowfully to the money I had paid them, walked out and got my first engagement in Grand Opera by the simple expedient of singing for the Manager.

Silingardi, a South American opera man, was taking a company to Central America and the West Indies with a preliminary season at the old French opera house in New Orleans. He was greatly pleased with my voice and my de Reszke style and engaged me for the leading dramatic soprano

roles. I signed a contract in Spanish and was actually paid for my debut. I like to think of that in these days of buying operatic performances.

I could hardly have picked a debut more to my liking. The old French opera house in New Orleans dated from the old days when that city had been one of the first and most important centers of music and culture in this country. Adelina Patti and many other great artists had made their American debut on that stage.

I sang "Santuzza" in "Cavalleria Rusticana" for my debut. My other roles were "Aida" and "Leonora" in "Trovatore". My debut was a great success. The papers gave me splendid notices. I was hailed as a coming star and I was very happy.

The engagement ended with the New Orleans season. A revolution started in Central America and our backers could not take us down. The boat which we were to have taken was lost in a hurricane. The next year the old French opera house was destroyed by fire. I felt I had been very lucky -- lucky to have made a debut in that wonderful old place and very, very lucky not to have sailed on that ship!

The members of the Silingardi Company were experienced opera people and a number of them went from that engagement to the Chicago Opera Company. It was understood that I could have gone too, at that time, but I returned to New York for more study. I was still looking for a system of operatic acting with the variety of gesture that the great artists all seemed to have.

There were opera companies all over the country at that time and many fine singing artists. I made many sorties into opera in those days, always running back to New York at the end of each engagement to continue my search. I finally found Enrica Clay Dillon, herself a pupil of Mottino of Milan, and I worked out his system with her.

After completing my work with Miss Dillon, I joined the William Wade Hinshaw Opera Company in New York, making my debut as "Marguerite" in "Faust", with fine success.

I have always found New York a very easy and happy place to sing. They are so nice if they like you. For the most part, they understand well what you are trying to do and are very appreciative of anything good.

Thus equipped at last the way I wanted to be for opera, my destiny now led me almost exclusively into concert!

After the Hinshaw Opera season, I had the opportunity to join the "Artist Trio" under the management of my uncle, Charles L. Wagner, and I was under his management for two years at that time. This trio consisted of Carolina Lazzari, of the Chicago Opera Company, and Renato Zanelli of the Metropolitan and myself. Frank La Forge was at the piano. We had a big success and continued the concerts into another year. During this time, I also had trio engagements with Zanelli and Charles Hackett, also of the Metropolitan and with Zanelli and Carmela Ponselle. I had started my concert work with a joint recital with Zose Mardones of the Metropolitan for

the old Rubinstein Club of New York, a much sought after engagement. The next year I made a coast-to-coast concert tour in joint recital with Zanelli and following that, a tour as soloist with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

In the course of my professional activities, I sang a number of times with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. I sang in Saint Louis and Kansas City with the Saint Louis Orchestra. I sang in Minneapolis with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra and with the Los Angeles Symphony under Walter Henry Rothwell. I also sang in New York with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. I made a tour of the South in joint recital with Riccardo Martin.

Scattered through these years were many recitals of my own, and many special engagements of various kinds. The usual number of Spring Festivals and engagements at the summer Stadium Concerts in New York, the big charity benefits in New York and elsewhere. Through all these years, Angelique V. Our, philanthropist for whom a tree is planted in the Honor Grove in Central Park, was a greatly esteemed friend and I sang many times for her charities. I was a very busy singer over a period of years.

During my first season of "Trio" concerts, I returned to Bloomington for my second concert there. This concert was under the auspices of the "Daughters of the Revolution" and managed by that dearest and friendliest of little women, Mrs. Riggs. The concert seemed to please all the dear friends there and it was a great pleasure for me to see them all again and to sing for them again.

Just before the depression, I made one more long tour of many weeks in this country and in Canada, in my own recitals. That was my last. By the end of that tour, the depression was upon us. There was no more concert business, almost no opera, during that period. I had been very active for a long time. I seemed to be having some vocal trouble, and I was glad to stop for awhile. I had no idea that I was stopping for good.

I have a big box of most beautiful notices from one end of the country to the other. Few singers have anything finer. They are now yellowing with the passing of time but I like to take them out and look at them sometimes.

"There will never be another Jean de Reszke" Henderson said and he said this when there were still many fine opera singers, long before the present puny output. DeReszke came to be the most maligned of teachers yet his classes were crowded as long as he taught.

Many came to believe that the much talked-of-at-the-time de Reszke method was really non-existent. It may not have been an exact science of singing. Such a thing is pretty hard to find, but his pupils all sang. When you were with him, everything he told you seemed to coordinate and you sang. I made amazing progress with him. When I left him and for a long time afterward, I sang but when I started slipping, I was not clear enough about method and vocal technique to catch myself up and the tinkering of other people finally and definitely ended my career.

That is my theory of what happened to nearly all the de Reszke pupils, including the one we loved most. I have sometimes wondered if these

old, great artists had not been singing so long that to them singing had become a natural thing, like walking or breathing, and that they had forgotten just how they learned and were not too clear about how they did it. Yes de Reszke could give you the ingredients of great vocal art, as no one else could, if you were smart enough to see them for the pearls and rubies that they were and put them together for yourself later like a jigsaw puzzle. That is what I did finally after my own vocal collapse, and I was able to do this because de Reszke had given me the picture that went with the puzzle, the picture of what great singing could and should be. That was the really priceless thing I got from Jean de Reszke. Without that picture, I would have been lost indeed, and I would never have found it anywhere else. There was "only one Jean de Reszke".

So I found my rainbow. After a lifetime of looking and searching, I had to make it myself!

The final putting together of my vocal jigsaw puzzle came too late to be of use to me in my past career but it gives me something stable to work with now. At any rate, I have proved to myself that there is a way to sing, a method which is clear-cut and fool-proof, and as exact and dependable as any other science.

Jean de Reszke had that himself and he told me that last day that I, too, would find it some time because I would never stop until I did.

There is, of course, still another ingredient that goes into the making up of a fine and convincing artist -- the greatest and most important ingredient of all -- the one that not even Jean de Reszke could give. That ingredient is a deep and sympathetic understanding of the human heart. You do not "learn" this merely "by living". I have seen that tried too many times. You must be born with the germ of it. Then, no matter what your own life experience may be, it develops as you go along.

A career is like a merry-go-round that goes around and around very fast. If you fall off, you can get back on again usually, if you "know your stuff". But it is a very high jump and the merry-go-round never stops for anyone and as you grow older, it seems to go faster and faster. You have to pick what looks to be a clear space and jump very fast. Otherwise, the horses will be on top of you. And it makes a terrific din as it goes around so that sometimes you think it is pleasant just to sit on the benches and watch the others go around and around. From there, the paint isn't quite so bright or the animals so flamboyant and the racket doesn't make your head tired. This sounds disillusioned and resigned and I am neither one. I would give anything in the world to be back in the middle of it again now. I really like the funny animals and I don't mind the din, only the jump was so very high and it was going so fast! Had my father lived only a little longer, I would surely have tried to make that jump but there I lost a great incentive and much motive power.

In a case like mine, it is hard to say just what one does for one's parents and how much one does for oneself. The Wagner family was a compact little trio. I can't say that the temptation never came to me to try to expand us into a quartette, but any hint of such intention caused such consternation on the part of the other two that the idea soon perished,

and I have no regrets. Some families seem composed of individuals; some expand naturally into quartettes. The Wagners were really a trio.

Mother furnished the "vision" for our outfit in the early days. Not always were her little feet within miles of being on the ground but she was wonderful beyond any words to describe and she possessed amazing determination for such a quiet little woman.

My Father was not entirely the quiet plodding business man that he appeared. Henry Wagner was definitely and incorrigibly stage struck. Not for himself. He had had no opportunity to think of a stage career in terms of himself. Nor was he, to my knowledge, in the least unhappy because of that. He just liked to worship humbly at the feet of people who could do things. But they had to be good! He had no patience with work that was botched or slovenly. He had very fine taste -- seemed to have been born with it -- for he was not a man of great education. While his great love was for music and the theatre, he hero-worshipped with equal fervor a good Republican President, Maude Adams, Lindbergh flying the Atlantic, Caruso or Babe Ruth. If they did a good job, he loved them.

That kind of temperament usually finds an outlet in much reading, especially of biography. My Father perhaps felt that he had had enough books in his life. My Father read the "Pantagraph". He did a job on that paper. He would park himself in the easiest chair and put his feet up, and he would start with the first word on the first page. He would go through that paper as the vacuum cleaner goes over the living room rug. It is not quite fair to say that the "Pantagraph" formed his opinions for him because to the best of my belief, he was a thinking man. It was just that he and the paper were always in such perfect and complete accord. During the many years that we lived in New York, he read the "Times" in the morning and the "Sun" at night, but never less than three times a week, he would bring home a "Pantagraph" from Times Square. The same item of press news could be in any number of papers. If he read it in the "Pantagraph", he believed it. My Father trusted the "Pantagraph".

Of the many teachers with whom I studied at various times, there is no point now, at the end of the rainbow, in going into the wanderings and meanderings and detours that led nowhere, but I like to speak gratefully of five people who gave me help that was practical enough, and professional enough to be of use to me in a career. The five are Jean de Reszke, Mrs. Stevens, Enrica Clay Dillon with whom I worked out the Mottino System of operatic acting, Frank La Forge, human encyclopedia of all things professional who was of great help to me in my early days of concert work, and, of course, Mr. Skinner.

Since so many things go into the making up of an artist, I would like to mention here a teacher of my childhood who I still think was one of the greatest educators I have ever known -- Miss Estelia Hughes of Franklin School. It is impossible to estimate all the things I learned from Miss Hughes.

"She is a cross old lady. You won't like her." one of the children said. I never saw her cross. I never heard her raise her voice but her children behaved themselves and they got their lessons. What is more, I attended school regularly that year. I used to fret myself into the most miserable nervous headaches from sheer boredom with school

routine and all too often my poor parents could hardly do other than let me stay home.

Miss Hughes would follow the school routine until she felt like taking off on one of her little lectures. Any chance word might release her flow of ideas. Then she would stop everything and begin to talk. I marvel now at her vast fund of information on so many subjects. Tropical birds of political ideas -- she never talked down to her fifth graders and you could have heard a pin drop in the room. She would talk serenely through the lesson hour if she felt like it and she usually did. Quite often she would open a little drawer in her desk, take out the necessary implements and do her finger nails while she talked! Finally she would glance at the clock, and discover that the lesson hour was over. Then, undismayed, as if to prove her dominion over mere time and school curriculum, she would say, "Now, scholars" (she always called us "scholars", not "pupils". I loved that word "scholar". It made you feel like "somebody" as the Italians like to put it.)

"Now, scholars" she would say, "we will sing 'Beautiful Isle of Somewhere'". And how we would sing! Once in a while we sang something else, but rarely. If we had known about "theme songs" in those days, I would have said "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" was her theme song.

"Somewhere the sun is shining,
Somewhere the song birds dwell"

It is not in the heart of a child to question or to wonder just what that song meant to her but I came to love it, too.

There was never any apparent rush or scramble to make up work. Somehow we came out on schedule and when time came for promotion, not a child was left behind.

At the time of my last Bloomington concert, Miss Hughes took what must have been almost the last of her money to hear me sing. I would so gladly have sent her tickets if I had known. The next morning, somewhat after sun-up, she phoned Marion Stubblefield (of the "little Vandervorts") "I want to see her right away." she said. "Come and get me."

It is characteristic of Miss Hughes that Marion hesitated not one second, nor did I, when she phoned me they were coming. We were her two little girls again and "Teacher" had spoken. We loved it and wanted it that way.

I was so glad to see her! I did not know so many questions could come of of any one human being. We went over every inch of my life's experience from the time I left Franklin School to that moment. For that reason, I wondered at the sense of incompleteness I felt when she had gone, like something important had been left out. I have always wished that I had sung her song for her that day or that we had sung it together. That time we forgot it.

A while back a girl came to sing for me. Her eyes were red from weeping and she choked up in the middle of her song and had to stop. I said, "It can't be so bad as all that. Do you want to talk about it?" She did. She came from a fair sized city where everyone thought she was

good. She thought she must have at least something. It had been the dream of her life to come to New York to a certain great school here. She had earned a little money. She was here. At the great school, she had taken a real beating. They had told her she had nothing worth training and wanted none of her. She burst into tears. The girl had a beautiful voice but everything to learn and a sad lot to unlearn. Some teacher would have to work very hard with her.

I said, "Do you really believe that that school is the only place where you can learn how to sing?"

She said, "No, I don't believe that at all. But, you see, I have so little background. I thought in that wonderful place that they would surely give me background."

"Background!" I said incredulously. "Background! In a place where throngs of students jostle each other like commuter's hour at the Grand Central Station; where a quiet talk about your work with any teacher is only slightly more difficult to obtain than an interview with the President of the United States; where hundreds of pupils pour out with the rubber stamp of the mechanics and mathematics of music and almost never one outstanding performer in the hundreds?"

The girl looked startled but she said reasonably enough, "Then, Miss Wagner, what is background?"

She had me there. Background, as I see it, is a thing illusive and intangible and not too easily put into words. I had to stop and think and I thought back many years.

In my mind, I saw an Illinois snow storm and two happy little girls dressed in their very best rolling down Main Street in a "closed" carriage to hear about opera at the Amateur Musical Club. I saw the same two little girls giving their first concert before the neighbors, the dear, kind North Main Street neighbors; giving it with high hopes and great effort and ice cream and Mother's fig cake.

I thought of the beautiful new piano, all mixed up with the red glow of torchlight processions and election returns and the much-prayed for Theodore Roosevelt. I remembered the ache in my throat and the tears in my eyes when our own Minnie Stevens, all lovely in her pink and gold gown stepped out on our stage to give her home-coming recital; and I remembered the big thrill of my first notice in the "Pantagraph", and back at the beginning again, the gentle odor of freshly ground coffee, permeating a child's piano lesson. And I thought of Stewart's Music Store.

I am one of those curious people who are inclined to dream the same dreams over and over. One night not long ago I went again to Stewart's Music Store. It was raining outside but the atmosphere within was the usual impenetrable above-the-elements Stewart calm. I had my bag of music and a long list of things to buy. Miss Lucy always waits on me on these occasions and we talk about Bach. Clark was sitting over in the corner playing his harp. He had one eye and ear concentrated on the music but with the other eye and ear he must have been paying us some "mind", for every now and then he would inject a comment into the conversation. This went on pleasantly

for a little while. Then I woke up with the happy feeling of having had a good conversation with two esteemed old friends.

The girl prodded me. She said "Miss Wagner, what is background?"

I came back a long way and the best I could seem to do was to tell her that "background" was something she would never, never find where she had been looking for it. And we started the lesson.

"Somewhere the sun is shining,
Somewhere the song birds dwell."

To paraphrase an old saying, "You can take the girl out of Bloomington but you can't take Bloomington out of the girl!"

I have just returned from a five o'clock rush in the subway where I have been pushed and shoved and "stomped on" in many foreign languages, including subway American. Now I sit down to get my breath and think it over and I begin to think again of that little girl on the front steps, and I begin to think again of all the people -- millions of people -- who had not the great good fortune to be born just where I was, and I am feeling very sorry for them.

I have been told that it is the correct thing to end a long report, discourse, or dissertation, with the words "Respectfully submitted". As one should wish of all things to be correct, I will put here

"Respectfully submitted,"

Grace Wagner (Signed)

New York
September 17, 1950

BLOOMINGTONIANS ABROAD

EUROPEAN HONEYMOON IN 1870

Letters to her Mother

from

Mrs. A. B. Funk

(née Sophronia Josephine Van de Vender)

EUROPEAN HONEYMOON IN 1870

Letters to her Mother

From

Mrs. A. B. Funk
(ne'e Sophronia Josephine Van de Vender)

Introduction

In the month of June 1870, a young American and his bride sailed out of New York harbor for a year's honeymoon in Europe. They little suspected what an eventful year it would prove to be.

They were in Paris when war was declared between France and Prussia. And they were among the last Americans to leave the city before the siege of Paris began. They were among the first Americans to enter Rome after the city gates were opened to foreign travellers. They arrived in Berlin in time to witness the return of the victorious Prussian troops from France.

The young Americans were born and reared in central Illinois, in the heart of the Lincoln country. Their pioneer parents had helped make the early history of the state.

The girl, a bride of twenty, with a classical education was peculiarly fitted to absorb the culture of Europe. Her mind was richly planted with medieval lore and the mythology and art of the past. The man had had three years of college and

had served in the Union army during the last year of the Civil war.

During the war his father, Isaac Funk, of Funk's Grove, Illinois, had made a burning speech in the State legislature which helped to avert a treacherous attempt to weaken the loyalty of Illinois to the Union. Copies of the newspapers containing the speech were sent to many of the camps of the Union soldiers as assurance of loyal support by strong men back home. The young Americans met fellow countrymen and also Europeans who recognized their name in connection with the newspaper sensation the speech had created eight years before.

Every day of their travels brought a new thrill to the young couple. The girl's only regret was that her adored Mother could not share her trip and she poured forth in the diary of her year of travel in voluminous letters that omitted no smallest detail of their daily life, the people they met and their adventures.

Sixty years later the letters came to light. They were found in a little black satchel in the attic. Probably they had lain unread since they were first received.

The girl who wrote them was my mother, Sophronia Van de Vender. She married my father Absalom Funk on May 5, 1870.

From my earliest childhood I had heard my parents talk of their extraordinary experience in travelling in war-ridden Europe. It was different from an ordinary trip to Europe. It was their honeymoon and they stayed a whole year. This was made possible because Father rented his farm land to his youngest brother, Isaac Jr. Then too, few people had taken the Grand Tour from Bloomington in those days. Times were good. The United States was riding on a post war boom. No one suspected that the depression of 1873 was making up like a gigantic typhoon.

Mother's only worry was for her mother's health and happiness and she was eager to re-assure her mother that they were in no real danger by staying on in war-ridden Europe.

The happy young bride covered page after page of thin paper in her clear fine writing, transcribing all her emotions, her fears, her anxieties for her mother, her joy in the rare opportunity she was having with her beloved "Stoky", her gratitude for the blessings that were heaped upon her.

When we found the letters, Mother was eighty years old still living in the home she had moved into not long after she was married. I have always been grateful she had the chance to re-read the letters and live over again in memory that wonderful honeymoon year.

As we read them together we re-lived the numerous incidents she or Father had often told us about through the years, of finding the little Pompeian lamp in a ball of dirt they had kicked about, of the unexpected view she had of the Pope, Pius Ninth, who was giving a private audience to a Russian nobleman, of climbing Mt. Vesuvius and cooking their lunch in the hot ashes. And I became acquainted with the girl and man whom until then I had known only as parents.

Hazel Funk Holmes

Cambridge, Massachusetts
October 1, 1950

HISTORICAL NOTES

In the autumn of 1870 Rome and Paris, two of the principal cities of the world were in a state of siege.

The growing strength of Germany caused jealousy on the part of France. On a slight pretext, hostilities began between the two countries.

Napoleon Third, nephew of the great Napoleon Bonaparte, had been elected President of France with the establishment of the Second Republic after the downfall of Louis-Philippe in 1848.

In 1852 by *accoup d'etat* he made himself Emperor. He launched upon a series of foreign wars -- the Crimean and the Austro-Sardinian, after the manner of rulers of those times who wished to bring glory to themselves and their countries.

But the German war proved to be a different story. Half a million Germans poured into France and in time the French troops were forced to surrender. The terms were heavy:-- nearly a billion dollars and the territory of Alsace and Lorraine were ceded to Germany.

The German victory culminated in German unity. The German states under the crafty wisdom of Bismark were consolidated into a united Empire and in 1871 in France, King William of Prussia was acclaimed German Emperor.

In Italy the trend toward national unity that swept Europe in the nineteenth century encountered the struggle between the Pope and the government. The vatican preferred to keep Italy divided into several small states, or kingdoms, so its power would not be overshadowed.

European countries also for reasons of their own opposed Italian unity. But the wave for political unity spread in Italy and when Napoleon Third was deposed in France and the French nation was too busy defending its own territory to interfere in Italian politics Italy took possession of Rome and declared herself absolute temporal ruler with the consent of all the European governments. A law of guaranty was passed assuring independence to the Pope and liberty to the Church. It recognized in the Pope a sort of spiritual sovereignty independent of the temporal power which had been taken from him.

Grand Hotel, Paris, France
Boulevard des Capucines
June 25, 1870

My dearest Parents,

I presume your minds are at rest now that your children are safely landed as we cabled* immediately after landing. I can imagine the joy and happiness it gave you and the tears of gratitude for our safe arrival.

The wharf at New York was crowded to see the departure of our boat, the "Ville de Paris." The immense vessel, three hundred feet long, sailed majestically out of the harbor with her four hundred passengers bidding adieu to everything pertaining to "terra ferma".

As it was an all French crew on board I had to make use of all the French I could muster and at first I scarcely recognized the French language when spoken so rapidly.

Now that it is over with I can tell you about the dangers we experienced the night before we landed at Brest. We had a foggy trip most of the way and the nearer we approached the French coast the thicker it grew. The night before we were to land at Brest the big boat kept creeping along slower and slower and at times it would stop entirely as if feeling its way with its nose. Finally we heard the anchor chains rattling and the next morning when we looked out the fog had cleared and we found our ship in the center of a ring of pointed rocks jutting sharply up from the sea any one of which would have torn the bottom out of our boat if the seas had not been as smooth as glass. And only a few hundred yards away were the shores of France! The captain had lost the bearings in the fog and when he realized he was surrounded on all sides by the rocks that border the Brittany coast he cast anchor until morning.

Poor Stoky was seasick all the way across but I never missed a meal and the Captain and all called me the courageous and good sailor. The ship was so long that it did very little pitching. The passengers seemed to guess that I was a bride though my poor husband was very little with me. One charming Frenchwoman, Madame Michalis took me under her wing during the whole voyage and helped us in landing with our trunks and tickets. Her husband is in the wholesale business in Paris and he, with his two daughters met her at the station when we arrived in Paris.

The next day Mme. Michalis drove us around the boulevards stopping at a large wholesale store where we ordered a lovely dress for me with ruffles and wide cluny lace. The whole will cost \$24.00. Also I bought a grenadine overskirt; and a sacque to wear with skirts this warm weather as a dress waist is so hot.

*(The first message was cabled across the Atlantic Ocean only twelve years before, in 1858)

We went into some of the fashionable shops and who do you think we saw? None other than the Empress Eugenie herself! She stood beside me at the counter close enough to touch her and I missed no detail of her costume. She wore a light silk gown with a pattern of tiny pink and blue flowers, the skirt made with very wide hoops, and a close fitting bonnet, the whole front covered with clusters of light blue for-get-me-nots and with blue ribbons tied under the chin. She was exceedingly simple and pleasant in her manner and is a strikingly beautiful woman. We also had a close view of the Emperor sitting in the open victoria outside awaiting her and escorted by footmen and guards. He had small blue eyes and a huge imperial beard

Yesterday we went to the opera. They have been years building this beautiful opera house. Tickets for boxes and seats have been engaged for five years ahead and the building is not all completed yet.....

One night we visited Le Jardin Mabille, the great dance garden. It is an enclosure with trees of every description and inside is a large ring with an orchestra where congregate some of the most beautiful women of the Parisian demi-monde. They go into the dancing ring and lift their trains around them and dance and kick and the one that can kick the highest is the champion of the evening. One walked up to Stoky and kicked off his stove-pipe hat!

Such an interesting day at St. Cloud, the summer residence of the Emperor; though we were not allowed to enter the building as he is living there now. The grounds are beautiful with a dense wood surrounding lawns and gardens yet with all this magnificence I presume there is no one who suffers so much anxiety and fear, for his career may end as many great conquerors have --- that of his Uncle, Napoleon First for instance.

That night we witnessed the grand illuminations and fireworks. But before they were finished we did not think them so "grand" for we were gazing up at the illuminated heavens with rapture when suddenly I saw a crowd of people around Stoky, beating his chest excitedly chattering like madmen! A flaming sky rocket had fallen down and lodged in his vest! Fortunately they extinguished it soon but not before holes were burned clear to the skin through his clothes.

The next day was our Fourth of July, and we spent it quietly as you know they don't celebrate it here. In the evening we took a ride down the Champs Elysee and saw some elegantly dressed people and some magnificent carriages and turnouts, with fancy dressed livery; the coachman wore powdered hair, tight white knee breeches, etc.

I'm looking for a letter from you every day and hour. I have just sent Stoky to see if there is a steamer in. Lots of love from us both,

Your Tony,

Grand Hotel, Paris France
July 2nd 1870

Dearest Mother,

I feel about 20 pounds lighter since I received your letter and you said you were well. I imagine up up to your elbows in strawberries, currants and other fruits. You need not make me any jelly for I am coming home to eat yours up. And the wine! I guess that a jug full will hardly satisfy Stoky nowadays. The French people drink wine at every meal; they think it looks funny and "green" to drink plain water and the water is very poor here so they have to use wine. When we drink any such we drink champagne for it is the only right cheap thing in Paris.

One has to be very careful in trading for they cheat your eyes out if they can. I had a good joke on Stoky. He bragged that they, the French, would not cheat him! He went shopping yesterday and brought home a Guide to France, a little book, for \$3.00. I looked it over and found it would be no use to us. He said he would trade it for another so out he went very mad, but came back with a dozen pictures and a small pocket book and a shirt that he paid \$3.00 for and a white stove pipe hat (the one the demi-mondaine kicked off his head at Jardin Mabille!).

July 28, 1870 Lucerne
Switzerland

My dearest Mother

I imagine you twenty times a day, your hair waterfall and all, standing on end from fright with this war!....But fright or uneasiness is unnecessary for it does not place us in any danger, only overthrows our plans....Events shaped themselves so rapidly we scarcely had grasped what it all meant when one morning we heard much excitement among the crowds and Stoky went down to see what it was all about.

A bulletin was posted saying war with Germany had been declared. There have been no battles as yet. I don't think it will amount to anything. We had noticed excited groups of people around bulletin boards for a few days in Paris. But could not make out what it was about. Then we bought English editions of the Paris papers and discovered that the French Government is upset over the fact that the Crown of Spain has been offered to a Prince of Hohenzollern who has accepted.

On July 5 it seems that the French Government declared to Baron Werther the Prussian Ambassador, that France "will not tolerate the establishment of any Prussian Prince on the throne of Spain. One of the papers says that "a foreign Power, by placing one of its princes on the throne of Charles V, would disturb the present balance of power in Europe to the disadvantage

of France. The Government wishes for peace passionately but with honour."

But a few days later the Spanish Government officially announced the choice of Prince Leopold regardless of protest.

Just as we were beginning to wonder what to do a note came by special messenger from Madame Michalis advising us to pack up and leave Paris at once. She came to see us later in the day and said that it was best to go but that we would be back in six weeks. The Emperor had been so successful in his other conquests that this surely would be easy. She suggested that we take only hand baggage and leave our trunks as our plans would be so unsettled, so here we are in Switzerland with our satchels and valises, while our two trunks are stored in the basement of the Grand Hotel at Paris.

So we did and before we left we heard that all the gates of Paris were being closed to travellers. There is great difference of opinion among Americans here as to which side is responsible....I quote here from a London paper:

EXCERPTS FROM A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING

On July 5th: The French government declared to Baron Werther, the Prussian Ambassador that France will not tolerate the establishment of any Prussian prince on the throne of Spain!....

July 10: Much excitement prevailed in Paris because the Spanish government had officially announced the choice of Prince Leopold Hohenzollern with the approval of Prussia regardless of French protests.

July 11:..... to July 17: Much discussion between the ambassadors of France and Prussia. The candidature of Leopold is withdrawn. France does not accept the renunciation of the Prince as a satisfactory settlement but demands that the King of Prussia should forbid the Prince to alter at any future time his decision. Bismark insists that the present solution of the Spanish question be final and satisfactory to France and further if a withdrawal of the menacing language of the French Ambassador be not made the Prussian government would be obliged to seek explanation from France.

July 17: A formal declaration of war by the French government to Berlin

July 29: Proclamation of the Emperor Napoleon III to the army. He affirms that the war "will be a long and severe one." July 31: Departure of the King of Prussia from Berlin for the seat of war."

Lucerne, Switzerland
August 2, 1870

Dearest Mother

Since I last wrote you we have made a little alteration in our mode of living. One day when Stoky and I were out walking we saw the sign of "Pension". We talked with the lady in charge who was French speaking, no English, but I made her understand and she showed us rooms which were five francs apiece with board or \$1.00 a day. At the hotel we pay 5 francs for the room alone and five francs each for dinner and breakfast, so we moved yesterday.

The fare is not elaborate! For breakfast we had tea or coffee, bread and butter, without salt, and honey. The dinners are more change of plates than anything else and nothing for supper other than the same kind of food we had for breakfast! With such fare they can afford to board us cheap.

The house is beautifully situated on the bank of Lake Lucerne, the clear calm lake nestling at the foot of the giant mountain is lovely and imposing. Mrs. General Banks with her two daughters have been boarding here. The daughters were here in school. General Banks is a representative from Massachusetts.

The war will not bother us, only deprive our visiting Germany at present and it may make money and food a little higher. If the other nations get into it we shall leave. Since coming to our pension I have been very industrious. I bought a sofa cushion to work. I wish the time to come when we can sit down and sew and talk as we used to do for we will have so much to talk about when I come home.....

Hotel Baur an der Lac
Zurich, Switzerland
Aug. 10, 1870

My dearest Mother

I wrote you a week ago and not since for I knew it would be no use as all communication was cut off from Paris at present. Gold has gone up very high since the war broke out. We drew some just before it went up and were lucky.

There is a great difference of opinions among Americans here as to which side is responsible for the war. Some think that the French had no pretext whatever on which to declare war and hope they will be most gloriously thrashed.

Mrs. Michalis wrote to us to return to Paris as it was safer than any place but the small pox is raging there and it is very hot and here we feel safer from any kind of disease and from the inconvenience of war.

Before leaving Lucerne we ascended Mt. Rhigi to see the sunrise and sunset. Most of the party walked but I rode horseback. As we neared the summit we were enveloped in a cloud and dense fog and we very cautiously wended our way up for we did not care to walk off into a cloud as a poor man did the day before and fell hundreds of feet.

The hotel on the very peak of such a high mountain was like a city hotel. We had no sunset but we retired praying for a clear day. Next morning we were aroused about 3 o'clock by the shrill notes of an Alpine horn and we dressed our stiffened limbs thinking what fools we were tugging up a mountain for five hours and getting up before daylight to see the sunrise, but when we were out in the clear air it was so invigorating I soon forgot my drowsiness.

In the east we saw the King of the day in his golden chariot. There was the faintest light upon the tops of the snow clad mountains growing deeper and deeper like crystal and coral then touching the lesser heights, lighting the grassy valleys, the golden wheat fields, the lakes reflecting the blue sky. And each little village becoming distinct in the sunlight. We stood enchanted with the beauty.

The train we came to Zurich on was more like a parlor than a train. We had a coupe all to ourselves, six large, red velvet sofa-chairs, Brussels carpet, center table and all. The Americans are thick here. All fly to Switzerland for safety. We are going over the Alps into Italy soon. I almost wish we could be in Paris to see some of the excitement.

Your loving Tony,

Hotel du Parc, Lugano Italy
August 22 1870

My darling Mother,

I know you would love to hear all about our trip across the Alps over the famous St. Gothard Pass. We left Lucerne Thursday morning at five o'clock. There were four in our party. A Miss Smith and her mother from England. Between us we hired a private carriage as cheaply as we could have gone in the lumbering "diligence" (public omnibus).

It seems utterly impossible to find words to describe the wild scenery we have passed through and come out alive. We were three days on the road. We left Lucerne by boat traveling the length of the lake where we hired our carriage. And we rode up and up all day long. The most wonderful spot was the "Devil's Bridge" a fall of a hundred feet of water rushing and roaring and throwing spray. It was here that a battle took place in 1799 between the Austrians and French and the

bridge was blown up by the Austrians to avert defeat and hundreds of soldiers were hurled into the abyss.

By evening we arrived at Hospenstadt and found an excellent hotel up in the top of the mountains.... The next day we thought would be down hill but to our astonishment we climbed higher and higher How the people live God only knows? Their winters last eight or nine months, fires are needed all summer and the sun does not shine more than four hours a day on some of these valleys even in summer.

At one place the road was just wide enough for the carriage to pass between great walls of rock towering up to the very skies. We were nearing the avalanche region where the road is protected by arcades of stones..... There will be no danger of Italy being molested unless by the Pope. But we are not coming home until we see Germany for Napoleon cannot cheat us that way.

It is evident that he is getting badly beaten so far; even his own men are turning against him and they have conducted him to Rheims and removed him from the head of the army ---- It is thought there will be a revolution in Paris the latest news came while at dinner by despatch that the French main army is cut off from Paris and it is thought that the Prussians will march on to Paris!

Goodnight, dearest Mother, your
loving Tony,

(note: In the meantime disturbance in Italy became more violent. The trend toward national unity sweeping Europe in the 19th century boiled over in Italy when France was too busy defending its own territory to interfere in Italian politics. Heretofore the Popes had preferred to keep Italy divided up into several small states so their power would not be overshadowed. Other powers of Europe also for reasons of their own opposed unity. But the rising tide of political unity became irresistible. Italy finally took possession of Rome and declared herself temporal ruler with the consent of all the European governments. A law of guaranty was passed assuring independence to the Pope and liberty to the church. It recognized in the Pope a sort of spiritual sovereignty independent of the temporal power taken from him.)

Hotel de la Paix, Florence Italy
September 18, 1870

My dearest Family,

We have marched on so far with the soldiers towards Rome but will have to halt here sometime on account of the Pope's

orders "no foreigners are allowed to enter the city." All gates they say are closed and barred. The last news was that the Italians sent word to the Pope to open the gates by a certain hour or they would batter down the walls.....

It is very strange that two of the principal cities in the world are in a state of seige, (Paris and Rome) and may be taken any day! And here we are driven from one and waiting to visit the other. It is difficult to know where we shall settle for the winter.

By the time we make up our minds to any place we'd like to visit, war is declared and we have to skip..... However I'll not regret being over here this year for we are seeing Europe in its wild excited state. We have never heard anything about ordering Americans home. There is no more danger now than any other time only it is not as pleasant traveling as the trains are always disconnecting on account of the many soldiers going from place to place.

They say the patience of the King of Prussia is about exhausted. He says he will not recognize France as a republic; so they must fight it out. Napoleon III is faring most sumptuously and entered his domains more like an Emperor or King than a prisoner.....

Palazzo Borghese, % Mrs. Chapman
21 Via Pandolfini
Florence, Italy
September 21, 1870

My darling Mother,

We came here to stay after a week at the hotel where they charged us outrageously even for the ice in our water! We are very comfortably situated now and at much more reasonable prices, and we have a small cozy sitting room and bedroom. Mrs. C. is an American from Boston and you get something more for breakfast than horrid bread and coffee!

I presume when you read of these terrible times and we happen to be in the same country where they are experienced, you worry yourself sick

Here we are in Florence where the King lives. It is now the capitol of the country and one would hardly know there was war in Rome.

Last night were the first demonstrations. Red, white and green flags began to wave. The Pope is no longer a God or a King...Victor Emmanuel is now King. It seems very strange that we should be over here to witness the dethronement of

two such powerful men both happening within a few days of each other. We could go on to Rome anytime now or within a few days as the railroad is torn up fifteen miles outside of Rome.....

I have seen so much of royalty since last night that I can hardly tell you of it. Thirty-six men from Rome came to inform the King of the voting victory... The train was met by the King and his court, ten carriages passed by all with dark bay horses, magnificent carriages trimmed heavily with silver..... and in the evening there were illuminations of which words fail me. The lights were concealed and their glow shone only on the buildings; the King's palace was fairy like.

The King's palace was illuminated with only one color, they do not illuminate here as we do, it is much finer. The Uffizzi Palace, and Palazzo Vecchio were marvellous. The lights on them were concealed somehow and only threw their glare on the building. It had a very high tower and this dancing glaring light seemed as if Heaven were pouring rays of light down. When we turned the corner and first came upon its beauty I fairly screamed aloud. We drove out to the Caccine gardens, the great driving park where the King gave the deputation a great dinner at 9 o'clock in the evening.

The trees were full of red, green, blue and yellow balls what they were and how they got lanterns up there I can never tell. Soon cheering and music commenced and the carriages began driving up. Then one of the men from Rome came to the window and addressed the immense crowd below. The great dinner we did not participate in but would have been glad to have been lackey, coachman or anything else.

The grand parade when the deputation arrived from Rome was indescribably but I'll try: At three o'clock the train came in bearing the dignitaries. They were met by the King and his court in carriages. Such a crowd you never witnessed; in the short time we began to hear some exquisite music. Mounted guards dressed as I cannot begin to tell you, and behind those came the King's carriage with two footmen and coachmen all dressed in red broadcloth trimmed elaborately with silver, pure white knee breeches, buckled shoes and stuffed calves. Their uniforms were gorgeous. Flowers began to shower down every where from all the windows.

We are very glad to learn that the Pope had sense enough to order the flag of truce for the place will not be in such a disturbed state and when we are ready to go everything will be peace and quiet and I hope we will see the old Pope himself. Of course the king will remove there as that will be the capitol. We often see the King here just like any other citizen. We met King Victor Immanuel the other night

while walking. He is not a handsome man but is fine looking. Stoky raised his hat and he bowed so we have been greeted by the King of Italy.

Mrs. Chapman's Palazzo Borghese
Sept. 28, 1870 Florence, Italy
21 Via Pandolfini

My dearest Mother,

I am only going to write you a few lines for two reasons. In the first place I wrote you a long letter Sunday and the second -- nothing to write! But as this was the middle of the week and I had a little spare time before tea, I thought I would devote it to writing a nice little letter to my Dear folks at home. For I know if my letters are appreciated as yours are one would be acceptable every day.

We are situated nicely now and we would love to winter here. Mrs. Chapman and her family are so very nice and pleasant so much like our own people and we get such nice things to eat. We feel perfectly at home. The guests here are all Americans mostly from New York or Boston. The consul and his wife in Rome are here and such sweet people. There is a Captain and his wife and her sister they live in Brooklyn, New York. He is captain of an immense ship called "Sunrise" so he brought his wife and sister-in-law with him, they were 27 days crossing a freight ship,--but they had a jolly time.

Today the Captain was attending to some business so the ladies took us with them sightseeing. We went first to the Lorenzo Church where the "Medici" Chapel is. It is lined with precious marble, the crowns on each tomb are set with emeralds, pearls, diamonds. It was first built to bury the body of Christ which they intended to steal from Jerusalem but were ~~found~~ out so had to give up their scheme and it was afterwards used for the bodies of the "Medici" family who reigned here a long time during the 17th century.

We visited two or three churches, one containing the body of Michael Angelo and also we saw Dante's tomb. From there we visited some of the modern sculptors' galleries. Mr. Hart's such a funny old man, a bachelor and decidedly lovesick and Mr. Meade's also an American and very nice. He is the one that is doing the statues for the monument for Lincoln's tomb. He is making himself famous by another piece which is for a New York gentleman costing nearly \$16,000. The design is this: Columbus (a large figure) kneeling at the feet of "Queen Isabella" of Spain begging for money as he starts on his voyage of discovery. It is very large with three figures but it is something wonderful how they chip, chip away and bring out such wonderful beauty almost ethereal and soft and sweet enough to melt if you touched it. I like sculpture better than painting.

When I returned I took my Italian lesson. What do you think of that? I thought as long as we were in Italy I might improve my time.

All communication is cut off from Paris. The city will probably be bombarded.

Goodnight darling darling Mother, Your Tony

Madame Tellenbach,
51 Piazza di Spagna
October 1870

My dear darling Mother,

We arrived after a tiresome journey of ten hours, this morning after the frugal old European breakfast, we started out to find a Pension and as the Smiths came the day before we thought we would go where they were not! So we engaged rooms at Mme. Tellenbach's and lo and behold we found them here comfortably installed and we are together again! She puts me in mind of Aunt Eliza all she cares to talk about is dress and she makes Stoky pay all the fees. Otherwise she is very pleasant!

It is dearer living in Rome. We pay \$30.00 a week for two. At Mrs. Chapman's in Florence it was only \$22.00 and we liked it so much.

I can hardly realize that it is from the "Eternal City" that I send this messenger of love to remind you of the two loving stray waifs, you have floating around in the old world and at last arrived at this city--once the Pagan capitol of the world, then the Christian; the besieged; the many times taken; the triumphant and abhorred; the idolized; the knelt to by kings and deified by men. The city which has alternately enlightened and ensalved mankind in letters, art and religion and now enjoys the freedom from Popery and will be the capitol of its own country. And to think that we have arrived to witness this last historic event.

All the streets are swarming with soldiers of the King. Some 40,000 a few days ago but they are lessening now. To all appearances there are many still. In a few days we hope to see King Victor Emmanuel enter in all his glory to take up his residence.

We shall miss the Chapmans, they were so good to us and we had jolly times. They kissed Stoky as well as me when we left. He is a sly cunning boy with all of his shyness and quietness; he wins the love and admiration of all.

Mrs. Chapman helped me so much with my brown velvet dress. It has an overskirt made full and caught up loosely with straps underneath; a short basque, tight sleeves with deep velvet

cuffs and collar, with a hat of the same color and same color kids. The whole costume cost \$40.00.

We have just had a very good dinner as good as Mrs. Chapmans gave us. Stoky and I have been playing and romping like children and now he has taken his Roman history and is reading and I will try and finish this letter this evening--if I can for the fleas! They eat me up! They are as great a nuisance as the mosquitoes.

It is necessary for health to have a south room so the sun can come in and to be high up so as to escape the malaria that rises from the earth and is said to be poisonous at certain times. *

Well good morning my dear Mother, I have just finished putting the room in order and the breakfast bell has not rung yet; and when it does ring it does not call you down to very much--Only cold meat and tea and coffee! But then at one o'clock we have a hot lunch which is in reality breakfast. And we do get delicious fruit here. Grapes and pears all winter long they say.

Today we are going to ride around the ruins and the walls to see where the Italians bombarded the walls and got through. The old Pope has closed the Vatican, the large gallery and all visitors will have to wait until he dies or it is his pleasure to open it. They say he is a sick man. They are fixing up an old Palace for the King to live in.

Oh, I do wish I knew today how you are. Write often.

Your loving child Tony

Dearest Mother

There is so much to see in Rome a person cannot spend one day idle. We have been here one week yesterday and time has sped by at a rapid pace, visiting churches, ruins, excavations, palaces, museums, galleries, etc, until one is completely bewildered with beauty, awe, wonderment, gorgeousness, astonishment and adoration.

Every evening we do not finish dinner until nearly eight o'clock then after that have tea in the drawing room and by the time we get to our room I am fast asleep from the weariness of the day's sightseeing. But I try to read up for the morrow and plan the sightseeing a day ahead.

St. Peters' church has ceilings that are one mass of gilding. Paintings of the finest, the walls lined with precious stones and marble peculiar to the country. The floor is of

* (It is evident that mosquito control in relation to malaria was not heard of in the seventies.)

the same polished marble with its different colors laid in such beautiful patterns. It is so highly polished it reflects the ceilings and other objects as well as a mirror. No seats as we have. The poor and rich worship together, kneel together with their bare or patched knees or long trailing silks or velvets. It is fearful I think to see the money they put into the churches over here.

And how can I tell you of the ruins, each one speaks of some powerful dynasty now showing it to us only by volumes of history and the many objects that kind Mother Earth had covered but restless mortal uncovers.

They are still finding things, marble statuary, etc. We went into the catacombs, a rather hazardous expedition as the way is a perfect labyrinth winding around and around for miles under ground.

Yesterday we visited a villa, a summer residence of the owner of the palace Borghese at one time but now a museum. The principal place of interest in Rome, the Vatican Palace, is not open yet. It is where the old pope lives and he has barred the doors to everybody, but there was a message sent him from the King that if he did not open them they would be opened by force so in the paper last evening we saw that they were to be open three times a week to travelers. Oh, but the Pope is a stubborn wretch. We will not hear to anything. I think they ought to put him with the French but the Pope is naturally directed by all the Romans as well as all others. To all appearances he has not a friend. We heard that he was going to sell off his things at a private sale Tuesday. No one knows what his intentions are. He never goes out nor the cardinals, although the streets are full of other kinds of priests dressed in every color, red, green, white, blue and black. Different colors representing different students. People say everything seems to be different since Rome is under Italian government.

And we went last night to the opera, a special performance held in honor of the anniversary of the Italians entering Rome just one month ago. Everything was beautifully decorated and something new was introduced called the "Bersaglieri". A band by that name played a certain air when entering Rome so the band struck up this air and about 20 girls came out wearing cocked hats and feathers, green and red and white costumes and danced, while the crowd cheered and shouted "Viva! Viva! Viva L'Italia!"

The opera finished at one A.M. The next day we drove on the Pincian Hill. It gives a splendid view of the soft blue Italian sky and beyond is the strange but beautiful sea-like Campagna. It is perfectly level for miles and miles. It is said from there all the sickness and malaria comes but I don't think there will be much chance for any here nowadays for it is only in dry hot weather they have it and every night

we have rain and thunder showers and through the day it is perfectly charming.

We drove out also to the "Porta Pia" or the gates where the Italians entered Rome. Bullet holes everywhere, cannon balls and shells. In some niches stood two immense marble figures, their heads blown off, hands and feet, the door all split to pieces. The walls are 15 feet thick, and it was in this breach that the Italians made their first entrance into the city of Rome. A great many men were working on the walls and gates and we picked up a piece of shell to remember the 20th of September 1870, the day Rome became Capital of Italy.

Now that I have lived to see so much, Paris, Rome, etc, my joy and happiness is inexpressible. Stoky appreciates it too. He is such a good patient darling, if there is any goodness in me he will certainly bring it out. I know there are not two in the world who appreciate more this blessed privilege of seeing the different countries as we two.

Madame Tellenbach's
51 Piazza Di Spagna
Rome, Italy
November 6, 1870

My dear, dear Mother,

Another Sunday has rolled around and still finds us in charming Rome. With the same good health and happy spirits as when I last wrote. Although it has not brought the bright sunshine and the pretty blue sky that we have been blessed with every day, since our stay in Rome, but we have had dark heavy cold rainy days having a tendency to make us feel blue for the last week has passed without news from you. The last letter was written the 9th of October not quite 4 weeks ago. Since I received your letter I cannot help but wish we had made arrangements to have gone home this fall but it is too late to make any such preparations now, the first difficulty is our trunk in Paris which is most too heavy to send to England by balloon, and then too, we would have to go through Germany to get to England and of course we would want at least a day's stop in some of the principal cities and by the time we got to England it would be too late to cross the ocean.

So darling Mother, instead of worrying we ought to be thankful for the opportunity. It seems to me I never realized how much I loved you until now and I am sure if I did not have such a darling husband who is mother, sister, friend and husband to me, I would be quite miserable, but oh, you can never know how good he is. We have been married six months yesterday and not one discordant feeling and I am sure there never can be. I know my disposition is a great deal better. We are more like happy children than anything else, only we've never had a dispute yet. But I suppose you say enough of your sickening honeymoon! Get on some interesting subject.

I know what will interest you and that is about the flannel subject you wrote Stoky about. So you may set your mind at ease for he has "bored" me to death until I went out and bought some flannel. I went on the Corso and bought 6 yards, or metres, which is a quarter of a yard more than ours, 6 white, very nice and fine, 90 cents a metre, and 4 red, 70 cents. The white for underskirt, the red for drawers as mine you got me are in Paris. I'll trim the white with white silk braid and the red with black. Bought thread, mousseline for bands buttons and so on all in Italian. I cut the things out and made them by 5 o'clock, then recited Italian.

I shall keep plenty warm Mother dear. When we reach Germany I will get me some thick stockings. I think we shall winter in Dresden and study the languages and if there is any kind of trouble it won't take long to skip over to England and on home.

The French may repulse the Prussians. Who can tell? For my part I think we have made our visit to Italy just in time for I think peace is not established here yet. The Romans are very dissatisfied because the King does not take possession. Everything is unsettled, no government, no regulations or anything else. Everything is in a state of confusion. The old Pope acting the fool, still making himself a prisoner, thinking by doing so he will excite the sympathy of other nations and be placed upon his temporal throne again. Of course his keeping himself shut up in this manner leaves the impression that he is fearfully abused and has not the power to attend to his Spiritual duties and if he has any Catholic fiends, which of course he has among so many Catholic nations they will certainly arise in arms against his ill treatment and if possible, restore his power. This is my prophecy anyway.

But now I must tell you about our visit to the Vatican. We got in one half day, almost by force. The American consul, who was a friend of ours, secured one permission card from the Pope and so off we went with the Smiths and the one permit. And now for the real thrill. I saw the Pope! Pope Pius Ninth, himself! I never dreamed I would. We managed to secure admission on our one pass by sweet smiles and voluble Italian. While we were waiting with others to make up a party to go through the galleries, I saw one of the magnificent Swiss guards standing some distance away. Some impulse drove me over to him and in my halting Italian I asked if there was any chance of my seeing the Pope. I told him I had come thousands of miles in the hope of catching a glimpse of him! Awful fib!

The guard shook his head violently at first but went away presently and then returning beckoned me mysteriously to follow him. He whispered (with a very garlic flavored breath) that I might catch a glimpse of the Pope if I kept very still, that he was to give an audience that morning to a Russian nobleman.

Stoky laughed at me and declared that the guard was only fooling me. But I dropped quietly behind our party without a word and followed the guard in his gorgeous black and yellow uniform down so many corridors and up so many stairs that I began to fear he was luring me into some secret tower. Finally he stationed me in a corner and told me I might peep through the draperies.

Through a glass door I saw the Russian nobleman approach. And then the Pope, "Pio Nono" in person, came from the far end of a long room. He was clad in pure white and looked very impressive. The nobleman dropped upon his knees before him and the Pope laid his hand on him in a blessing. The nobleman kissed the Pope's ring, they talked a few moments, and then the Russian backed out of the Pope's presence and the interview was over! But I had been an unseen spectator of a private audience. No one ever heard of such a thing and the guard said he would be dismissed if discovered.

At night at dinner, the Smiths were boasting of how they got us in the Vatican with only one permit and I was bursting to exclaim "Well, I saw Pio Nono and you didn't." But I did not dare mention my unusual experience.

Private Pension Suez
36 Riviera di Chiara
Naples, Italy
November 20, 1870

Well, dearest Mother

We have ascended Mt. Vesuvius! I tried to overcome the frantic desire as it is a most fatiguing trip, expensive as well as dangerous now, but it seemed such a shame to be so near the burning mountain that I could not resist. So one morning we started. We rode part way by carriage, the rest on horseback until we came to the foot of the cone then it is almost perpendicular. One either has to be carried up on chairs or walk.

The walking is almost impossible as you wade in cinders and ashes knee deep. I was carried up by four men and Stoky started out to walk but the poor fellow gave out so he was pulled up by a strap by one man with another behind to push him and even then he was almost exhausted. My men had to set me down every few minutes but finally we got to the top, nearly 4000 feet high.

The first thing that greeted us was the fumes of sulphur. They almost strangled us, and set us to coughing and gagging so we had to hurry over to the windward side. The whole top of the mountain was smoking. But the crater that has destroyed so many lives and cities looked as you would imagine orthodox Hell would look! *

* (Since my Mother had been brought up in the Unitarian Church her conception of Hell was entirely unorthodox.)

An immense hole, a mile around, very deep, lined with sulphur and instead of the flames coming out there was lurid smoke. You could hear the roaring of the flames underneath... such gusts of hot air and if you threw a stone down it was hurled up several feet.

The guide cooked eggs and coffee in a few minutes for our lunch over the hot rocks. I sat down on a rock to rest but I arose in haste! Too hot for comfort.

We could not take some of the other excursions we wanted to around Naples on account of brigands that infest the country. They do some horrible things -- catch people on the roads and carry them up in the mountains and abuse them frightfully, demanding large sums in ransom sometimes as much as \$10,000. If it is not sent they return a finger or an ear of the prisoner...and sometimes the head! So we did not undertake such hazardous trips as we want to return with our ears and fingers intact!

Yesterday was Thanksgiving day..... I suppose you are almost frantic now on account of the prospect of another war! Don't worry we are going to hurry on to Germany and if there is a disturbance there we shall go on to England for the war will not be on their own soil and if it is we can go on to Jerusalem! We are having such beautiful weather, new vegetables, flowers blooming and the quantities of orange and lemon groves are wonderful. It is more like spring than the 25th of November.

I am glad that old Gambetta has resigned. I have sent you several "London Times" containing war news etc. We have just been reading the Queen's message.....

Vienna Austria.
Dec. 13, 1870

My darling Parents,

We left Florence last Saturday morning with our charge, Mrs. Chapman's niece, Ada Chapman, who we are taking to put in school. It was a long cold trip with many changes... Mrs. Chapman had put up a nice basket of lunch for us but there was no heat in the cars except two long tin boxes with hot water in them that kept nothing but your toes warm! By the time we arrived at Vienna we had to scratch the frost off the windows to see out!

Our baggage was examined on entering the Austrian border and my heart was in my mouth... all at once the man drew out a long bundle wrapped in the old black dress and revealed the lavender silk material from Florence. There is a duty upon unmade materials... Then he began to search in earnest. I was frantic, thinking of my uncut velvet material at the bottom of the trunk! I went up to my trunk and commenced putting each thing back that he had taken out! Without saying a word. I couldn't anyway because he spoke only German. Some good angel bade him stop and after he weighed

the lavender silk and collected \$7.00 he went away! When we go into Saxony I will not risk them again but wear them under my bustle as I did the "moire antique" silk for my wedding gown that we bought in Canada. Remember?

This afternoon we went to one of the celebrated beer gardens where Strauss and Hess's bands give concerts. It was quite a sight to see hundreds of Germans coming in taking seats at small tables. The Hess band was a treat but I want to hear Strauss before I'll be ready to leave Vienna.

The Smiths have caught up with us again. And are at the same hotel! We have tried every way to go on to Dresden without them but it does not now seem as if we can get away from them!

Bushels of love my darling Mother

Your Tony

Hotel Blue
Prague, Bohemia
Dec. 22, 1870

My darling Mother,

This evening finds us in the cold climate of Bohemia! We expected to arrive at ten last night instead of three-thirty this morning It was snowing hard when we left Vienna and the further we went the harder the storm. At ten p.m. we were nowhere near Prague and we began to grow desperate. Nothing to eat all day, no fire, not even hot water cans. The oil had burned out of the lamp so we were left in total darkness with ice on the windows an inch thick. Our teeth chattered and we kept stamping our feet to get feeling in them again.---- in fine we were a forlorn set.

Suddenly the train gave a fearful jerk and came to a standstill amongst the cold bleak mountains with snow blowing in every direction. They could not drive the train through the immense snowdrift. Finally another engine arrived and at last we were safely landed at three A.M. Out we piled -- bundles, baskets, shawls, satchels into the fast falling snow. Stoky had his hands full with the Smiths and Ada Chapman.

We could not find bus nor carriage to take us to a hotel. So we walked through the deep snow and when we arrived there was not a light nor a fire in the whole house. After storming around for one whole hour we managed to have a fire built, for we were nearly frozen. We asked for something to eat and fairly implored the cook to get us a cup of tea but they would not do a thing until breakfast. So we crawled under our feather beds to wait until morning!

This old city of Prague resembles an oriental city with its many spires and domes. Many of the ravages of the Thirty years war may be seen,--the ground where the great Battle of Prague was fought. (You know the "Battle piece" I used to play on the piano by that name? It seems funny that I should see the place.)

One of the most interesting things we saw was the Palace of Wallenstein with stables all lined with marble big enough to accommodate 400 horses.....

% Fraulein Von Gaermer
Dresden, Saxony
Dec. 25, 1870

Merry, Merry Christmas to you, dear Mother and Father,

How I wish I could make the words ring in your ears as I did in Stoky's this morning at three o'clock, but I'll have to write the dear old words "Christmas Gift" that have greeted you so many Christmas mornings.

You say the time seems so long to you and not to us but you are mistaken, my dearest Mother, for when I think of it the length of time seems almost unbearable and still I ought not to look at the time with regret for every moment is precious and blessed with the offerings it gives us. Such a privilege is not given us repeatedly in our life time and even a year seems short to delve into so much history, beauty and art. And so my jealous Mamma and Papa, when I speak of the time passing so quickly you must not harbor the thought for one moment that you are forgotten in our enjoyment and delight in this Old World for the memory of you both is with me every moment.

We are going to study German very diligently. Our friends at the Pension at Florence begged us to remain there for the winter and tried to make us believe it was quite ridiculous for us on our wedding trip just to settle ourselves down in some German family living on "sauerkraut and beer" to study the jawbreaking language. But not even with such discouragement could they prevail on us to stay.

We have engaged rooms and lodging in a German family of two old maids and an old Father. We will have a nice large room beautifully situated, well furnished, with board, fire and lights, for \$63.00 a month for the two of us.

Yesterday we saw hundreds of Christmas trees being carried home to make many little hearts happy. Ada has gone to dine with friends for Christmas dinner, people who stayed at their pension in Florence. I do wish she was settled in school. These cold days we have dragged all over the city hunting schools and then I have had to write to her Mother and now we must wait for an answer before we can place her in the school.

Our family responsibilities seem to increase the further we travel. We had the Smiths and Ada to look after coming here and our departure from Prague was ghastly. Ada had left the lunch basket at the hotel and as it had the Smith's guide books in it Stoky went back after it. By the time he returned the train was about ready to start-- we tried to find our trunks to be checked but the baggagemen were such blockheads, they just stood and looked at me saying the baggage room was now locked. Just then Miss Smith flew by saying she had got her trunk and for me to get over the railing and go on back and I would find some guard who would get it for me so up I started to climb the railing when some huge man in uniform jerked me back scolding fearfully.

Just then came a terrible shriek and off puffed the train bearing the precious mortals, Mrs. and Miss Smith, and we were standing with tickets and satchels in our hands perfectly powerless. How mad I was and poor darling Stoky as patient as any lamb!

After three hours wait we finally boarded a train that was so slow it stopped at every little station and waited for passengers coming in from the country. They went so slowly that the passengers got off when they wished without the train stopping. I believe they went slow so passengers could walk when cold as there was no heat in the cars at all.

We rode thus until eight in the evening and were told we would have to wait until two A.M. for a train leaving for Dresden. We were nearly dead already and to sit up in the waiting room was out of the question so we started in quest of the hotel wading through deep snow and when we opened the door of the Inn and started to enter about thirty men were sitting around half drunk, gambling and smoking and drinking beer. They eyed us like hawks when we seated ourselves and ordered something to eat. We took a room and lay down to rest with one eye open to watch for cut-throats until the train time but we fell sound asleep and were aroused just in time to walk to the two 9'clock train. We arrived in Dresden at four o'clock, went to bed for the second time that night pretty well tired out.

Later.

Well dearest Mother, I have finished my Christmas dinner. Here is our menu. First, soup with a soft egg in it. After that some little shiny black beads on toast with sliced lemon which we were told were fish eggs! After that broiled fish with sauce and lemon, next mutton with potatoes and spinach, then roast beef with asparagus, next roast turkey, peach preserves and lettuce salad. Dessert was English plum pudding all in a blaze with burning brandy and vanilla ice cream, nuts, cake, apples, raisins and as it was Christmas we took a bottle of champagne. There were all strange faces at our table --- some from America, Holland, Poland and Russia. Across from me was a Russian Princess

ninety years old talking and laughing as if she were forty, and she speaks beautiful English.

It is very cold in Dresden, 20 below zero the other day. I have put on flannel jackets so now I am covered with flannel and even my shoes that I bought a few days ago are lined with flannel, besides being double soled and heavy leather so you see dear Mother I do take good care of myself. Stoky is writing to some of his brothers. My prayers are for you to keep well and happy.

Your loving Tony

Dresden, Feb. 2, 1871

Dearling Mother,

Last evening we went to one of the most beautiful German Operas I have ever seen. The stage setting and lighting were like fairy land. We had splendid seats, the house was crowded, women beautifully gowned, none with hats on but hair filled up fancifully and many flowers and gay ribbons. Many wore opera capes or ermines over their shoulders.

I had my ermines on, my hair puffed on top, pink ribbons etc. Not a soul did we see that we knew until on locking down in the pit we saw two lone women coming and lo and behold, they were our travelling companions-- the Smiths!

Here the opera commences at six p.m. and closes at nine or nine-thirty. Everybody must be in their homes by ten, the police men blow a horn for every one to shut their doors for the night. These early hours are very nice for one does not get tired as in Italy where it was one in the morning before opera closed. Here everything is order. You never hear any noise on the street, not even a policeman after ten, but early in the morning everybody is up and doing.

The streets of Dresden look very charming this week as from every window long banners are floating and waving for peace. Some are twenty yards long, every color imaginable, flags of all nations and we see a good many American colors. It seems so good to see the dear old flag.

There has not been any public demonstration yet but as quick as the word peace is said there will be! I am very fearful peace will not come so soon as we thought for,-- It will be awful if they go to war again. The French are so wilful and the Germans so hoggish. Of course, it will involve other nations but I hope for the best. They have prolonged the Armistice again.

Yesterday we went to see two of the doves that carried messages out of Paris. We saw one of the despatches and how it is fastened on the dear little things. The Crown Prince of Saxony sent them to his Mother.

Dresden, Saxony
March 1871

Dearest Mother and Father,

The illuminations to celebrate peace in Dresden and the welcome to the Crown Prince of Saxony when he returned from the war were two events that we stayed over for in Dresden and found well worth seeing. Peace illuminations were marvellous. Every house from the King's palace down to the smallest building was decorated with lights making the streets blaze. Most of the illuminations were with gas jets in figures and emblems making a fairy scene.

The plan for the parade was to form a procession with the King taking the lead. Our carriage was about a half hour behind the King. We thought we were a great way behind but we learned afterwards that many carriages waited for over two hours to get into the procession and by the time they got over to the new city the illuminations were turned off!

Many visitors paid from 15 to 30 "thalers" for carriages that night consequently they were very angry at missing things. The day the Crown Prince of Saxony came home there was another immense procession of pedestrians, generals and other important men on horseback or in carriages. Streets and windows were thronged with people waving handkerchiefs and pelting bouquets. They kept the poor fellow dodging, the carriage was filled with flowers--at each corner were four immense white bouquets and the two footmen were continually placing those in order that were tossed into the carriage.

We have had jolly times in Dresden and hate to leave. Herr Ledeques who lives at our Pension has been so kind to us. He is a widower, of only six weeks and is very depressed and says I remind him of his dead wife when they were first married. He is retired now but was private secretary to King John of Saxony in former years and is a very cultured and refined person. He has taken us to exhibitions in private art galleries and other interesting places that we would never have heard of through the ordinary guide books.

We have some new boarders here-- from Colorado named Evans. He used to live in Chicago. When he heard of Ab's name, he came in to see him-- said he knew his father well. We have met several this way. They would ask "Wasn't your father Isaac Funk who made that great speech against the Copperheads in the Illinois Senate?" Or some such similar question that related to the same speech.

I don't know what day we will go to Berlin. They say we can't get board for love nor money -- well yes money at 50 thalers for two per day at the hotels when the King comes. I don't know where to tell you to direct letters. If Paris is peaceful then send to the Grand Hotel. Peace has not been

decided upon but will be or at war again by the time you get this.

God bless you.

Your loving child Tony

Berlin, Monday Evening
13 March, 1871

My dearest Mother,

We arrived all "right-side-up-with-care" this afternoon. It was hard to leave Dresden, the Hauleins Von Germer were so good to us, tried to make us as happy as possible and they loved us very much-- especially my dear boy-- they worshipped him. He is admired very much every place both for his good looks and fine qualities.

We stayed in Dresden ten weeks but as the Emperor is coming to open Parliament here the 21st of March we came early to Berlin to secure rooms. We left our trunks at the depot and started off hunting. We first went to the hotel de Rome, the finest, but found it above our pockets. The smaller hotels were horrid and we were going back to the first when we thought we'd go to the bank for our letters and inquire there for a private boarding place and sure enough we found both. We have a small but comfortable room and it is only 70 thalers a month. At a hotel it would be no less than 40 thalers a week. I don't believe we will get the best things in the world to eat but as our appetities are so good and we get fat on most any thing I think we shall be just as well off in the end.

The people speak scarcely any English which will be good practice for me. I do wish we could get servants in America as cheap as they are in Germany. They pay the cook 4 thalers a month and the maid 3 thalers and they work like horses! Not so much as we pay our girls a week! I think it a shame to work any mortal as they do here but they count what they eat as something enormous and the poor things do not sit down to eat. They eat and work all the while. I think the reason they have to work so hard is because they have so few conveniences here in the houses.

Next day.

The meals here are trying. Bologna sausage sliced, and raw ham and hard boiled eggs which last is considered quite an elegant dish amongst the Germans but I was most fearful hungry so I pitched in to Mr. Bologna and Miss Raw Ham. I kept the poor people waiting a quarter of an hour for me to swallow the last morsel, but our breakfast troubles me the most for the Germans never have anything but coffee and dry bread for their first breakfast and at 11 or 12 dry bread and coffee. But I told them Americans could not live that way, that breakfast was their principal meal and they could not possibly eat without a beef-steak, so we will see if it will come on the table tomorrow at 9.

I suppose we will call on the Smiths tomorrow. We cannot shake them it seems. They stick by us like leeches. I don't care if they will not impose upon A.B. but he is so good he lets them.

Berlin, Prussia
March 18, 1871

My darling Mother,

This is Saturday night and I cannot wait until tomorrow to commence my Sunday letter. We have been in Berlin nearly a week and find ourselves booked to travel with the Smiths again! They were going on to travel through Spain but when they heard our plans we had a note saying that they would accompany us any time, any route! Never asking our permission or anything. Such nerve! However, I am sure we will live through it and I feel sorry for them. She is an old woman and Lizzie is very frail with heart disease so it is right that they should be with someone.

The shop windows here are gorgeous. I have the name of a very good dressmaker to make my lavender silk. Then I am thinking of having a black grenadine. I saw such a beautiful one in Paris last summer trimmed in black and white lace with blonde lace underneath and black over and they look lovely with different colored ribbons and sashes. We shall see when we reach Paris. I suppose everything will be very dear then.

Sometimes I feel a little dubious about getting our trunk for the hotel was sold and during the war it was used as a barracks and of course a building filled with soldiers, the trunks would not remain untouched perhaps, but we live in hopes.

General health in Germany is very good from all accounts and is exceedingly good in Paris considering the fearful struggle they have had. We see by the papers that they are fast making preparations for the entrance of strangers, fixing up the picture galleries and museums, etc.

The 22nd of this month is the King's * birthday and there will be grand illuminations again. He will be 75 years old but does not look so old. I had a splendid view of him and all the court this morning. We went to the Royal church and by luck got splendid seats in the gallery right opposite the Royal Box. There were the King and Queen, Crown Prince and Princes, Frederic Carl and Princess, Prince Albert. Also Lady Moltke, Bismarck and several ladies of the court. The Box was over-flowing with Royal Blood! Used my opera glasses on the sly which brought them as near to me as if I were in the box with them.

The sermon was very affecting and caused nearly everyone in the church to shed tears even the old King.

* (William I had ascended the Prussian throne in 1861. He was proclaimed Emperor of Germany in 1871 at the Palace of Versailles)

The Court here is very plain, not much show, the King never drives more than two horses. The Queen is very vain but looks fearfully ill. I think she has female complaint. The crown Prince, who is the daughter of Queen Victoria, is not at all pretty. In fact they are all ugly in this Court and very large and fat.

Friday morning, March 17th

This morning we concluded to drive out to the oldest fortification of Frederic The Great, after a cold ride of about three hours we landed at a little place called Spandau-- a dirty filthy looking place swarming with French prisoners. After walking around the city for an hour or more seeing the the forts we wended our way to the depot for the two o'clock train which we concluded was better than returning in the carriage as the entrance of the King and his troops was to be at five o'clock and we must see the immortalized personage enter with his train of celebrities for it would be the sight of the season.

But at the depot we found there would be no train for Berlin until nearly four! We stepped into an adjoining restaurant and ate a big steak and drank a glass of beer and were highly amused by a combat of tongues between a French prisoner and a German soldier which almost ended in a fist fight. Fearing something more serious we took our departure and in a short time our train started for Berlin. Our first effort in arriving was to get a carriage, but not one was to be had for love or money until we had walked half the distance when we found a poor concern with a horse that looked as if it had been through the wars and had come home to die!

Every street was lined with people and the Unterden Linden as far as the eye could reach was black with crowds. We gave orders to the coachman to drive as fast as possible back to the depot thinking to see them arrive from the trains but he could not get within four blocks of it so we got out and tried our chance at crowding too. We did get an inch of standing space and were very near the royal carriages when they passed.

We had no more than taken our position when a terrible hurrah and shouting began and the King or rather the Emperor now, with the Empress, sailed past in no extraordinary style. After him came the Crown Prince and wife, Prince Carl and Albert. Next Moltke and Bismark looking very impressive in their uniforms. The troops followed tired and dusty in their war worn uniforms. We watched them march past us with mingled feelings for their triumph had brought such misery to the poor French and damaged our beautiful Paris and its environs. I'll let Stoky tell you more in detail. God bless you, darling Mother. Write often, do not worry about us.

Your Tony,

Brussels, April 10, 1871
Monday afternoon

My Precious Mother:

Yours of the 14th of March has just been received, read and re-read. I knew by my dream last night that there would be one from you this morning, for I never dream of water or of crossing water but what I receive a letter very soon after.

So Stoky brought me one one month old and it had been the rounds, nevertheless it did me a great deal of good, for your last letter was so very blue and you had such colds and so forth that I was almost beside myself with anxiety and had imagined you every place but on this earth.

Darling Mother, you think because I am away from you, surrounded by everything new and alluring that I have forgotten you and have become another person, Mrs. Funk for instance as you say in your letter, not the Tony Van: Heaven only knows my constant worriment and longing to be with you! God only knows what I would do if I had the common run of husband, but mine is an angel and tries to take your place in every possible way, of course a husband's a husband and a mother, a mother and when one has such ones as I have nothing in the world can take their places.

We are planning to come home as soon as we can get our trunks. A.B. has gone down to see if the consul can get it but cannot get a word of an answer. Communication is out off again. We are very glad we did not get into Paris. It is in a pitiabile condition, worse than it ever has been; bombarding; pillaging the churches -- killing each other in the streets, filth and disease; oh, it is terrible! A.B. wanted to go in after them but I would not let him -- for they say it is very dangerous.

You seem to know more about the war than I do. Truly I did not know about "Worth" returning - but it is almost impossible for us to find out anything in the way of news not seeing newspapers and meeting few travelling. I am very sorry I did not have my clothes made in Paris for I had directions for every place to go. As it is now I have not one but have to race the whole city over to see where you can buy the cheapest although everything is Parisian and stylish here. One get's imposed upon in every movement and besides things are not much cheaper than in America, board as well as everything else. We pay \$40.00 a week with everything in proportion.

Brussels has been so thronged with people since the war and especially now since the revolution of Paris. A famine is predicted. At present over 25,000 Parisians have flown here for safety and all the Americans going home this spring are having their clothes made here as it is next to Paris in style.

I have given my order for my pink satin. It is a new kind of quality of satin, lovely, will not break or muss as the common

satin does. I have given it entirely to her, told what I wanted it for. She said it would be prettier draped with a tulle pannier, short before, long behind, (as they make all the panniers now.)

I have ordered a grenadene black suit also which I think will be pretty. I have not given my lavender yet. I want to wait and see if I get the trunk, for if I can't get the blue moire' antique to make long, I suppose I ought to have my lavender made so or with a court train which will take as much as two dresses, as I would rather have one whole dress than two half ones for they put so much trimming on the nice dresses. It takes more for the pannier than the whole dress, full, puffed and long behind, and the long skirt flounced and ruffled to death. They trim in two shades a great deal, a light brown with dark, etc. Some put a number of bias folds, a shade darker, with waist rounded, points before, basque behind, sleeves open some, just plain flowing sleeves with flowing undersleeves. Some gathered at the elbow into a tight sleeve with flowing ruffles. I'm almost frantic to have your help in decisions I must make.

A.B. is too indulgent. He never stints me in money, says it is as much mine to use, as his. But I know we have more years than this one in Europe, I hope so anyway, and if we followed all temptations that beset us on every hand I am afraid we would not have much left for building our house and raising a family in a few years hence. I would buy pictures to bring home but we are going to wait for we can order them after returning through the American consul in Rome if we find we can afford them later.

I do wish you would come over here and we would travel this summer together. I know you would get well in Switzerland with the bracing mountain air. We would meet you at Liverpool. If you will do this telegraph us at London and we will make no further arrangements about coming home next month.

Your loving daughter

Tony

Brussels, April 22, 1871

Well Darling Mother, we have just got the last trunk strapped. Oh, I am so tired I can hardly tell my name and well I may be after standing on my feet all day packing three big trunks. I don't know what I should do if it were not for "your boy", but he is truly my help mate in every thing and he has fussed around as much as I, but now I am happy to say, we are all ready to start for London tomorrow morning at 9, going to Antwerp, and taking the steamer there and go cross the channel up the Thames directly to London, but now I consider my worst jobs over. I have two trunks packed ready for America that will not have to be touched again until we arrive at New York-- and then they will have to be examined, but I am so thankful they are done --

so much towards home. Everything has come home in good season, and I feel comparatively satisfied with everything. Your brown is perfectly lovely-- no words can express its beauty. It has been the great admiration of the house.

Won't you look stunning when you get that on! Oh, it is so pretty in every way, new style which will suit you. My pink is equally as lovely, of course. Not trimmed all over with thread lace but with tulle and some points. But my lavender suit, I tell you that it is bully - style covered all over with buttons and tassels, entirely new, it is awfully stylish. My grenadine I am not so well pleased with, nevertheless it is nice. My blue moire' has made up very pretty, trimmed in white applique a finger deep, your Antwerp silk is elegant, a beautiful pannier and waist, trimmed with fringe and the skirt also. The silk being so very heavy does not want much trimming. I do hope they will both fit you nicely.

I have had very good luck in everything. They all congratulate me in having so much good fortune and getting through so quickly for I was sick in bed a week. I have ordered all these and had them made within a week and sent to Antwerp for silk besides. Several ladies who have been here longer than I trying to get dresses made and have nothing yet --- promise and promise but never doing it. But mine have all been on time and I consider myself quite fortunate in all my under taking considering my unsophisticated taste and being such a "green-horn".

My bonnets are lovely. One all white tulle trimmed in point applique lace and long branches of white flowers. The other is black lace which I think looks a little too old for me and I expect I'll give it to you. But everything is a bonnet this spring and these are so pretty.

But there is one thing that I have found out while packing, that I consider not quite so much good luck. That is some one has stolen my long black skirt not the pannier and waist. Now is not that enough to make the oldest woman in the world swear a blue streak?

I do not know where it could have been taken unless at Berlin. It makes me so mad, but Stoky says it is better that than my black velvet or short suit or my ermines.

Expect my next letter from London, good night dear Mother

Your Tony

London, Tuesday, May 9, 1871

My Darling Mother, This every scrap of paper I have in the house but I must give vent to my happiness at receiving a letter from you while at lunch. I was so glad to get your letter but it

was so short, you know you always write so large that it does not take more than three or four words to fill up a sheet but those few words did me a sight of good for I am always anxious to hear from you..... Ab has gone down to see about engaging passage also to get tickets for the opera to hear Patti sing in the opera "Othello". We have not been out much of evenings as we have dinner so late and by the time we are done we feel so languid that we stay in.

This morning we had a royal feast, the Queen came in to London and we got tickets to stand in a pen and gaze at her royal highness while she got out of the car, walked across on a carpet to her coach and four. We had a most magnificent view of her. Dressed all in black-- a short dress. She was dressed remarkably plain and I could not realize for the life of me that it was really the Queen Victoria before me so unqueenly does she seem.

With her was the Princess Beatrice about 13 years old. She was dressed in blue and there were the ladies of attendance and her man servant John Brown that has been so much talk of!

She holds a grand reception this afternoon. Ab and I went to see a number of dresses made for the occasion. Oh, such dresses, costing a thousand or so! I gave up all idea of ever attending a Royal reception. Now we have two more royal heads added to our list, the Queen Victoria and Prince of Wales. I suppose our last doses of Royalty this trip. They have not much interest for me now as I have seen they are nothing more than man or woman.....

We saw the Prince when he was driving yesterday. He was followed with many elegant carriages filled with Princes and Princesses and nobility on the way to open the "Exposition".

It is said the people are very discontented with the Queen. She hardly ever comes in to town and when she does only stays a few days, and never shows herself. Whenever she rides it is in a close carriage shut up. She lives very retired. I believe the Prince of Wales is much more sober than formerly. At least he is much more respected, but not as much as he ought to be. They say none of the men like him but he is a great favorite with the ladies. And yesterday when he passed the ladies took out their handkerchiefs and waved, the gentlemen did not even as much as raise their hats. I did nothing but stare which I have become accomplished in since on this side. Perhaps you think that is why my eyes have troubled me, at any rate they are almost as well as ever.

We will take a short and hasty tour through Scotland and Ireland then for home to see your dear face. How can I wait.

Here comes Ab from a visit to Parliament so I'll have to stop writing for the present and hear all about it.

Until then adieu, precious Mother,
your child Fronie,

London, England
Sunday afternoon, May 14, 1871

Precious Mother

I will rest myself from packing by scratching you a few lines letting you know that we are enjoying the same blessing of health as formerly. I have just been packing Ab's clothes and other things in the trunk we received from Paris. I packed the others in Brussels. Have packed one valise full of shirts and changes to last until we arrive at New York as our trunks will be left in the banker's care and they will forward them on to Liverpool, when they will be put on board and we get on at Queenstown so we will have no bother about baggage also less expense. Much better than hauling them through Scotland and down to Ireland.

We will leave London for Edinburg Tuesday or Wednesday morning.

Yesterday we went out to Hampton Court where Henry the 8th George the 3rd, Charles the 2nd lived and many others. The great beauty lay in the grounds which are so lovely. Miles of walks through flowers and under trees. And it is there where the Queen has all of her fine stock raised, her racing horses and other fine breed. But the day was so bitter cold that nothing was enjoyable and we were only too glad to get home.

It is such an everlasting job to see anything in London. You have to ride about a half hour or an hour in a cab, bus or underground railway (which is the quickest) to the station and then ride another hour or so to the place you want to go. By the time we get to any place we are dead to begin with, but these underground railways are the grandest things. It saves so much time and bustle. Of course it deprives one of seeing the city. We have tried all the modes of conveyance in London but we like the Hansom cab the best, which is of course more expensive as you cannot get in or out for less than 25 cents.

Well dear Ma, I cannot finish your letter now as I must prepare for dinner, will finish this evening or in the morning, until then a kiss-----

(continued by Absalom)

As Fronie is feeling a little lazy after eating such a hearty dinner, I will slip in a few lines while she is in the parlor resting. They give us so much to eat here we almost flounder ourselves after being half starved for a year. This decidedly is the best boarding house we have been in since we left home.

Am somewhat disappointed in London, that is in the buildings which are much smaller and less imposing than I had expected to find them. They don't compare with the buildings of New York. Of course the city is very large and extends over a great deal

of territory but it is wanting respect to grandeur and magnificence, it is not at all my idea of a great city.

The Imperial Hotel
Belfast May 24, 1871

My dear Parents,

Faith and by Jabers and sure we are in auld Ireland! Arrived this morning at 7. Left Glasgow yesterday evening on a very nice boat and altogether had a very pleasant passage across the Channel as smooth as glass all the way, but were two hours late in getting in this morning on account of a dense fog, but as we approached the "Emeral Isles" the fog broke away and gave us a most charming view.

It seemed more like a picture than reality and the nearer we approached shore the more beautiful was the scene. The bays of the most vivid light green with blue hills rising beyond covered with white cottages and improved and cultivated in the most exquisite manner clear to the waters edge.

We came immediately to this hotel bought a good breakfast then proceeded out to look around the city. It is not noted for the sights it contains, but as a fast growing town and full of trade and business, but to all appearance a very "slow business." Of course a great manufacturing town principally of linen. I doubt if it is much cheaper than at home as it is no use for Americans to try to get anything cheap and how it is they can always tell Americans at first sight I cannot see, but they do undoubtedly.

Ab would have me get a "Bogwood" set of jewelry for he thought it such a peculiarity. Being the real Irish bog oak which grows no other place but in Ireland.

We are going on to Dublin this afternoon at 2 o'clock by the train. 4 hours ride I believe.

We are getting nearly at the end of our travels on this side and I am sure I am not sorry for I am all tired out and I think I begin to show it in my face. I saw two big wrinkles in my forehead. My hair is drawn back straight. I am wearing green glasses, am terribly tanned and freckled. So now my dear Mother you may imagine the appearance of your dearly beloved bride of a daughter, but wait until I make my appearance in Bloomington. Whew!

We have only 3 more days from today before we sail and arrive in New York about nine days later. If we have a favorable voyage we will get in the 7th or 8th of June. How is it with you? Borrowing all the imaginary trouble you can, naughty Mother?

You cheer up and be gay, think of the merry times coming.

We met a Cincinnati gentleman who is going to sail on the same boat, the Java. He says she is a splendid ship.

I must stop. Keep good cheer, much love to your self and a 1000 kisses. Sticky sends love to your self and to Pa.

Your Tony,

PERSONAL LETTERS FROM ABROAD
Written by
Helen Davis (Stevenson) to Her Family
1888 - 1889

Contributed by her Daughter, Elizabeth Stevenson Ives

TO MISS JESSIE DAVIS FROM SISTER, HELEN DAVIS

(Mrs. Lewis G. Stevenson)

BERLIN

June 6, 1888

Dear Jessie:

It is a beautiful day, Papa would say "Nothing so perfect as a day in June". The noisy sparrows are flying in and out of the locust trees that shade our window, and beneath me in the little garden which borders two sides of this building are the most beautiful roses of all colors. They trim the bushes up for several feet, then let them branch out, till they resemble little trees or huge bouquets on sticks.

The yards or courts here of the private residences are shut in from the street by high iron fences, and are laid out in little gravel walks, which are daily carefully swept and sprinkled with sand. There is very little lawn, it being almost entirely covered with trees and shrubbery, and that little is usually made stiff and hideous by pieces of statuary or a snaky fountain.

Jessie, you will be interested to know that dogs are used here almost as much as horses. They are hitched to wagons about six or eight feet long by three or four feet wide, and which are too often over-loaded. The master walks along by the side of the wagon, guiding the dogs by a thin pole fastened to the bit to pull the load. Most of them are very large and strong and look as though they were well cared for. I am sorry to say the women do the heavy work in Germany and you see the poor creatures all through the city sweeping the streets and parks and carrying such heavy loads on their heads and backs.

Some of them wear a kind of yoke of wood, that fits around the neck and extends out over the shoulders in two arms and to which are hung buckets or baskets. I have often seen three buckets on each all well filled. These women and the house servants go about the streets with nothing on their heads.

Well I must give you a synopsis of what we have done since I wrote you a week ago. The two days following our excursion to Potsdam were spent in rest, with the exception of a call on Mr. & Mrs. Bray, who left Wednesday morning for Dresden. Thursday we called on Mrs. Guthrie and took a walk down "Frederick Strasse" and "Unter der Linden".

The shop windows are usually handsomely decorated, but of course at present they are all dressed in mourning, with flowers and pictures or busts of the late "Kaiser". One window especially attracts our attention. It is the whole-sale "Beer House" and the Kegs and bottles are heavily draped in crape.

Friday morning along with a "Fraulein" in this Pension, we visited the "Royal Palace". It is an immense massive structure rising four stories in height, while the vast dome above is higher than the building itself. The original building was a castle erected by Elector Frederick II in 1451, and since then during the different reigns great changes and additions have been made. In the time of Frederick the "Great" the palace served as a residence for almost all the members of the royal family and contained the royal collections of late years, it is mainly devoted to receptions and the entertainment of royal guests. Of the six hundred apartments which the building contains, only a few are open to visitors. We entered from the inner courts and after obtaining our tickets, were led up through the building by a steep winding drive-way of brick. It remains a mystery with me how horses manage to ascend this. The first room we visited was the old guard room, and here we were given some huge moccasins to put on to protect the polished inlaid wood floors. I declare I was insulted at the pair the guide gave me, but I guess he was impartial. Well, we went from hall to hall and from chamber to chamber gazing at quantities of gold and silver plate, statuary, rich tapestry, trophies of war, and pictures of the Great Electors and "Frederick the Great" and all their sisters and their cousins and their Aunts. The Picture Gallery 196 feet in length contains numerous portraits, and some very fine as well as interesting pictures, among those we most enjoyed were portraits of "Charles I of England and his queen, Napoleon crossing the St. Bernard and a large picture of the late "Kaiser William" returning home from the French war and among the soldiers around him, we recognized the striking face of "Moltke".

The most beautiful piece of ornament in the palace is an immense crystal chandelier brought here from Worms and under

which, at the Diet of Worms, Luther stood when he gave his Declaration of Protestantism.

In the evening of this day we took a walk with Frau Volckman and her daughter Fraulein Gressler in the Thier-Garten. It was a perfect moon-lit night and as we strolled among the trees through which the moon occasionally shone, I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful, and wished over and over again you were all with me. This garden is about two miles long and three fourths of a mile wide, and is the largest and most attractive park near the city. Every King and Queen seems to have a statue erected to their memory and the Deutschen look on them with such reverence, while with us it is cold curiosity and sometimes admiration.

Tomorrow we expect to visit the palace of the late William I. In the evening we shall go to the theatre to hear Miss Howe sing. She is an American and is made a great deal of. The papers compare her with Patti.

Now Jessie, my dear, you must write to me once in a while. I am a long, long way from home and unless I hear from you frequently it seems so much longer. How is it with Taddie? I shall write to him next.

Today is commencement, I suppose, at the University. Tell Laura McGurdy I have thought of her all day and wish I could have been there. Write and tell me all about it.

We have been in Berlin two weeks and it doesn't seem any time. Just four weeks ago today we left N.Y. and five weeks from next Saturday we left Home Sweet Home.

I will mention just a few of the places we visited. The Treasury, the State, War and Navy, the Helms, the Reichstag, the Kaiser's Palace, the Reichstag, etc.

One day we went into the Reichstag. There we met Mr. Bismarck. He was surrounded by a crowd of people. We were not allowed to go in. He was very kind and he immediately began talking to us. He was very kind and he immediately began talking to us. He was very kind and he immediately began talking to us.

On the afternoon we visited the Reichstag. We met Mr. Bismarck. He was very kind and he immediately began talking to us. He was very kind and he immediately began talking to us.

LETTERS TO MR. & MRS. W. O. DAVIS

FROM DAUGHTER HELEN

Berlin

June 14, '88

My dear Mama:

I started a letter in N.Y. telling you of our trip from home but I couldn't finish it then and now it is missing. We had a very pleasant journey from Chicago to Washington. I felt a little squeamish all the way but not as seasick as usual. Lewis was so very kind about my ticket and brought us elegant fruit and candy. If it hadn't been for Lewis' fun, I should have given up before I did.

Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. H. and Duff met us at the depot and Mrs. Stevenson took us in her carriage to the Willard's Hotel. She invited us to stay with her and on our refusing, she insisted upon our taking dinner with them but I didn't feel able to do so.

Monday morning Lewis came for us in a carriage and we visited the city. I will mention just a few of the places; The Treasury, the State, War and Navy, the Capitol grounds, the White House, Smithsonian, Pension building, etc.

We also went into the P.O. Dept. There we met Mr. Stevenson. He was exceedingly kind. Asked us where we expected to visit. We mentioned two or three places and he immediately began dictating letters for us. He also gave us in the evening a letter from the Secretary of State - a general letter. I think Mr. Stevenson one of the loveliest men I ever met and he spoke so beautifully of Grandfather and inquired carefully for you all.

In the afternoon we visited the Capitol. We met Mr. Rowell who took us all over the building. I enjoyed the debate in the House of Representatives more than anything else. We also called on Mrs. Stevenson and looked into an art gallery or two.

love to all,

BERLIN

June 19, '88

My dear Papa:

I think I must now tell you of the Royal funeral held yesterday in Potsdam. Last Friday when the Kaiser died we thought of course we should go to the funeral, but as the time drew near and we found it was to be held in Potsdam and of the thousands that would go, we about decided to give it up. We were disappointed and talked of it at the table Sunday evening. Suddenly one of the young ladies spoke up saying that she would go and take us. We were delighted and accepted the proposition.

The first train for Potsdam was at six and to catch that, which it seemed necessary to do, we had to rise at five. After eating a slight lunch we started, caught the train and arrived at Potsdam at 6:30. We experienced some difficulty in getting the good place to stand that we did and the best of it was, we didn't have to stand all of the time. We took turns in sitting on a little stool which was kindly offered us by an English lady. The appointed time for the procession was half past eight but it was late and did not begin until eleven. During this wait there was considerable to be seen. Such as the Royal carriages, companies of soldiery and the most elegant, elaborate floral pieces, taking six or eight men to carry some of them. The road along which the procession came was profusely draped on either side in black cloth and strings of oak leaves. And here and there were immense arches, beautiful yet appropriately decorated. The strange thing to me in this decoration was the incense which was kept burning in a number of places.

The procession now came and was almost entirely composed of bodies of soldiers, both foot and horse, and when I tell you this was about two hours in passing, you can readily believe there were over forty five thousand of these soldiers. This soldiery preceded the bier which was drawn by eight horses. These horses were covered with black and were each led by the bridle by a liveried coachman. The bier itself was draped in white and gold while the coffin was of

garnet velvet richly trimmed in gold and at the head of which lay the massive gold crown. Immediately preceeding the bier were six ministers, among whom was Bismark's son carrying the sword. Directly after the bier walked the "New Kaiser" then came a body of clergymen followed by the priests who were gorgeously arrayed. Among the physicians who now passed we saw McKensie and his assistant, Howell. The ambassadors rode in carriages and to note the difference in their dress was very interesting.

A body of old celebrated soldiers now passed and with them there seemed to come a blaze of light as the sun shone upon the medallions or medals and badges which covered them so completely that it gave the appearance of a shield. One of these was Moltke, the great military hero, and a fine brave looking man he is. Next came the Royal carriages and we had the following Royal personages pointed out to us: Prince Henry, brother of the new Kaiser, Prince Leopold, Prince of Wales, Crown Prince of Spain and Sweden and the King of Saxony. Companies of infantry and cavalry now brought the procession to a close. The body was buried in the "Friedens Kriche" or the Church of Peace, and a very impressive feature in the ceremony was the firing of the cannon during the interment. Another feature was the dead calm that seemed to fall over the thousands of spectators and which was only broken by the frequent cry of "Zwei beer".

It was a magnificent affair. Such pomp and ceremony I never expect to see again. Our party which consisted of four went in search of something to eat and finding a lunch counter, appeased our hunger with bread and butter. After this refreshment we started for the castle about a mile distant. This castle or Palace of San-souci, stands on an eminence above the city and was erected for Frederick the Great in 1745-47, being that monarch's almost constant residence. It is a one story building, but the unique style of architecture gives it a palatial air. The material of which it is composed is stone and the columns, obelisks and statues are now yellow with age. The shape of the structure is long and narrow with an immense dome. And at one end there is a porch consisting of a roof supported by huge pillars, which leads to an enclosure wherein the favorite hounds and horses of Frederick the Great are buried.

The castle is not inhabited now, the last person residing there was Frederick William the IV, who died there in 1861. The main interest of the palace consists in the many reminiscences it contains of its illustrious founder. His rooms are still preserved almost undisturbed, and for twenty five

pfennigs (about six cents) we were taken through these rooms. I was not disappointed in my first visit to a castle. It fully came up to my childish imaginations of the richness and splendor of a palace. On entering I found I was for the first time in my life, not "dreaming I dwelt in marble halls". Of the seven rooms we were allowed to see, I can say but little, and this only in a general way. Most of the floors are marble, either plain or inlaid. The remainder are inlaid wood and highly polished. The walls and ceilings are marvels. Some are inlaid marble with heavy cornices of gold. Others were plain white, but most beautifully frescoed. The tapestry in some of these rooms was of the heaviest silk, and edged with an embroidery of gold and silver. And few pieces of furniture that still remain are both delicate and massive. Most of them were upholstered but the ones I admired the most were little chairs and tables of gilt inlaid with pearl. There we also saw some fine paintings among those that cover the walls of the waiting hall. The grounds belonging to the palace are very extensive, are filled with the most beautiful trees, flowers, fountains and statuary. I must stop writing now. I shall finish about Potsdam at some future time.

We were delighted at receiving some Pantographs and Mama's letter yesterday. It was just a week since I received Papa's letter.

We begin to feel quite at home here now and would travel about the city with perfect ease, were it not for the attention we attract on account of our appearance. It is really ridiculous the way people will actually stop in the street to look at us.

We have arranged to take four German lessons a week from the teacher in this Pension. Poor, innocent, unsuspecting Fraulein. She little knows what she had undertaken.

We see Dr. Guthrie's folks almost every day. The Dr. has commenced his study in the hospital and seems well pleased. Our friends from New York left this morning for Dresden. I don't suppose we shall see them again as they return to America in August.

The strawberries here have been, up to the last day or so, ten cents a piece. Fruit of all kinds is very expensive.

Hoping you are all well, I will say good night. Remember me with love to all the relatives and friends and with much love to Mama, Jessie, Bert and you, Papa,

I am, Your daughter

Helen

The town of Jena is very old and interestingly built. The little streets are roughly paved with cobble stones and are crowded and noisy at times. In places where the houses are especially picturesque and every one in a while you will see a wonderful subject for your illustrations and your pen. I am a student in the University.

The buildings in Jena are very old and interesting. The streets are very narrow and the houses are very old.

Jena

August 8, 1888

My dear Papa:

We three left here for Weimar early last Saturday morning and after a half hours ride were in Weimar. It is a town of 21,000 inhabitants and interesting especially as the home of Goethe, Schiller and Liszt. At the beginning of this century, all the chief philosophers and literary men in Germany collected in this city.

One of the most interesting objects was the monument of Schiller and Goethe. They stand together before the theatre considerably larger than life size. Goethe holds a laurel wreath in one hand and Schiller is reaching toward it. The expression on the face of each is very impressive. We then entered the Schiller house which is old and rather dilapidated. The poet's rooms were in the third story and are furnished now just about as they were when he was living there. In his little bedroom stands the table upon which he wrote "Wallenstein". In another room the table on which he wrote "William Tell". We now went over to the house which Goethe occupied for 50 years. It is larger and more comfortable than Schillers. We saw the library where he wrote the second part of "Faust" and his table, chair, books, etc. are just as he left them. Off of this room is the little bedroom about 12 feet by 7 in which he died. It was a rather dreary looking place for this greatest poet of his age to die in. I tried to receive a little inspiration by sitting down in one of his old arm chairs

After dinner we walked through the beautiful city park and came to the house of the great musician, Liszt. He lived here from 1869 to 1886. His rooms offer a marked contrast to those of the poets in their size and luxury.

The town of Jena is very old and irregularly built. The little streets roughly paved with cobble stones are very crooked and many of them so narrow that two teams can scarcely pass one another and every once in a while you will see a memorial tablet to some illustrious man who has taught or was a student in the University.

The buildings in these streets are quaint curious old things with plain plastered walls and steep red tile roofs.

Helen

Lausanne, Switzerland

Nov. 1, 1888

Dear Papa:

Oh, we are having such magnificent weather! Just such another fall as we had the first year I was at "Dean" and I can tell you we are enjoying it. At breakfast this morning I heard this interesting conversation about the weather between an insipid looking young Englishman and a fine looking, middle aged English General who has the extreme misfortune of having an off eye which is ever watching over the movements of the other as that in him commands the army.

The first mentioned turned to the General and said, "Jolly fine weather, clever weather, I say".

"Unusual, glorious. I have never seen anything to equal it, heigh?" quoth the General.

"Even in England they are having just such, ye know, and the bees are so awfully splendid!"

Helen

MUNICH

December 23, 1888

My dear Papa:

There is considerable of interest to be seen here in Munich in the way of fine buildings and art collections for which the people are indebted to Lewis I who gave so much encouragement to artists and was ever doing something

towards the beautifying of the city. During his reign, I understand the schools of art held first rank in Germany and some of the most prominent artists of the age lived here but since his death in '79 it has rather been on the decline.

We found a German teacher who would talk with us an hour each day and thought ourselves very fortunate when all of a sudden we received a note from her stating that she had accepted a position as chaperone to an American girl and would be unable to continue with us. But we are glad we took the two lessons if for nothing more than hearing of Mr. & Mrs. Palmer's being here. Mrs. Palmer was Miss Freeman, the President of Wellesly College for so long and we called upon her yesterday.

Helen

MUNICH

Wednesday, Dec. 26, '88

Dear Papa:

This morning while we were still upon, or rather under, our feather beds - they put the feather beds over you here - the girl brought us several letters - one was from the friends at Montreux another from Leo and the rest from "Home Sweet Home". I can assure you there was no thought of breakfast until we had read and re-read them at least three times.

How welcome they were and what good news they contained. So we are really going to live in Bloomington and in a most lovely home. Did you really think I could be in the least disappointed? I am very proud and happy and wish I were there to rejoice with you. It seems a little hard to leave that dear old home where we have spent so many pleasant days and the beautiful trees and green grass but I am sure it will be better for us all in the long run and especially for you and Mama as I think you ought to see more of your business friends who think so much of you and would enjoy knowing you in your own home.

O, we shall make it a very delightful one. We shall have a gymnasium in the barn where we can exercise all the year round, shall have a history class, if we only have our own family.

But I do think we had better postpone furnishing it any more than is positively necessary and you come to Europe next summer. It would do you worlds of good and if you only remain a short time it would pay you.

The fare across the ocean will doubtless be cheaper next summer on account of the Exposition and I shall engage rooms in a "pension" in Paris soon. Do make up your minds to come and get Dr. Elder to come with you.

I must close now with a hope that you are all as well and happy as I am. How good and kind you are to us, Papa dear. Write. Love to all. We leave Sat. Dec. 29th or 30th for Vienna.

Helen

CONSTANTINOPLE

January 23, 1889

My dear dear Home:

Yes, I understand more fully now than ever before how very dear and beautiful my home is and how thankful I ought to be that I was born an American citizen. Coming into this strange and barbarous, yet I suppose civilized - country, not only shows me this but above all the goodness and love of my parents and how much they have done and are ever doing for me.

Wednesday, we took George our favorite guide and visited the famous Mosque of San Sophia which we found to be a most interesting and magnificent structure of at least fourteen hundred years of age, being built in the time of Constantine and his successors. We also peeped into the largest Bazaar and what a mass of rich Turkish tapestries, embroideries and silks dazzled our hungry eyes! I couldn't resist investing just a little.

Well, this day has been a great success. You know in Constantinople there are three Sundays, first the Turk's observe today, Friday. The Jews tomorrow, Saturday and the Christians, Sunday, and this morning we had the extreme pleasure of witnessing the "Salamlik" or of seeing the Sultan go to mass. What a grand sight it was! I never saw anything to equal it

except the funeral of the Kaiser Friederick and really that wasn't so interesting. It would take hours for me to attempt to give you the least conception of it. There is a kind of grand stand erected just in front of the Mosque simply for spectators and while we were waiting here for the Sultan to drive by in his magnificent phaeton, we were presented to a number of distinguished Pasha's who offered us little cups of Turkish coffee and later tea.

Blunt Pasha, an Englishman in the Turkish service, introduced us to his secretary who it proved had a note of introduction to us from Mr. King and expected to call with this gentleman in the evening. He was anxious to know how many of his American friends we know among whom he mentioned Lew Wallace, Rev. Ames, Carter Harrison, etc. etc. Strange to say, we didn't have many common acquaintances. Mr. Ely was with us and all together we had a most delightful time. The day hasn't been a clear and bright one, what we were so desirous of having, but the sun did break through for an instant lighting up not only the immediate scene of the richly caparisoned troops but the Bosphorous Point and, beyond, the Sea of Maranora. We had a good view of the whole affair and saw the Sultan who is a grave, unhappy looking man.

Helen

95 Rue Jouffary

Paris, France

May 3, 1889

My dear Papa:

We went with the English girls and Mr. Craig to see Sarah Bernhardt as Lina in English in "As In a Looking Glass" and enjoyed it exceedingly although we couldn't understand a word scarcely. I have seen her before in Chicago while there two years ago but enjoyed her even more this second time. She isn't pretty of face, nor does she play particularly agreeable parts, but she has a most beautiful voice, so correct and clear, and her acting is, in my mind, almost perfect. I long to see her again.

The Exposition opens on Monday, May 6th. and from appearances I should say it was to be exceedingly grand. A number of the buildings are elegant while all of them are very novel and attractive. They have been at work on them day and night for months and many of them won't be ready by Monday. Indeed I think it will be a month or two yet before the whole thing is in readiness. The illumination Sunday and Monday nights will be grand. Every boulevard and many of the streets are hung with flags of every nation and festoons of gas jets and electric lights-every hear and there you see the letters "R.F." Republique Francaise". The banks of the "Seine" along which the Exposition's buildings extend will be ablaze with colored lights and from the top of the Eiffel tower they will work revolving electric lights.

Paris is perfectly beautiful at present. The trees, which line the sides of the boulevards are all in leaf and the horse chestnuts are a mass of bloom.

One of our chief and commonest amusements is to ride up and down these avenues or out to the Bois de Boulogne on the top of a bus or the tram ways.

Helen

PARIS

May 28, 1889

My dear Papa:

It has been some days since I received my several home

letters but I have had no time to answer them as we have been doing considerable shopping and then I thought you would have Aunt Fannie's letters.

I also received a letter from Rachel Crothers which I was, of course, delighted with.

Tell Jessie to thank her for me and say I shall endeavor to answer it.

I see by the paper that two or three Bloomingtonians are coming to Europe this summer and Jessie says Mr. Creber and Charlie Funk are to be here in Paris the last of June. I should like to see them but we have decided to go to London about that time.

Friday night we had the great pleasure of seeing or rather hearing Miss Eames and M. Jean De Reszke sing the opera of Romeo and Juliette. Miss Eames is an American and made her debut in this opera at the opera house some weeks ago. She has a magnificent voice and is a great success. You would be surprised how many foreign artists come out here. J. DeReszke is one of the first tenor singers in Paris and gets a salary of about twenty thousand dollars.

Helen

by

Mrs. Carl Vrooman

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A LETTER FROM MRS. CARL VROOMAN TO HER MOTHER, MRS. MATTHEW T. SCOTT,
DURING HER SERVICE WITH OUR ARMED FORCES IN WORLD WAR I.

La Courtine—Creuse, France.
Dec. 2, 1918.

The boys have written shiploads of Christmas letters but I haven't written any. There are such stacks to say—so many experiences that go swirling by—so many incidents, comic and tragic, such a jumble of things big and little, clamoring to be told—that I find myself bluffed by the very variety of what there is to say, into saying nothing. Also there is as little time as there is much to say. There are always either a lot of boys waiting or a few boys, or just one boy. I have had just what I wanted here, the chance for personal contacts. It has been a wonderful experience, these two weeks in this little hilltown of France, with its barracks built by Napoleon, now swarming with Yanks of every shade and variety, and from every corner of the States. Every Division is a "Rainbow Division" over here. The North and South and the East and West have joined hands across the ocean and the "melting pot" is boiling away, making these Polish, Italian, and Syrian, and German boys into about the most superlatively American patriots you can find. It seems to me that many of these foreign born boys have a more passionate feeling for their adopted country than many boys of American parentage who are apt to take America and what she stands for as a matter of course. For some of them the joy of entering the promised land is all the more exultant because of their sub-conscious memories of years and years of wandering in the wilderness; the light of liberty shines very bright against the background of the tyranny that they themselves or their ancestors have known.

There is a big strapping Syrian Sergeant here whose history, which I shall condense into a few lines, might easily be spread out into a thrilling book. Born in Nazareth, educated in Jerusalem in a college a stone's throw from where the Cross stood on Calvary, a year ago he was summoned by the Turks along with all the young men who had been educated in continental schools, to make his choice between serving with the Turks or being shot. Just an hour before he was sent for, the body of his older brother, twenty-three, had been left at the house with five bullets in his breast. His brother had made his choice and so T- decided to try other tactics. He told the Turks he always had had a sneaking liking for them and would be glad to put on their uniform in two days—after he had settled up a few affairs. He was put under a guard and in some way managed to escape, had to use a knife on ~~one of~~ the guards, but didn't look back to see exactly what happened, being headed towards the desert where he wandered for twenty-six days, eating grass and roots, being nearly killed often by the desert storms, but finally coming out nearer dead than alive in an Egyptian town where

an American woman missionary who had known him years before and who had been often entertained at his father's house, recognized him, sent him to a hospital for a month and loaned him money to start to America where his father was established in a grocery business in Philadelphia. His mother whom he had not seen for years had returned to Nazareth with his sisters to find her two sons, just in time to see the one shot and the other flee for his life. The missionary gave him the address of her sister, a wealthy woman in New Jersey, and he had the address of his father in Philadelphia and a brother in New York, but by the time he got as far as Cuba he lost his addresses and only knew he was to find three people "somewhere in America". As he didn't speak a word of English, things looked rather hopeless. But as he had overcome a good many difficulties already, he was not discouraged. A chance acquaintance advised him to advertise for his father in a Cuban paper. In 6 weeks he had a check for \$200 from his father, and was on board a ship for N. Y. where he finally landed and with the help of a "big man in a blue uniform with brass buttons"- who understood the sign language and knew the Syrian quarter, located his brother, who as soon as he had finally recovered from the shock of seeing him alive, promptly closed up his shop and took him to Coney Island to spend his first 4th of July in proper American fashion.

The two brothers then adjourned to Philadelphia where after many precautions T- was finally presented to his father whose heart was weak owing to the suspense about his wife and sons back in Syria--at the mercy of the Turks-, but who survived the shock of joy and made arrangements to initiate him into the mysteries of the grocery business. When America got into the war, T, with his very particular and personal reasons for getting into the game, and with only enough English to repeat "Want to be American soldier" promptly enlisted and set sail for France to help Uncle Sam fight "the unspeakable Turks" "the unspeakable Boche" and all the other unspeakable horrors of this war. He has lapped up English with the most extraordinary facility and is a great favorite with officers and men. I don't know anyone who wears the khaki with a more swelling heart or who has a better right to wear it than this boy who was born in Judea in a city called Nazareth and who is soon going back to America to take out his naturalization papers !

Then there is C- the 19 yr. old Italian boy from Brooklyn who has been in 4 battles, has been wounded twice and been gassed out of one lung. He liked what I had to say to the boys Sunday night and was the first one to put his name down on the list for my leaflet. I saw a good deal of him; he liked to hang around my counter, but one night I noticed he looked rather queer. I spoke to one of the boys. "He's in for a gas fit" the boy said, who, by the way, had been gassed himself and knew the ghastly symptoms. We went over and tried to get C- to come into a room nearby and lie down. He was very game--said it was nothing, he'd be all right, but in a few minutes he followed me, walking very straight, down the long barracks room, which is our library. It was only when we had cleared the crowd that he let me almost lift him to the little room where he could lie down and get the air he was trying to gasp for. There were big beads of perspiration on his forehead and great tears rolling down his cheeks as he clutched my hand, but never a moan escaped him; the chief thought in his mind seemed to be that it was so very kind in me to be "bothering with him and taking such a lot of trouble". "He's one of our real heroes" I said to the soldier who was helping me, "wounded twice and been in 4 battles". I'd do more than that for my country he said between gasps and you should have heard the soft caressing Italian way he said "my country"--"it's the place where I had a chance to make a living".

The attack grew worse—for a while I thought he would suffocate, then there would be a few minutes respite. "What Sherman said about war being hell,— it was a Sunday school picnic what he knew about war—that's what these boys who were in football games or on farms or in preparatory schools and universities a year ago are saying now—boys who have been through the hell, and those boys—boys who will never come back to say this, but whose young souls have passed thru it all. After this, surely we can none of us be satisfied till we find for ourselves, for our country, for humanity, something that is divinely adequate, that is worth the price that has been paid for it.

I learned C— had had just such an attack the night before in his bunk in the barracks. We sent him to the hospital and the next afternoon I found him in the throes of still another (3 days running). Today he came in to tell me good-bye—his face all aglow—he was going home. He insists it's I who did the trick—in spite of all I can protest to the contrary, for I'm far from being clothed with plenipotentiary powers in this camp and I had only a most indirect and hidden hand in this performance. He hasn't had any letters from his mother or anyone for over 7 months but I hope and pray he'll find his mother waiting for him and that he'll find America still ready to "give him a chance to earn his living" even tho' he's only got one lung now—and these gas attacks—the most unforgivable and the most unforgettable things the Boche have done—have put him almost out of business.

Then there was the young brakeman from near Philadelphia whose parents born in Berlin, didn't want him to enlist. He's going back with one eye gone. "They'll be proud to see me now, to know I helped lick the Boche". I think he won't have much trouble revising their views of Germany when he tells them some of the sights he has seen and some of the things he has suffered". Twenty of our men stood up against a tree with their own knives stuck in their throats— taken prisoners — and given that ! and some Boche carrying a gun camouflaged on a stretcher waving the Red Cross flag that they knew was respected. One of our boys caught on to this trick and they didn't get a chance to fire that gun or any other." He wrote a poem about "us Yanks at Chateau Thierry" and one verse had something in it about the "Boche bodies being piled up 6 ft. high and if they keep on coming we'll pile 'em to the sky—" A pretty good American soldier and citizen that boy, of German parentage, who volunteered one day to carry ammunition up to the front, fainted enroute, but eventually made it !

Then there was the young Pole with his thirst to learn English, and his pathetic gratitude for the battered "First Steps" in English. I told him to keep it for his own, out of the library. There was something very fine and high bred about him, a certain old world grace and chivalry in his manner and the English which he did speak was actually choice. I knew he must have a story and gradually it came out—he was always most diffident about speaking of himself, not wanting to take up too much of my time and endlessly grateful for any help or encouragement. When I spoke of the fine quality of his English, his face lit up. "It is for the first time I hear that, it gives me new hope". Before America got into the war, he was sent as a Capt. in the Russian army to the DuPont works to pass on rifles. When the Kerensky government was overturned the man in charge of their payrolls absconded—everything was in chaos and he did not speak one word of English — he got a job in the shipyard as a carpenter's helper—a Russian General landed in the same place at the same job. Later I learned he had studied at the Sorbonne and in Rome—it came out quite incidentally that his great great grandfather had been one of the Polish patriots who had had trouble with the Czar over a hundred years ago and had forfeited his fortune to the Crown. One of our boys was pointing out a place on the map where the Americans had fought. This Pole had been in

that battle; then he pointed to another place on the map where the Russians had fought—tens of thousands knee deep in snow—only enough guns for the front ones, the others waiting to pick up their rifles as they dropped; and weeks and weeks of that; he made a vivid picture for us. The great thing in his mind was the contrast between life in the Russian and all the other armies, and life in the American army.

I was standing at my "counter" talking to an extraordinary young American who for two years has been anxious to study literature and philosophy at the Sorbonne; if it can be arranged—which it probably can't on account of army rules—for him to be mustered out here or transferred so he can stay over and begin his studies now, he will remain. If not he will return with his "outfit" to the state of Washington and then come back to study under Bergson & Co. in Paris. It looks as though he had a single track mind! But it's such an alert, eager mind it's a joy to watch it work and reach out, appropriate and assimilate ideas. The idea in my leaflet which I could only tell him about, as the leaflet is still delayed, seemed to grip and fascinate him. He was leaving in 36 hours so he had to make the most of any chance to find out more about this way of calling on and calling out the Infinite Wisdom within. I said to him "You'll miss retreat if you don't go now", but he stood his ground and declared he'd be perfectly willing to pay the penalty and do kitchen police or scrubbing for a week in order to learn more of this "Idea". So we went on talking, he drinking in every word as though his very life depended on getting a working grip on this. The room was almost empty—just a few finishing up letters before mass when a young fellow about 22 with a wound stripe on his arm came up and asked for some note paper. I turned to give it to him with some word to jolly him but the look on his face halted me. "There isn't anything in life for me," he said. "She's dead, my wife, been dead a month". He had the letter in his hand. "And my brother's wife too, the same week—of the flu".

The boy who had been talking philosophy moved away, and the other boy, the wounded boy - God! how many wounds can come to boys these days! —came around behind the counter and sat down by me. Here was a chance to put the Infinite Wisdom and the Infinite Love to the test. Nothing less than that was adequate. After a while he showed me the letters—the cable they had sent never reached him—but the pastor of his church, a man who had lost his own young wife very recently—told him the pitiful story as only a man could, who had gone through the same agony. He gave the text he used at her funeral "Conquerers and more than Conquerers". The boy told me all about the swift, sweet romance, and how at the last, before he was to sail, she wouldn't let him steal away and come home for a day or two, as some of the fellows were doing—"It wasn't like a soldier". So they both played the soldier and he sailed away without seeing her at the last. "Conquerers and more than Conquerers". You should see the way that boy gathered himself together for this new fight!!

I got him some writing materials in a quiet corner and he settled down to write home. Then the show we were arranging in the library came off, and as some of the people on the program had been ordered to Limoges—at the last moment we had to work out parts of the program as we went along in impromptu fashion, with me on the platform exhorting volunteer talent to step up, threatening we'd draft the actors if they wouldn't enlist, and trying to apply the X-Ray generally to locate the boys who could do stunts. Things went along swimmingly. We discovered a vaudeville trick piano player who could play with one hand and one foot, or one hand and his nose, or standing on his head, or sitting on the piano stool in a lady-like way. He was good as an accompanist too—both for clog dancing, buck and wing dances, solos, quartettes and tout ensemble singing. So the program went on hilariously and between acts I would look over in the corner at the far

end of the long barracks-like room to that boy writing that 1st letter home after the news. Later on when the crowd got to singing the old home songs, I saw him get up and slip out of the door into the night. It was too much even for as brave a soldier as he was, to sit there and hear the boys singing the "Long Long Trail" that night. The next morning at six his regiment was leaving, the first step on the way home that he had been looking forward to for nine months, checking off the days till this last black day !

The next day another boy came with another letter. This time it was his mother who was dead. They are so happy when they get letters, these boys, but sometimes the letters bring such cruel tidings. If you happen to be on hand when a boy gets one of those letters and comes back to tell you, you thank God for the privilege of coming over. You are quite sure it has been worth while.

WHEN TIM IVES SAID GOOD-BYE TO A REAL PRINCESS

by

Elizabeth Stevenson Ives

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It was 1931, in June, when the lilac hedges are in bloom, that Tim's Daddy told him the government had ordered them all to Pretoria, South Africa, to a new home. Tim, who was usually laughing, had looked very much troubled and his blue eyes had filled with quick tears. He had liked living in Copenhagen, Denmark, where his father was the Secretary of the American Legation. Mr. Ives' offices were just across the street from the apartment, No. 7 Amaliegade. Tim loved to stand in the living room windows and watch the faces in the Legation windows.

Tim's best friend, after Daddy of course, was Hans, the messenger, who was the largest Dane he had ever seen. He wore a blue uniform with brass buttons and a cap with American eagles in the front. His face was very red. He always seemed to be doing important things.

On this particular day, Tim's blonde head was pressed against the window pane, looking for Hans. He saw him come out of the door, look up at the Ives' window, then throw his leg over his bicycle, hug his big, black leather "pouch" with all the important papers in it, and slowly, with great dignity, peddle off. Tim knew some of those papers might be going to the King. The King! The word gave a double beat to Tim's heart.

Each day Tim saw the changing of the Guard at the Amalieborg Palace, which was just a few steps up the street. The soldier band played for the ceremony and then marched off, very often right past Tim's windows. He got very much excited on these occasions and jumped and shouted and waved but he could never tell if the soldiers saw him. They wore very high, black bear skin caps called "buzbies" and they were so low over their eyes, you couldn't tell if they saw you. Some played the band and some marched, looking straight ahead.

Sometimes Tim went with Hans to stand in the Palace Square to watch the changing of the Guard and to follow with the admiring crowd as they marched through the streets. The people would get off their bicycles and walk along beside the band very respectfully. It was wonderful to be with Hans. He wished he were with him now.

Hans knew the King. Tim thought that was the greatest thing that could happen to anyone. Everyone in Denmark loved King Christian. They said he could sail his boat better than anyone, and won races. He could ride his horse every day through the streets unguarded. Tim was

watching for him each day to ride by but he had never seen him. Mother had seen him at the opera, Dad had gone to see him when they first came to Copenhagen to live, Hans saw him often, but Tim just never had and now Daddy said they were going away. Tim began to cry. He didn't want to see lions in Africa, he didn't want to move, he wanted to see the King right now.

"Timmie," called Schwester, "you must come. We are invited to Princess Tina's to tea to say goodbye."

Tim stopped crying. Going to Tina's to tea! Hope swelled in his breast; perhaps the King would be there! He had gone to Tina's castle, they told all about it.

"I'm coming," answered Tim as he flew from the window, wiping away the tears on the back of his hand. "When are we going?" he called.

"In half an hour. You must have a clean suit. Now come along. We must hurry."

Schwester was a pretty little nurse. She was German and she wore a stiff white dress, and a gay little white cap on her head. In the evening, when Tim was in bed and the night light burned low, Tim liked to watch the tip of that cap and the little veil like a tail that hung behind. The princesses in fairy tales wore things like that. Poor Schwester couldn't speak English very well. She talked German but Tim tried to teach her English. She could not live in her country because she didn't like Nazis. What were Nazis? Tim thought they must be ugly, probably like goblins.

"Let's put boats in the basin, just the little ones." begged Tim as Schwester washed him.

"No, no, not now. Tonight in the tub. We can't keep Princesses waiting. We must be just on time and Hans is taking us," said Schwester.

"Hans is going? Oh goodie! Maybe I'll see the King! Hurry, dry me quick." said Tim, with real joy in his eyes.

The car stood at the door. Hans was really there, smiling, as Tim bounced in beside him, with Schwester all dressed in her blue coat and blue veil for the street.

The drive out to Prince Eric's castle was not long but through the streets of Copenhagen, it was slow, as there were so many bicycles and, of course, with any question of right-of-way, the bicycles won. The country was very brilliant with new shining leaves on the great beech and lime trees and bright flowers in front of every cottage. The car had to leave the highway and turn into a narrow, winding road before they came to the castle gates. At one cross road, was a group of white plaster cottages with soft straw roofs, covered with moss.

What was that flying up from the roof? The car stopped and Hans cried, "Look, Tim, that's a stork." There was a huge, white bird with its long, red legs stretched out behind, winging its way off towards the sea.

"Come, let's see the nest." called Hans, as he got out of the car. "Do you see that nest, all made so nicely with sticks; I think there must be babies in it."

And so there were, three scrawny necks with heavy heads and long open bills peeking out. And, keeping guard, stood another stork, first on one leg and then on another and turning its head about. Tim stood on tip-toes to see all he could. As he and Hans watched, the stork that had flown off came back and a big squawking started up from the young. Papa evidently had brought home some dinner.

"Aren't they funny?" laughed Tim. "Did anyone ever have a pet stork?"

"I don't think so. These birds live here for years. They go off to Egypt, hundreds of miles away, in the winter. But they seem to always come back to the same home," said Hans.

"I don't see how they find their way back. They are very smart," said Tim, climbing back in the car.

The Princess Eric was a Canadian lady and her husband, the Prince Eric, was a first cousin of the King. This family held great enchantment for Tim. The fact that a little girl his age was really related to the King and could go to the Palace was almost too much to believe. The little girl, Tina, was not different from any other little girl. She played and laughed and got dirty climbing trees and playing hide and seek but for all that, she was a real Princess. And this fact did, at times, make a difference. She could speak perfect Danish and the maids curtsied when they brought tea to the nursery. When Tina came to see Tim, Hans had to be there to see her and her nurse safely to and from her car. Tina had brown hair and eyes and laughed and was fun but there was something a little different. It wasn't just like playing with Greta Lassen, who lived next door to Tim. It was just more exciting with a Princess.

"Hello, Timmie," called Princess Tina as he and Schwester entered the hall of the big stone house, called a castle. (Tim wasn't sure why this castle didn't have a tower and a moat like the ones in the story books.) "Before we have tea, come and see the puppies."

"Puppies? Where?" asked Tim delightedly.

"In the stables. They were born a few days ago and their eyes aren't open. There are five of them. They are too sweet!"

Down the long avenue of twisted, giant trees they ran, with the two nurses tagging along behind and two dogs racing before them.

The stables were large, stone buildings and in the box stall, where soft clean hay was spread on the floor, lay "Tivoli", the gentle black spaniel, who was the proud mother of five little puppies. At the moment, all five were sucking busily and noisily. Tim stood still and stared. "Tivoli" flicked her tail in greeting to the little Princess, who knelt down and talked gently to the little family.

"Look how they eat," said Tim, and began to laugh. "Do they hurt their mother?"

"Oh, no. Watch her push them away. Come, Tiv." called Tina. And up got the mother carefully while all the puppies tumbled over each other and began to squeal and sniff about for that good dinner they had lost so suddenly.

Tim was really laughing. He leaned down and touched one little black squirmer.

"Isn't he soft and warm? Can I pick him up?" asked Tim.

"Yes, but don't squeeze him." answered the Princess.

"What's his name?" asked Tim, gently holding the puppy close to him.

"I don't know yet. Maybe I will call him Tim." she laughed.

"Can I have one to keep?" asked Timmie, with a sudden longing in his heart to take this soft, little thing home.

"Well, I don't know." hesitatingly the Princess answered. "I thought you were going traveling."

"Yes, but he could go in a basket with us and we could feed him with a bottle, couldn't we, Schwester?" asked Tim, turning hopefully to his nurse, who had just come in.

"Nonsense, Tim. How could we travel in trains and boats for 7,000 miles with a baby puppy, and, besides, it needs its mother."

A bell was ringing at the castle. That meant tea was ready. So, with much regret, all faces turned from the sweet, little, black fuzzy puppies to the house.

Later, as they were about to leave, the Princess Eric called the children into her big studio. There she showed Tim the lion skins from Africa and told him to be sure to keep his eyes open for lions.

"My Daddy says he may shoot one," said Tim. "Did your live monkey come from Africa, too?"

"JoJoc? No, he came from South America. Isn't he too sweet?"

Across the room sat a real monkey on a bar, especially made for him. He had a very long tail and was quite free, as he was the Princess' pet. When Mr. JoJoc heard his name mentioned, he got quite lively and sprang on Tim's shoulder, which seemed to him the nearest spot. Tim gasped and got very red and looked as though he was going to run off.

"Stand still, Tim. He won't hurt you." said the Princess quickly.

The monkey proceeded to wind his tail tight around Tim's neck and began to chatter. The Princess went up to him and quietly coaxed him to her. Tim sat down on the first chair. It had been a shock and he was pleased to see Hans at the door, saying it was time to leave. But his heart was heavy. There had been no sign of the King, and then those dear puppies -- he hated to think he would not see them again. It wasn't hard to say good-bye to the little Princess because he did not want another meeting with that "JoJoc".

There were only three days left now before the family started on the journey to South Africa. There were so many people coming and going. Tim would hear them tell Dad to be sure to get that lion and ladies would tell Mother they didn't see what she would do in the land of wild animals. It made Tim feel a bit frightened. He wanted to go right on living in this big, warm apartment. He wished Daddy wasn't in the diplomatic service, traveling from one home to another. He couldn't take all his toys along and it was terribly hard choosing which ones to give away. Tim loved his boats and he just could not part with those.

"Daddy," said Tim, when all the callers were gone and Mother went back to her trunks, "could I get a new pistol if I leave this one? I want one with caps."

Daddy sat down in a big chair and Tim curled up close beside him. "Yes, Tim, we will get one in Paris. They have good toy shops there."

"When do we get there?" asked Tim, with immediate interest.

"On our way to England to take the ship to Africa, we pass through Paris," answered Daddy.

"Could I have a new train and some really good tracks and switches, too?"

Just then Mother came in and sat on the other arm of Dad's big chair. "Yes, my Tinkins, we'll have fun in Paris and get lots of toys you can play with on the ship. We will be on that boat seventeen days and I think a nice boy like you needs toys."

Tim's dejection at leaving his familiar surroundings became less acute and, in fact, he became suddenly very enthusiastic. "Schwester," he called, jumping down from the chair, "we are going to Paris and we'll be seventeen days on a ship and I'm going to have a new pistol and tracks." Off he dashed to go into detailed explanations of all the promised treasures. But suddenly he was back with a serious face.

"Daddy, you promised me I would see the King and I haven't yet."

Dad looked worried. "No, I know. I have to go to the Palace tomorrow."

"Let me go too, please, please. I will be quiet and good," begged Tim.

Daddy grew restless and got up and walked about the room. "No, Tim, you can't go on official calls," he said sternly, "but we'll see."

The train was leaving at night. All the toys were packed and almost all the clothes. The packing men were beginning to move the furniture out into big vans that stood by the door in the street.

"Tim," called Hans, "shall we go for a last walk to the Rosenberg gardens?"

"I would love to go, Hans," shouted Tim and, not waiting for a hat, off they went.

It was the first place Tim had gone in Copenhagen when he came there to live two years before. It had been early spring then and you could see the pretty Rosenberg Castle, all red brick with tall, slender towers, from a distance as you walked along the avenues. Tim liked to run down one avenue and then take a short cut to another. The first time he went there, the ducks in the stream were taking their young, fluffy ducklings out for the first sail. One was black and had trouble keeping up and Tim thought it might be the real "Ugly Duckling".

Mother had taken him down one of the avenues to where a statue of a man sat with an open book. It was Hans Christian Andersen and he was telling the story of the "Ugly Duckling". He had lived a hundred years ago right here in Copenhagen and walked in this very park. Tim liked to have Mother read from his book of fairy stories as they sat on the bench and watched the ducks.

"Let's go this way, Hans, to the Andersen statue. Are you related to him. You have some of his name?" asked Timmie.

"No, I'm not related. He came from Odense and walked all the way here. I think he was the best story teller in the world." answered nice, red-faced Hans.

"I think so, too." said Tim, and added, "Hans, why haven't I seen the King? This is my last day and I must see him."

They turned now into a little path that ran along side the bridle path and they both stopped as they heard the soft beat of horses hoofs. There came the clopety-clop of a big, bay horse at a trot, with a tall rider sitting very straight. Tim's breath came fast. He grabbed Hans by the hand.

"It's the King!" whispered Hans.

The rider pulled up the horse to a walk and as he went past, he looked down at the blonde-headed boy and smiled. Tim smiled in answer. Slowly the big, bay horse and the big, dark man went off through the trees and Tim, at last, was ready to go to Africa.

TIM'S TRIP TO AFRICA FROM COPENHAGEN

by

Elizabeth Stevenson Ives

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by

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There was a big bustle and bluster the day in 1931 the Ernest Ives' family was closed into the compartment of the train in that dark station in Copenhagen. It was goodbye to the land of princesses and off to Africa, the land of lions. The big, fat guard in a blue uniform who walked up the platform waving his arm to signal to the engineer that the doors were all closed, stood close to Tim's window and gave his blonde head a pat as the train slowly pulled out.

"Farvell lille" "Goodbye - goodbye", waved Tim.

"Toot, toot" went the little high-voiced whistle up in the engine and off 'round a curve rushed the train.

The night had fallen and darkness covered the flat fields, the pretty white frame houses with straw roofs, the big gray castles in cool birch forests. The cows slept or chewed their cuds in the barns as Tim slept in his berth. And so the beginning of a 6,000 mile trip from the North of Europe to the tip of South Africa. The train Tim was in was put on a big ferry and taken across the narrow waters to Germany, where once more it puffed and danced along on the narrow tracks you see all over Europe. The trains there haven't as big engines as we have here and the cars are not so heavy so the tracks are narrower. But some of the trains could go seventy miles per hour in the year 1932, when Timmie traveled on them.

In Berlin, the capitol of Germany, the whole family had to put on their coats and hats and close up their bags and be ready to get out of this nice, cozy train.

"O Mommie! Look at the boy soldiers." shouted Tim as he looked out of the window.

And indeed there marched through the station rows and rows of little boys, not much older than Tim. They tried hard to look like men but when the gay little American boy waved and called "Hello, Hello" to them, it was hard to keep your face straight and not turn your head and smile. They all wore suits with big Nazi signs on them and everyone knew that here in the land of Hitler, the little boys who wanted to play were being told it was better to be little soldiers and drill and work for the "Führer". When Tim found those German boys couldn't wave back to him, he was very sober and climbed out of the train looking quite solemn. Through the noisy, ugly, crowded station, the family went to a big automobile.

"Where are we going? Is the boat for Africa here?"

"Oh, no, Tim. This is Berlin. We are not near the ocean here. We are going to the Zoo."

"Goodie. I want to see a lion and are there any fish there?"

"Yes, there is a wonderful aquarium with every kind of fish." said Daddy.

And so there was -- an octopus with its horrid, wiggling feelers and arms squirming all the time. Behind the windows were just every kind of fish -- big ones, tiny round ones, sharks, sail fish, sea horses, etc. Up and down the corridors for several hours Tim watched the fish pools that shown through the windows. Lions were forgotten in the delight of the discovery of the lure of an undersea world. However, one mad dash was made to the Zoo and when the lion looked past Tim's head, he said, "You nice old lion. I'm going to Africa where you used to live and I'll see some of your family there." The great lion flicked the tip of his tail in answer and continued to stare off into that world of space and sunny silence it had known long ago. But Tim thought he saw a smile on its face.

Again into a train and this one seemed to spin through the air. It was the express from Berlin to Paris, from the capitol of one country to the capitol of another, and Tim didn't know, nor did Marie as they went to sleep that night, that in ten years time the Nazis of Germany would have made a great war with France. Tim heard Daddy say, "All this Nazi military display signifies so little. Hitler doesn't want war -- the German people wouldn't take it again."

Tim loved toys, and he wanted a pistol and he wanted an engine, so the next morning in the lovely city of Paris (it's two thousand years old and is still so very beautiful that everyone loves it) he went to a toy shop. The shops in Paris are smaller than the ones in America, but they have wonderful toys and the military display was very interesting. There were tanks and anti-aircraft guns and army cars of all kinds, painted with strange greenish designs called camouflage. And soldiers in all the different kinds of uniforms of the French army.

In the afternoon, Daddy and Tim went to the Eiffel Tower.

"Is it the tallest thing in the world, Daddy?"

"Yes, I think it is, Tim. It is nine hundred and eighty-four feet tall."

And it certainly looked it as they stood on the street and twisted their necks up trying to see the top. Down here on the ground it just seemed to be a rather open building. How funny to buy tickets to get in. Then up into an elevator to the first platform and the second and get off at the third, and still not be at the top. There was a great garden spread below for miles, with houses and buildings dotted about, and puffs of smoke from toy trains and a big winding stream that was the Seine river really.

"What's that big house that looks like a big dolly house?" asked Tim.

"That" said the guide who stood beside Daddy, "is the Louvre. It is an art gallery now. Once the King of France lived there and Napoleon lived there, too."

"Could I go to see it?" asked Tim.

"Oh yes, indeed, and you can play in its garden." answered Daddy.

"Will Momie come too?"

"If she can get through with all these dressmakers in time."

"I'll take my new pistol and guard Momie if any of these Kings come around." smiled Tim to his Daddy, who laughed and led him back to the elevator to go down again to the street.

"Can we go up there again?" asked Tim.

"Yes, some day." said Daddy, who didn't know the Germans would capture Paris and then no one could go any more to the Eiffel Tower.

It was quite a long ride in the train from Paris to Calais. The country was pretty but instead of looking out of the window at the fields of wheat gay with red poppies, Tim wanted to play with his new engine -- "Choo, choo, choo"-- on the table placed in front of him. He was sitting in a compartment with his mother and father and Marie, and no one else could come in there because there was a sign on the window that said "Reservé". It meant "reserved" in English.

Suddenly a man in uniform pushed the door open and rang a bell and shouted, "Dejeuner. Est servi." This meant lunch was served and Daddy took them all into another car which was really a long dining room with tables on each side. It was fun sitting there but the waiters made lots of fuss and noise.

"Can I have some milk, Momie?" asked Tim.

"No, dear. Not on French trains. We will buy some water in a bottle."

"I want some wine." demanded Tim as he saw two little French girls at the next table with red wine in their glasses. Mother noticed them too.

"No, Tim, you can't drink wine. Those children are used to it. They have it mixed with water and it isn't very good to taste."

"Please let me taste it." begged Tim. "Give me some, Daddy." and Daddy, who was just pouring some out of a bottle into his own glass, put some in Tim's glass. Tim's eyes shone; he lifted the glass very slowly to his mouth as if he were afraid something was going to jump out of

the glass and just as his lips touched the edge, the train gave a great jump and plomp went the wine all over the table. Tim didn't know whether to laugh or cry but he did not ask for any more wine like the little French girls.

The train was in the station at Calais. The dock and the station are together and you just have to walk from the car to the ship.

"I like this little station," said Tim, "because you can see the boat. I am happy to go on that boat to England. Will it take long?"

"No," said Marie. "It is very short, just about two hours across the channel."

"The channel? What's that? Isn't it the sea?" asked Tim.

"The channel is a strip of water connecting two seas and here, I think, it's twenty miles wide." answered Marie.

"Can I see England?"

"Pretty soon you can."

"Hurry, Tim," called Daddy who, with Mother, was getting all the luggage up the gangplank into the boat. With that Tim and Marie hurried to join the others and up they all went to the stairs that led to the deck of the ship. They went inside to a nice room.

"I want to go and see the channel," Tim demanded.

"We'll go right now," said Marie and took Tim's hand and led him to the deck. There were lots of people and so much luggage you could hardly get about. The boat was moving now and sea gulls were flying low and calling in funny quacky voices. The little French girls were sitting in deck chairs. One had a doll on her lap and one was trying to knit. A strong breeze began to blow and waves threw the bow of the boat high and the stern low and suddenly Momie ran to the rail, and said "Oh, Tim. I'm sick." And so she was. Tim looked very worried and clung to her skirt.

"Oh, Momie. What shall I do?" But just then Dad came along. He put Tim in a chair by the French girls and took Momie downstairs.

Tim sat very tight and still, and watched the ships' sides and bow go up and down and over with the waves. He thought he could see some land ahead, way, way off, and he hoped it was England. He saw a few boats quite far away. He felt very funny and alone up there on the deck with those girls he didn't know and people sliding around on the deck. No one could stand up — the boat bounced too much. One lady came sliding almost into his lap. He burst out laughing and so did the French girls. But the lady looked cross.

Marie came along and sat down and began to talk to the French girls' mother. Suddenly Tim and the French girls all seemed to have the same idea at once. They got up and tried to walk about and kept sliding and falling and laughing and thinking themselves very funny. They bumped

into a good many people. Finally they found a corner behind a big pile of luggage and there they sat and talked together. But they hadn't time to play another game as porters came to move the nice wall of luggage and Marie took Tim off to join Momie and Daddy.

There was England already!

"Why does it shine so white?" asked Tim.

"Those are the White Cliffs of Dover. It's chalk really." answered Daddy, who took Tim's hand. "You see how the sea gulls flock about us?"

"Yes, they want food." wisely remarked Tim. "But is all of England chalk?"

"No, just here at Dover are these famous cliffs. The rest of England is very green as you shall soon see when we go up to London in the train."

Neither Tim or Daddy knew, as they watched the boat dock in its practiced, busy fashion, that these tall, white cliffs of Dover would go into a lovely poem and song when the great world war came. And from this port in 1941, every kind of boat would go off across this channel to bring British soldiers back from the beaches of Dunkirk, back from cruel battles with the Nazis of Germany. Boats with gay children and happy families traveling around the beautiful world would not be crossing the channel after 1939 as it would be full of mines and only war boats could cross.

In Dover, everyone went into the customs to have their luggage examined before they could get on the train to London.

"But why, Daddy? Can't I take what I want to?" asked Tim.

"Sit here by me." said Momie. "I'll tell you, and don't talk so loud."

Tim and Momie sat on their biggest suitcases. They were in a long room and under a big cardboard letter "I" hanging from the ceiling. Everyone had to go under the letter of their last name. The French girls were under "S" Tim noticed, and two men in uniforms were opening their luggage and talking and taking things out.

"You see, that inspector is looking at that luggage because he thinks those people are taking things to England that the law forbids."

"Oh, I hope it's not toys!" Tim's eyes grew big and he whispered, "Will he take my pistols?"

"No, I don't think he will. He wants cigarettes and chocolate and lace and such things."

"I'm glad." said Tim, but he didn't feel very safe yet and not until Daddy had come and the inspector put a ticket on all the bags and said they were through, did Tim relax.

"Let's go now," urged Tim, and off they went to the gay little blue English train waiting to dash them up to London.

Do you know how big London is? Well Tim didn't and when they told him 11,000,000 people, he did not smile — it seemed too big to smile about. The taxi was the biggest one Tim had ever ridden in. It was lined with thick leather and seemed to go quite slowly. He sat on the edge of the big seat and looked out the window at the crowds and the buildings.

In the hotel, he couldn't quite understand what was said to him. When they were in their rooms and the porters had gone, Tim got his pistols out of his bag and armed, felt more secure in strange surroundings. As he went to bed he said, "Momie, those men speak English but it sounds funny."

"Yes, it is our language but we in America speak it differently from the people in England."

"I feel at home but far away," answered Tim.

"Yes, dear, we really are at home in England, Tim. America was settled mostly by Englishmen and we have the same thoughts and laws and customs. This is our mother-country really but as we've grown up, we've made habits of our own and ways of speaking that suit our life. Tomorrow we will go to see the Tower of London where two boy princes were in prison four hundred years ago."

"All right," said Tim and, yawning, went to sleep.

When Tim woke up there was a strange maid in his room, pulling back the long heavy curtains that covered the tall windows. She had a funny, stiff white cap on her head. She leaned down and lit the coal fire in the fireplace that had white paper edging it and then she looked at Tim and he stared at her and smiled.

"Good morning, sir" said the maid and curtsied.

She went out and came back in a jiffy with a huge brass pitcher of hot water and sat it down on the floor by the wash stand.

"Will the young gentleman be havin' a bath now, Miss?" she asked Marie.

"I'll take care of him, thank you," said Marie.

"Thank you, Miss." and as she went out Tim felt relieved and jumped out of bed.

"Marie, what's that hot water for. I don't see any bath tub." Tim was worried. What was all of this? "Why did she say 'young gentleman'?"

"That's the way the English speak. They are very polite." laughed Marie. "And here's the tub."

Sure enough, under a white curtain at the wash stand, was a big tin tub and Tim had lots of fun splashing about.

"Is Daddy in a tub, too?" he asked.

"He and Momie have a bath room with a tub. You can see it when they wake up." answered Marie.

They all went downstairs to a big breakfast of porridge and cocoa and fish cakes and toast and marmalade. The waiters were very polite and nice.

"Will the Tower be as tall as the one in Paris?" asked Tim as he and his Mother started off in their taxi.

"It is quite different, Tim." answered Mother. "It is really very old. It has been a palace and a fort and a prison. William, the Conqueror built it eight hundred years ago and then different kings and queens changed it. There are such sad stories about this great prison. I am going to tell you the one I think is the very saddest."

"Oh, wait until we're there. I don't like sad stories," cried Tim.

"But all the stories of the Tower are a part of English history and all the English boys know them."

"All right. I'll listen but are there sad prisoners there now?"

"No dear, it is really a museum now and the Royal Jewels are kept there."

And just then the taxi stopped. Tim and his Mother paid at the entrance to go in and the great stone walls looked very dark. A guide in uniform came up and said he would take them to the little room where the princes had been imprisoned.

"Let's sit for a minute by this little window while I tell you about these young boys." said Mother, when they reached the princes' tower.

So Timmie and his Mother sat on a bench in the cold little stone room at the head of a winding stair.

"In England, over five hundred years ago, a great many cruel deeds were done by the men in the royal families. The people were divided into two groups, called the Red and the White Roses. Cruel wars and bloody deeds marked these years -- the War of the Roses. When King Edward IV died, his wicked brother, Duke of Gloucester, wanted to be king. But the little Prince Edward V, only twelve years old, was meant to be crowned. But the uncle ordered him and his brother, Richard, Duke of York, eleven years old, taken to the Tower. He told their mother they would be safer there until Edward was crowned King in his dead father's place. The poor queen really couldn't do anything but let the uncle, who was supposed to protect the boys, take them away. But it was really a plot to get rid of them as the uncle wanted to be King, and, in fact, quickly made himself

king with the help of some powerful nobles. He ordered the princes killed by one of his friends, who was afraid to disobey. This man, Sir James Tyrell, got two wicked men to come to the Tower at night and as he stood outside the door of this very room, those men came and found the boys asleep together in bed. They were suffocated with the pillows and then buried at the foot of these stairs and never heard of again. Two hundred years later, the stones were moved at the very spot where the princes were buried and the bones found."

Tim listened with his eyes wide open and watching the door. He liked seeing that nice, friendly guard so near.

"Are there more awful stories?" he asked.

"Yes, very many. I want you to read Dickens' 'Child's History of England' and you will be very much surprised at the many people who were put to death to make way for others."

"Queen Elizabeth was put here in the Tower by her sister, Queen Mary. She came in a boat. Down below, where you see the flowers, was once a moat which is a big ditch that ran around the Tower and many prisoners came that way by boat. But Queen Elizabeth got out and was queen for forty-five years."

"Let's see the jewels now." demanded Tim as though he were tired of history stories.

"All right, Tim, but remember that the crown you will see has a long and thrilling story behind it." answered Mother.

The jewels were well guarded and were so big and bright they shone. The crowns were a surprise as Tim thought they would be just bands of gold. But these were carved and covered with diamonds.

"When do the King and Queen wear them?"

"Just for the coronation and very important occasions." answered the guide who went everywhere with them.

They went back to the hotel now for tea. In England, everyone takes tea in the middle of the afternoon. The children put milk in their tea and eat lots of sliced bread with butter and jam.

The next day Tim went with Marie to the Serpentine, which is a park. There is a big basin of water where lots of children come to sail their boats and where masses of birds of all kinds come for a drink.

Tim had a large traveling bag full of toys for the journey. There were the tracks, the engine, coal car, four freight cars and four passenger cars. There were soldiers, and trucks, and tanks. There were tootsie toy autos, and a few boats and books. To the Serpentine with him, went the boats. One was a neat little battle cruiser model, one a tug, and one a sail boat. All three had to be floated as they had not been in water for so long.

It was a lively time with all the children calling and getting very much excited when their boats went too far. There was no way to get

out there to get them back unless the wind helped to push them to shore. One boy said his lovely model of an ancient sailing cargo ship had been out all night. Luckily it had been so far from shore no one could steal it and the boy and his father came early in the morning with a long pole to try to push it, but, alas, the pole wasn't long enough, so they sat down, prepared to wait for a "favorable wind", as the sailors say. And the wind came, bringing the lovely ship near enough to catch and take safely home.

There are wonderful toy shops in London. Hawleys was the best and Tim spent hours there. There was a gallery running all around the second floor with an electric train that went through tunnels and over bridges and stopped at stations and farms.

"May I work the switches?" asked Tim of the young man who ran it.

"Yes, you may." And the nice young man and Tim made an excellent team at the controls.

The day came when the family were leaving for the ship.

"Oh, Daddy. I can hardly wait to see the ship." shouted Tim, dancing around the room.

Everybody was gay and Tim led the way to the taxi, to the train, and at Southampton behind the porters, to the great ship waiting at the dock.

The "Warwick Castle" was an 18,000 ton ship and 800 feet long. She had only made a few trips from England to Capetown and really was the nicest, fastest, prettiest ship on the Union Castle Line. When Tim and his parents went aboard her in the late afternoon, there was a great deal of activity. Big winches and derricks were lowering huge boxes and crates deep in the hold of the ship. Tim stood on the deck at the bow of the ship under the bridge and watched the loading. He didn't want to go to see his own stateroom or any other part of the ship.

He couldn't be dragged away from the fascinating spectacle of the regular movement of those big iron winches, the swing of the giant boxes from the dock out over the deep hole in the floor of the bow, the steady, poised moment when the men pushed the box to the angle and then quickly it dropped into the depths just in the spot prepared for it and up with a jerk came the crane to hungrily reach for another load. Many sailors hurried about, each man knowing just what to do. And all the time passengers came up the gangway, followed by porters carrying lots of luggage. There was a good deal of shouting on the dock and up on the bridge, officers watched carefully every move.

In the water close to the "Warwick Castle" were the coal barges and the tugs and the harbor masters' launches, and here and there, pleasure crafts and boats like the "Aquitania", much larger than the "Warwick Castle", waiting at dock to start off with her load to America.

Southampton is always a very busy port for from here for hundreds of years the seafaring English have sent their ships over the oceans and every kind of vessel has come into this port from every point of the compass. And in the days of pirates, even they came up this lovely harbor with their stolen goods.

The hold was nearly full now and Tim was still standing at the rail, watching every move. When the last big box was tucked in place and the top put on the big open space, a canvas was pulled tight over it all and fastened securely, so that when the ship got to sea, the winds and waves of saltwater couldn't damage them.

"When this ship gets to her port, all this cargo has to be unloaded, you know," said Daddy, who was standing beside Tim.

"Why are they untying those big ropes, Daddy?" asked Tim.

"Those have been holding us to the dock and we must be about to go," said Daddy.

Just then a great big toot nearly frightened Tim out of his skin and he looked up above him. The captain, a large kind-looking man, was giving orders so fast, the gangway to the dock was being pulled up and the people below were waving and calling to the ones on the deck, "Goodbye - Goodbye. Good luck. Happy voyage." The only sight that held Tim's eye was a boy his own age standing near him.

"Daddy" Tim whispered, "look, there's a boy just like me."

"He looks like an American boy," answered Daddy.

"Toot-toot-toot" again went the loud whistle overhead and everyone jumped. And a bell was ringing and the last rope swung out free from the dock as the ship moved. Tim felt suddenly that the "Warwick Castle" was vibrating.

"This ship is shaking. Are the motors going?"

"Of course, Tim, this great big boat couldn't move without power."

Tim dashed to the side and down below, tugs were helping the "Warwick Castle" pull away from the dock out to the middle of the water. Soon they had her in the right spot. Puffing black smoke, the tugs chugged busily off and the "Warwick Castle" headed to sea.

"Well, let's find Momie," sighed Tim in a sleepy fashion. "And where is Marie?" he asked as though for the last hour he had been far, far away.

"They are both in our staterooms, getting unpacked," answered Daddy.

They made their way, hand in hand, down the long deck and into the ship which seemed like a big hotel and was all brightly lighted.

There was a big stairway going down and on each deck there were big sitting rooms and doors of the staterooms or bedrooms.

"Which is ours?" asked Tim.

"I think it's B-24 and B-26," answered Dad, and opening the door

he led Tim into a room with a bed on each side, a small window, a bureau and table and chairs. Momie was sitting on the floor beside her trunk and bags and Marie was carrying clothes into the closet and into the next room. Tim came to life and dashed into the room to explore. First he climbed up a chair to look out the window. He saw the deck and the rail and he could hear the swish of water as the boat cut through the waves. He then began to try all the water faucets in the little bathroom, connecting the rooms. Unfortunately, he was strong enough to turn the one in the tub marked "sea water" and a huge gush of water rolled out and nearly upset him in amazement.

His spirit of inquiry a bit dampened, he began trying out the lighting system, and had all the lights going full strength and the electric fans whirling all the packing paper into a storm.

"Turn off that fan, please, please, Tim." cried Marie as she raced after the fleeing paper.

A knock on the door. "Did you ring, Miss?" asked a man in a white coat.

"Oh no, I didn't." answered Marie, whereupon Tim piped up, "Well, I did and I pushed that button."

And now a maid in a blue dress came in. "Did you ring, Miss?" she asked, and Tim, feeling it was very funny, began to laugh to see how many people came so quickly when those white buttons were pushed.

"Don't ring bells anymore, Tim, unless you need someone." said Daddy.

And so Tim turned his attention to getting his train and track set up. He took the entire floor, giving no space to climb into bed from the side. He cautioned Marie not to step on his track and she had a busy time keeping out of the way of that speedy little engine that immediately began its fast trips around the room.

On August 24, 1931, Capetown was reached, after seventeen days. What a bustle in that port, so many different kinds of people running about, the great Table Mountain with a crown of clouds, stood in the background (it was cold and wintry down there below the equator), newspaper reporters came on deck and took pictures, noise, confusion, partings and loud voices, all part of the arrival and the start of a new life in a new land -- a land as old as time.

SOUTH AFRICAN SCENES - 1931

by

Elizabeth Stevenson Ives

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(1931)

I imagine that when we decided to go to South Africa I knew as little about the country as was possible. I had seen Rhodes' photograph in Isaac Marcossen's study and heard the latter tell a dramatic story of a visit to Africa but I lent only half an ear. I had seen occasional books on big game shoots and scientific expeditions and jungle wanderings and I had heard of the Cullinan diamond and even seen it, I think, in the Tower of London with other crown jewels. I had heard of the Boer war; that it took place in South Africa I wasn't certain.

However, as soon as our tickets were bought we became the victims of much South African propaganda. Any friends who had been there began and never ended in telling us of its wonders, beauties and charm. American wives admitted long cherished dreams to visit South Africa. Young American men vowed they could hardly save money fast enough to go there and English friends had mothers and uncles and aunts who wintered there.

Our impatience and interest to see this country, all the world knew about save us, grew to such a pitch that we loaded our bags with books on South Africa and settled down to seventeen days on the "Warwick Castle" to study and read, but those seventeen days flew by and as we crossed the equator and didn't feel the bump or more than see a dark, dull sky, we dipped into a "Life of Rhodes" and began to see the outline of his dreams of an empire, got the Jamieson Raid clear in our minds and began to understand that the Transvaal, where the "reef" was discovered which opened up gold mines, feuds and wars, was one thousand miles north of Capetown

and that "Oom Paul" and President Kruger were one and the same person. Kruger was president of the Transvaal Republic from 1882 to 1899, and wanted to keep it for his Boers from the English settlers who were crowding north.

The day before we reached Capetown, a tactful English lady gently whispered to us not to be disappointed in Capetown. The fact that we could be had never entered our heads as from Lady Barnard's letters written in 1801, I think, until now, nothing but the wonders of Table Mountain and the natural beauty of the Cape had been mentioned, but the following morning how grateful we were to our kind friend because we beheld through a fog an ugly dockyard, a sprawling town with only a giant rock in the background covered, at the early hour we docked, by clouds.

We were met by a friend. Otherwise we would have had a difficult time choosing a taxi, some driven by women, on a noisy, informal quay. We drove to an hotel facing the sea several miles from the main part of the town. We saw nothing beautiful nor picturesque, "quaint" or modern en route. The hotel boasted private baths but no hot water. (A word to the fastidious - all Cape water is brownish in hue, not appetizing to drink or to wash in but said to be safe and certainly very soft.) After complaining in true noisy American fashion, the hot water came by hand and later through its proper channels. We lunched well in a vast cool dining room served by white turbaned Indians. Then we saw the town and what a shock! There are many who think Capetown to be one of the most delightful places in which to live, and on further acquaintance it well may be, because certainly its background of rocky mountains, its sea drives, its rich, warm valleys filled with old Dutch farm houses, orchards, vineyards, and pine forests have a charm and beauty quite unique, but the town in itself is a disappointment to the globe trotter. He finds a long slum; (slums are going out of style) he finds a jumble of architecture in the principal business streets which is hard to explain. He finds great gaping places of untouched earth or huts between areas of plaster bungalows squeezed eave to eave to each other and everywhere a low type of native half-caste.

The flower market on Adderley Street is gay and the old fortress is reminiscent of the first mud fort built by van Riebeck when the first Dutch colony settled

under the shadow of Table Mountain in 1652. The Parliament Buildings, which are modern, recall the struggle for the union of the various states and colonies ending in 1909. A few beautiful eighteenth or even seventeenth century houses remain intact in the center of the town and one has been made into a museum. There seems a budding self-consciousness in the Afrikaner to collect and preserve the relics of the Cape's early and troubled life.

I must mention the environs of this confusing city because there especially one finds the remains of a Dutch culture, architecture and dignity that the eighteenth century colonial left so solidly rooted in the soil and atmosphere and which all the changes of time and thought can't disturb. There is a Rand millionaire, Sir Lionel Phillips, who has taken a van der Stel country house, built in 1706 and put its crumbling ruin into such beautiful condition that one wishes it might be transplanted to southern California. There are rich quiet vineyards and fruit farms and families of French Huguenot origin whose faces and charm still tell one at once of their origin.

We must hurry away to the Transvaal, scene of the struggling Boers, native wars, gold and diamond mines. The country on the way is like many parts of the American west, Anatolia or the Argentine, cruel dry plains and mountains. We noticed especially the tin roofed houses in the dry, windswept little towns and we were told that the lack of timber and the fear of hail were the reasons of the omnipresent tin roof.

The afternoon of the second day brought the ghostly mine dumps of Johannesburg into view. They dominate the landscape for thirty miles. Later we saw them from the attractive race course of Johannesburg and they looked like the mountains of a Japanese print or like the pyramids of Chiza, so symmetrical and picturesque were they. At the station native boys (all male natives are called "boys") pulling rickshas and wearing cock feathers or plumes in their battered felt hats, bracelets made of any metal or bone on wrist and ankles, rather shocked us with their blackness and savagery in contrast to the colored we saw lounging in the streets of Capetown.

We decided to leave the train and drive to Pretoria, the capital of the Union, only thirty miles from Johannesburg. What a confused raw city Johannesburg

appears to be on first glimpse. Every second shop seemed a Chinese or Indian bazaar or fruit stall or third rate movie; confusion, traffic, noise, building at every turn and natives everywhere. Later we came again to Johannesburg and we were quite awed at the excellence of its department stores. The Carlton Hotel was another surprise and the Rand Club, where, I am told by the men who have dined there, a better meal can't be had in Paris. It is hard to believe that Johannesburg is only forty-six years old. The Witwatersrand is the name of the gold reef discovered in 1882 by the Strubens. Here millions of dollars worth of gold has been mined by the shifts of natives brought from Portuguese East Africa and who know no word of English or Dutch and nothing of the blood struggle and hatred the possession of these vast holes in the ground have and do cause. The families who have grown rich and prominent from what the South African soil has given up are really few in number and few live in Johannesburg. There are I believe few individual fortunes more than \$2 or \$3,000,000 in this country. The principal mining stock is held abroad.

I went to a number of balls in Johannesburg, and I was impressed by the smartness of the women, latest hair cut, latest Paris models and the newest shade of lipstick. The men have an English cut to them and true most of them are of English origin. There are many picturesque examples of self-made leaders in this self-made city, men who forty years ago walked to the Rand as our own 49ers did in California, sold shoe strings on the street corners and washed gold. One man cornered the donkey market during the Boer war and what a palace he now lives in! There are visiting opera and theatre companies and amateur actor organizations, a great deal of racing, a hunt, sixteen or more golf courses, a University, an aerodrome, magnificent cinema houses looking like Italian villas and very drafty, and just everything that makes for a booming, growing modern city, everything but something. Is it tradition? Is it the distance from old Europe which makes the difference? Is it real originality? What is the thing which makes a city unique among its sisters? Frankly, Johannesburg isn't anything unusual except that it is a very new city "built on gold". The sun and the eucalyptus trees and the gardens of which all boast are quite as fine and unfailing in many other spots on this earth.

The motor road from Johannesburg to Pretoria dropped us a thousand feet over the rolling veld. We were astonished that a thoroughfare of such importance was very narrow indeed. The double rows of pine and acacia trees on either side of this path-highway were beautiful to see and gave a welcome shade. A red hot sun set over the low far distant hills. After a few hairpin turns we were in Pretoria, capital of the Union, home of the sturdy burghers of the nineteenth century, Dutch dorp of Kruger, who sat under the Wonderboom or on his "stoep" and gave utterance to the wisest and the stubbornest utterances of any statesman of his day, who with 70,000 Boers held a British army of some 300,000 three years in struggle.

Pretoria is dark at night, the streets lighted, those that are, by dim lights strung up in the middle of the street. There are paved sidewalks only on a few of the principal business streets and those streets hold a great surprise for a tourist. They are crowded by day with small motor cars, always self-driven, (I only saw three chauffeurs) bicycles, wagons, drawn by oxen or twelve to eighteen donkeys, an occasional horseman, natives sitting on the curbstones, sturdy, hard looking men in wide brimmed hats and the women all dressed alike either in gingham or printed chiffon. These women have had no time to be beautiful and these shops offer them only what the English "drapers" always offer in the provinces. The first feeling we had was that we were in a Wyoming town moved to an imaginary southern border because there is a laziness in the air regardless of an altitude of 4,500 feet. The cheapness of native labor leads to indolence on the part of the whites of all classes. No one is so poor he cannot have a native boy and no one is so busy that in this land of early risers he cannot stop at 11 o'clock for tea. In the old days (twenty years ago!) it was champagne and whiskey for the men at 11, but now they gather at Turkatras and drink coffee.

There are no good hotels in Pretoria. The South African standard of living is either so low or the tourists so few and undemanding that one finds none of the comforts, luxuries, if you will, that the tourist usually finds in a country which likes to think itself as progressive as does South Africa but

South Africa really isn't progressive and it is poor regardless of its potential riches.

Pretoria has a diplomatic corps now, an American Legation and soon, I was told, will have French, German and Belgium Legations. These missions are pleasantly housed but just what constitutes diplomatic life in Pretoria, the casual traveller was at a loss to know. The Governor-General's residence, where he lives and entertains for six or seven months of the year, is located on the hillside and looks over the plains into the Premier Diamond Mine. It is a Herbert Baker edifice done in his best pseudo villa style. South Africa has had, among others, Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Earl of Athlone (brother of Queen Mary) and now the Earl of Clarendon as Governor-General. The Union Buildings, where all the Government officials have offices, sits also on a hillside.

In January, the height of summer, it rains often in Pretoria. The English ladies suspend their tennis, the Afrikaners put down their teacups and everybody talks politics. What more shall I say about a town which is obviously still clinging to its Boer traditions, a town with a woman mayor, a town of strong minded folk who believe that South Africa, especially the Transvaal, was settled and made safe from the Zulus by the Dutch and that the English should never have taken it from them? Their one great passion is to be free of England and then what?

There seem to have been a goodly number of American tourists in South Africa this season. The opening of a direct steamer service from New York to the Cape doubtless will do much to add to the number of American travellers. Many go to Capetown, to Johannesburg, take a three days rail trip from the latter to Northern Rhodesia to see that amazing country, especially the Victoria Falls (bigger and better than Niagara) and I fear fail to see the Zambesia ruins relic of prehistoric Africa and site, so Rider Haggard tells us, of the Queen of Sheba's gold mines. Then they trek down to Durban, most eastern of all the South African towns and slowly steam up the east coast in a German ship stopping at Lourenco Marques, Mozambique, Dar-es-salaam, Zanzibar and Mombasa, have a touch of Egypt (and dysentery if its the wrong season) and

land finally on French soil. Of course, some of these travellers go on safari in Kenya for serious sport and many take a motor trip in the National Game Reserve, but all guns are sealed on entering and there is no chance of taking home the head of that casual lion who strolls across the motor road.

TRAVELS

by

STANLEY CLEVELAND LEA

BUSHVELD

by

Elizabeth Stevenson Ives

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by

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1932

We hadn't lived long in Pretoria before we realized with what a passion the true South African, especially the Dutchman, loved the veld. Every South African owned a "farm", even before a bank account, and when we were asked to go to shoot in the Northern Transvaal with the Brinks we literally danced for joy. And then we began planning and listing before the final start in mid-winter, on June 20th.

The farm, a vast wilderness of some 8,000 acres, lay on the border of the Kruger Game Reserve, 310 miles north-east of Pretoria. Mr. Brink started two days ahead of us to put the camp in order. His natives, who live in their kraals on the estate, gather together when the owner arrives each year for the shooting and to cut roads, grass (the yellow dried straw of the veld), for the floors of the rondavels, or make new rondavels according to the needs of the party. These natives act as gun bearers, cooks, handymen, water bearers, and serve generally during the few weeks the camp is in use, and then back to idleness for a year.

We had a list of equipment which included stretcher beds, bedding, sheets, pillows, blankets, hurricane lamps, flash-lights, candles, canned fruit, Boer rusks, whiskey, guns and ammunition, khaki trousers and shirts, warm sleeping garments, because the low veld is hot at noon and cold at night. When the Esselens arrived to guide us on that memorable trip, their open car was loaded in such a manner that we felt like innocents indeed with our neat trunk on the rack and nothing tied to the running board. What with Mr. and Mrs. Esselen and child in the front seat, we were amazed to see a native servant boy (a "piccanin" in the vernacular) and a dog perched on the top of a hot and cold running water ice bag, wash stand, bath tub, table, chairs, three stretcher cots, a feather bed, boiler, kettles, bag of wood, bag of oranges, eggs, loaves of bread, spek (a fat for stuffing legs of the buck), sausage,

a leg of lamb from the Karroo of particular delicacy because the lamb is herd fed, "Koesisterrtjes" (doughnuts fried in a cereal oil and soaked in boiling honey), pig lard in place of butter, two gridirons with pan, two acetylene lamps, electric torches, candlesticks, cheeses, custard powder, macaroni, brandy and whiskey, medicine chest, bedding, an Opera hat and fancy costume, axe, spade and three suitcases - and we felt thoroughly unprepared for what was awaiting us!

The cold morning sun saw us pass the Premier Mine where my thoughts wandered over to Johannesburg to old Sir Thomas Cullinan, living in his vast lonely home, and I couldn't but try to picture the days forty years ago when he bargained with that now renowned (to South Africa) farmer who owned the land where the mine now stands, and of how he bargained and paid a small sum of money for a property which soon yielded up a single diamond of 3,024 $\frac{3}{4}$ carats or about 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds, and has since produced 29,000,000 carats weight of diamonds. That stubborn old farmer sold the next farm he moved to for an equal sum, as gold was discovered on it, and his luck followed him even to a third farm, on which minerals were found. On and on we sped over rolling land into the sun, often on the edge of the railway line to Delagoa Bay, the line that gave the Dutch Republic of Kruger's day an opening to the sea. In the building of this line dozens of Holland engineers died of fever. On this line, Winston Churchill lay hidden in a freight car as he escaped from a Pretoria prison in the Boer War, and where the long bearded defeated President Kruger finally made his exit from the country for which he and his had fought.

We were lucky in finding a group of Sesuto women dressed only with fine white bead work head dresses, necklaces and aprons, riding sedately on an ox wagon. Our friend, Mr. Esselen, spoke Zulu fluently (it is the key language to all of the tribal tongues) and easily got these swarthy ladies to throw off their gay blankets and pose for our cameras. The country grew increasingly monotonous, and after climbing to an altitude of 6,500 feet we found the mining town of Pilgrim's Rest. It is ten miles from a railway, and is typical of what I have always wanted and expected to find a mining camp to be. It is perched on the hillside of a deep canyon, and here is still mined

the alluvial gold which caused a boom and a panic for the adventurers of Africa in 1869.

We slept in a clean but crazy little hotel, and breathed such air as one dreams of but actually tastes seldom in one's life. The following morning with ice in the streams we crossed, we dropped rapidly down to the low veld, after having stood on a sheer precipice and seen the country roll down and away from us for what seemed to be hundreds of miles. There below on that flat vast distance dotted thickly with bushy little trees lay the long waited for hunting grounds, and beyond it, 100 miles or less, the Indian Ocean. We passed hardly a homestead and few native huts, and not one motor car that day.

After we left the Drakensberg Mountains the roads ceased to be graded and we began instinctively to look for game. At tea time the last town before we reached the "farm" came into view, or rather we came into it before we saw it - it has the distinction of being on a branch line of the railway, is called Acornhoek, and has four houses, one of which is a store, one the mayor's home, where we had tea and saw our first live lion in this renowned lion country. It was a three months' old cub caught a few miles away by our host when he was hunting its mother. And now the real fun began. We were in the hunting country, and dusk was falling, that magic hour for game. In the hour that followed, we saw a herd of zebra, six sablebuck, fifteen kudu, a rabbit, a jakhal, a drove of wildebeest, and other game. Our excitement was so intense that we dared not speak above a whisper, dared not point, crept along at ten miles an hour, and I nearly fainted when suddenly I touched without looking my husband's fur collar on his overcoat. Darkness, the trees seemed to crowd us into the narrow pathway which served as a road. The grass stood mostly five feet high, and each fallen tree looked an aminous and threatening beast.

We suddenly left the main road, and after three miles which seemed thirty, we saw the light of the camp fire, and before we knew what had happened we had turned into a little barbed wire enclosure and in the fire light we saw the faces of our hosts, and behind them the picturesque reed huts, and a small army of natives in a variety of loose hanging rags. Hunting dogs growled, a begrudging welcome, and we quickly gathered round the fire of the fallen tree trunks and

looked into a starlight heaven, the Southern Cross reminding us that we were in another hemisphere, and the cold still air not what at all is ordinarily expected of a June night.

Mr. Brink had had a good days shooting. We had guinea fowl for dinner, and by the aid of a flash light we toured the camp. To our amusement and relief we found the camp surrounded by barbed wire heaped about with bush. There was an opening on two sides, one for us and one at the back for the natives. Each family of guests had their own hut, properly called a rondavel, built exactly like the ones the natives live in - that is perfectly round with one low opening - the walls are of reeds lined with mud, the tops of straw and the whole structure made without one piece of string or a single nail. One house built oblong and closed only half way on two sides served as dining room where we sat on our camp chairs around a table and ate. The kitchen nearby, with roof held by small tree poles, made up the group of "buildings" in our part of the camp. The floors were all covered thick with fresh cut grass which kept down the dust and made an attractive appearance. We made our way fifty yards to the natives' sleeping hut, the smoke hut, and, most fascinating of all, a shed or rather a roof of tin, under which by candle light, the bleeding skin of a wildebeest, fresh killed that day, lay while the "boys" carefully, skilfully cut away the meat which a young Dutchman was shrinking up to dry in short strips.

These morsels we will later eat as biltong renowned as the Voortrekkers' main sustenance as they wandered over the veld. It is merely dried meat and when finally eaten is so dry it is grated off and put on bread and butter as a great speciality.

To one side, stretched over a pole, lay the lovely skin of a large zebra and hanging on a tree, venison (reedbuck and a wildebeest). The night proved to be cold and still - only once did the dogs grumble after the voices of the laughing natives died into sleep.

We arose at sunrise to coffee and boer rusks around a small fire, started off in the cold air and two natives carrying our rifles and one leading a horse for me should I find the walking in the long grass thru the thorny bush too tiring. I did, and had reason to bless that pony on that first exciting hunt.

We saw many spoors, soon heard the high clear call or bark of the zebras. We saw a honey bird fly up and try to lead us astray to a honey tree. We saw a good many palms and aloes and a few fine tall trees, but mostly they were low and thorny and many dead and fallen ones. The veld is burned over in small patches early each season to encourage the new grass but this season there was no rain and hence no new grass.

We were stalking the zebra when under my feet jumped up and away a black and white striped furry animal with bushy tail and short legs. I knelt - bang! I had shot my first game. I saw the head go back, its tail stiffen. The others leaned over it but the sight of the enormous hole my gun had torn in its side sickened me. One boy stayed back to cut off the head as we went on for our zebra which we found later were well out of range by then. We saw the great round spoor of a giraffe, then thru the bush the dash of a herd of zebra running away - later the gray outline of a kudu (buck) which Mr. Brink hit but was unable to find although we spent some time looking. Ernest got a shot at a zebra about 250 yards away. We saw it fall, jump up and run off. They followed the drops of blood until they stopped. During this time I was sent off with my guide, Sam, to find the Zebra who continued to bark at us. Suddenly around the edge of an ant hill about eight feet high we saw two big wildebeest in deadly combat, their horns clashing and pawing the earth. I was excited and frightened. I pointed to my gun and Sam nodded. I fired. The fight went on. I fired again as they came into clearer view. They separated. One ran away slowly and the other turned toward us and I was perfectly certain it would charge so I fired again. It turned around, stopped, sank down hind legs first. I found then I had no more cartridges to shoot the other one who was slowly moving off. The knowledge that I had no more ammunition made me terribly afraid and I realized I was shaking and so was my native. The horse was excited and it was several minutes before I could mount. We turned right back to tell the others, and all the way I was terribly nervous. Had I had more cartridges I should have felt a great elation over my success rather than being suddenly quite sick with fear.

We all went back to the fallen beast and found that two of my shots had hit while the first had probably gone wild. The wildebeest proved to be an old one and he had several wounds inflicted during the fight; in fact one eye was gouged out by the opponent's horn. And now I saw those short cruel looking ox-knives, which the boys carried, put to use. First the native took a sharp hunt-

ing knife and slit open the animal's stomach for the purpose of emitting the entrails. If this is not done at once poisonous gasses ruin the carcass and the skin is apt to shed its hair. The boys cut down big branches from the trees and covered the fallen beast to protect it from the vultures until they could return with donkeys and more boys, quarter the animal and take it back to camp.

We faced homewards now and as we silently moved along single file, the boys suddenly pointed out a drove of wild pig not 200 yards away. They were exactly the color of the ground and I should never have noticed them. I jumped off my horse, took my gun and Mr. Brink crept carefully towards them. With his first shot he rolled over a young one and as the herd scattered took a shot at a large one with fine tusks. The boys covered the large one and we slaughtered the young one, strung it on poles and off we went with our boys each carrying a dripping (shining) red burden.

We reached camp at 12, with a hot sun making us glad, so shed our jerseys and sat in the shade of the eat hut and had a lunch-breakfast of our best cold meat, tea, bread and canned pears, and our first hunt was over. Then the novel and delightful experience of a bath in a canvas collapsible tub. The water is all a bit dirty looking in comparison with the beautiful clear water of the streams of the Armenian Rocky mountain districts. Here the lack of water or a dependable yearly water fall holds back the agricultural advancement of the country more than any other factor. The streams this year are all dry here at Kempfi, and there has been no rain since March. We saw several small still water holes in the bed of the stream now dry sand. The game seem to have dug and even stampeded in an effort to get water.

The second day saw Mr. Brink starting out with me at 7 a.m. with our native, Sam and "Cigaret". The latter's great chopping knife was still red from recent hacking at the kill of the day before. We hadn't gone five minutes from camp when we saw zebra, but I fired too high and missed. We saw two wild ostriches glumpling slowly and awkwardly away. As we dropped down the edge of the river bank just where one large water hole had survived the drought, we saw the fresh spoor of a very large lion, and from there on for several miles I had an acutely uncomfortable feeling at even the rumbles of my horse's stomach.

We saw three zebra standing some 250 yards ahead

and I jumped off my horse, took my gun and we crept along trying to hide behind the bush. The zebra watched us both and gave us time to get within about 200 yards. I knelt and fired. I saw a cloud of dust as they ran off, and thought I had missed again but Mr. Brink motioned me to follow and we ran forward crouching until we sighted them. It was evident that one animal was wounded because he walked very slowly. A herd of about twenty others and one lone bull wildebeest now joined the original three and stood looking at us. Each time we had the wounded animal within range the herd moved a few yards. Finally the lame one dropped behind the others and Mr. Brink fired and he dropped. We ran forward and I felt certain he was rapidly dying because he hung his head away from us with a most human expression. We were ten feet or less away by now and my instinct was to go up and touch him, when Mr. Brink said I should take the final shot, but before I had arrived, the animal, with a terrific jump, stood on his hind legs and tried to strike us. Luckily Mr. Brink instantly shot him thru the heart and he fell dead at last. And then he told me something of the nature of the zebra.

They are nearly impossible to domesticate because of their stubborn and very mean natures. They kick and bite and if they are ever tamed become slow and stupid. The boys "did the necessary" and we trekked on. In an open space we found more fresh lion spoor and later the hair and two bones of a roanbuck killed the day or night before by a lion. What the lion leaves, and it is little, the jackals or the vultures finish almost at once. We were back in camp at 10 and ready for porridge, egg and tea and bread and butter, and best of all, a nap.

We heard many lion stories from Mr. Brink. Last year one of the guests heard a grunting in the night just around the rondavel in which he slept, (luckily it had a reed door) and the following morning large lion spoor were found all about the place. On one occasion the ladies of the party took a short walk down the "road". A native followed after a few minutes and found three lions had crossed the road almost immediately after the women!

Sitting around the fire after an excellent dinner of venison and dried peaches cooked with cinnamon, we listened to stories of the Boer War days when Mr. Brink

and Mr. Esselen rode back and forth across the veld while for three years the imported English army struggled to conquer not only them but the climate and the veld life with all of its new conditions which made warfare a new game to these professional soldiers.

We had to take care not to touch the ends of the great logs we were burning as the heat often drove the scorpions out to the ends. At night a lamp was always left burning on a tree where the horses and donkeys were tethered to warn off the lions.

Friday morning we found it less difficult to get out of bed in the cold air with a red sky telling us that the hunters must be off before the sun actually rose. I stayed behind in camp with the other ladies and before we had had breakfast Mr. Brink was back, having run into a sablebuck and a kudu very near one another and only a half hour's walk from camp. He killed each with one shot and we even heard the reports in camp. He came back to fetch us and we all walked single file thru the reeds of the dry river bed up the slope and to the spot where a beautiful kudu with fine curling horns lay dead. The color is mousy gray with a few fine white stripes on the back. These animals are not plentiful and I can't see how any but an experienced veld hunter could sight one because they are exactly the color of the numerous dead trees. A hundred yards away lay a sable - jet black with a streak of white on his face. One of his spiral tall horns had been shot away evidently years ago because he was an old buck and Mr. Brink pointed out spots to me where he was actually graying. The natives knelt to skin, behead and quarter these animals. Looking up, we saw a herd of wildebeest watching us and before any of us could fire they ambled off with their galloping swing, recalling to us the vision of our own great plains.

In camp we lunched on cold guinea fowl, cheese and bread and grape fruit. Then we trekked across the veld to the kaffir kraals about two minutes from camp to see the manner in which our "blackbirds" and their wives lived. We visited first "Homo", the induna or chief. He was a tall and distinguished looking old gentleman with a scattering of whiskers turned gray, three great white stones (ivory hung on horse hair) hanging round his neck, a flopping piece of long hanging cloth tied about his waist in place of trousers which these natives sel-

dom possess. On his fine old head sat a crown or ring of shining black which proved to be made of bees wax. He possessed eight wives and about thirty head of cattle. The women were variously hung and unhung with rags. They were decorated with a strange design on the skin of their quite bare stomachs, and Mr. Esselen explained to me that the little incisions done with so evident a design or pattern were done for medicinal purpose. The babies hung as usual on the mothers backs. The children were all suffering from colds and very sore eyes. The old shrivelled women seemed loath to show their shrunken persons to us and held blankets tight around them. The huts usually had a yard of forecourt with a high reed (railing) wall around it. These courts held many pretty clay pots of various sizes and iron pots standing on three short legs over the tiny low burning fire for which the kaffir is famous. These natives are of the M'Shangaan tribe.

The word "kaffir" is used out here to designate any black person. In the back of our camp we saw the women of these kraals coming each day to cut up the cast off meat and entrails of the game we shot. They hang the strips of meat in the trees, let it dry a little and then carry it home. Practically all the meat they get during the year is when the camp is open and the hunters are busy. For the rest of the time they live on mealie meal (corn meal) and some wild fruit.

After dinner we packed ourselves into Mr. Esselen's open car and with a torch light turned on one side of the road and the search light on the other we made our way to the adjoining farm in the darkness. For all our strong lights we couldn't see "eyes" but as soon as we reached the other camp we were told that the night before they had had six lions at the edge of the camp. Mr. Pirow (Minister for Justice) and Major van der Byl hurried out and found the lions twenty-five yards away but the darkness was so intense and their flash lights so inadequate they didn't shoot or follow as the lions moved away.

I wonder what our men will do when such an opportunity presents itself! In any case once safely home under the brilliant starlit heavens we all lay awake hearing the grunt of lions, but the following morning we found not one track to confirm our varying and various stories of the night sounds.

Saturday Ernest and Mr. Brink went off and almost at once found a number of zebra. Ernest took a shot; the herd scattered and when they caught it again one animal seemed to be badly wounded, another shot and it was all over. Mr. Brink took the gun Mr. Totten had loaned Ernest and had two shots with it, (one at a wildebeest and one at a zebra) and found it was shooting five inches to the left, which probably explains Ernest's having missed several good shots he had a few days ago. When the morning's shoot came into camp, the boys showed the first zebra Ernest had shot and it had a long cruel rip down its back from a lion's paw. It had evidently been wounded the night before. The lion missed his aim and instead of getting him on the neck caught the hind quarter with one long rip.

At 10:30 half of our party, including Ernest, went in Mr. Esselen's car to Acornhoek to see a citrus farm. They saw several large herds of game. Ernest took movies of them. At the citrus farm they saw fine orange and grape fruit groves and brought back to camp bags of fruit.

The Brinks and I took Sam, the gunbearer, and a lunch and went in the car across the veld over a tract the natives had blazed to the so-called lion hold several miles away from camp. The sandy river bed was high with palms and reeds and as we walked along looking on water or spoor we startled a big herd of zebra and of kudu who were grazing on the bank. To my utter amazement the native made a fire in the long grass to make our tea, and did it so dexterously that the grass was not burned more than two feet about the fire. We sat quietly watching for game to come to drink. A soft warm wind blew from behind us and the tall yellow grass waved its fingers to us. Suddenly we caught sight of a family of quiet kudus coming cautiously thru the bush; the young ones' great ears standing out at each side gave them a very absurd expression of innocence. We sat stony still and it was not until a sudden strong gust of wind carried our scent to them, about fifty yards, that they became startled and then they turned and made off.

Driving back to camp we saw watching us on the left at about 200 yards a splendid sable. We stopped and Mr. Brink fired from the car and hit him in the heart. The native opened him and covered him and we went, watched by several animals, but we didn't shoot again. The night fell gently but with a pack of jackals nearby howling and barking and generally disturbing the beauty of the stillness but reminding us that beyond the glow of our

fire and the ring of our voices was a life going on intense and cruel. Mr. Brink called in Sam and some of the older natives and with the cook as interpreter had a long discussion as to how best to arrange a rendezvous with a lion. It was agreed to build a platform in a tree and to put a kill nearby and for us to sit in the tree-watch during the night.

Sunday dawned cold. Mr. Brink was off early and drove for fourteen miles on the blazed trail into his farm looking for probable lion lair. We ladies lay in our warm beds and the men brought us hot coffee, grapefruit and pawpaw. By the time the others returned at 11 we were up in the warm sun and breakfast of scrambled eggs and ham were waiting. A strange, hot languid wind blew over us and we all felt an inexpressed excitement when the boys returned from preparing the tree platform for the lion watch. The camp showed divided interests all day, some bridging, others sleeping and Mr. Brink busily making sausage of kudu and wildebeest and pork. The silence was seldom interrupted. The whining wail of a native child's crudely improvised violin or the sharp call of a bird was all below the stir of that warm African wind blowing to us from the jungles of the interior.

Mr. Brink, Ernest and I started off at 6 for our night in the tree to watch for lion. We were armed with thermos bottles of hot soup and coffee and some sandwiches. We had on warm clothes and carried our top coats and a blanket to roll up in, flash lights and guns. It was already nearly dark when we left and Sam guided us with his sure rapid walk thru the bush. Two boys brought up the rear carrying poles over their shoulders hung with fresh kudu meat. They had earlier in the day dragged the entrails of the kudu over the ground near our stilleasie and had hung it on a tree 20 feet from the tree we were to sit in. A lion's reach is 9 feet and usually the platforms are set at 12 feet but no suitable tree was found and this one was 10 feet. The intense darkness quickly wrapped us round and once I fell perfectly flat. We couldn't see 20 feet ahead of us. The silence began to frighten me. In a half hour's time Sam had found the spot. I could just see in a smallish thorn tree a platform and by the light of the torch I was quickly hoisted upon it and I climbed onto a comfortable and soft broad bed of grass and palms over the small tree trunks that made the foundation. The whole thing swayed with each movement I made, even the branches

of the tree waved up and down and I felt a sickening feeling that some weighty lion might try to shake our boat and toss us rudely out!

The boys hung up the meat with the other on the tree 20 feet from us and went silently off back to camp. Mr. Brink and Ernest climbed up and wrapping themselves warmly and pointing the guns at the bait, they showed me how to hold the strong torch over their shoulders so they could see to shoot when the lions came. A few minutes and Mr. Brink was sound asleep. He had told us to sleep too as the lions wouldn't come before midnight but on that memorable night I didn't sleep at all and I had the strange and beautiful experience of listening to all the veld sounds so intensified by the utter darkness. I saw the sky change and the milky way move across the sky. I counted 43 stars fall into infinite space. A strange soft wind fluttered by. A tired eerie old quarter moon came into the sky at 2 to cast uncomfortable light into the blackness.

At midnight the men woke for soup and sandwiches but soon went back to sleep. It was then that the game came trooping to the water hole below us to drink. I heard them creep thru the reeds and the swish as they passed was as a gentle music. Then suddenly a muffled rush and soft clatter of hoofs as they ran up the bank and off. The whistle of the reedbuck, the snort of the zebra as they drink and the heavy breathing of an inquisitive animal just under our tree all made the hour that passed an intense one. Then as the silence wrapped itself around us again the long wail of a hyena pierced the night. That sound which reminded me of the siren on an ambulance in New York, only muffled, told us here in the African night that lions were near. The hyena follows the lion and howls his plaintive warning to the sky as they come. Mr. Brink rose up and said "Now is the time. The lion is coming down the river bank". My heart began to do strange tricks just then and my whole left side felt an acute pain. To my amazement the men went back to sleep and perhaps it was just as well because Ernest coughed and wriggled and constantly lifted up his head or hand or turned about. Mr. Brink had told us to lie down all the time and to be very quiet and not point or lift our heads, so of course rather than run the risk of frightening away the lions I lay in one position until I was paralyzed and stiff with cold. I kept my head uncovered to hear better so naturally I failed to understand why Mr. Brink wore a cap with ear muffs and Ernest turned the big fur collar of his coat well up around his head.

Naturally when I poked them to wake and listen to some walking, snorting or crackling sound under us they had to uncover and say "What did you say?" Hence a good deal of conversation took place. I felt no such fatigue as I do when I lie awake in my bed at home at night. I felt instead a strange detachment from earth and life and the sky seemed to tell me that nothing I had ever done before in my life was as important as this intense night on the African veld in the lions hunting ground. The hyena called again and again and again and the horizon rung into the distant roar of lions who had evidently killed.

A sudden movement from one of our sleepers sent an animal into a snort, jumping and running away from under us. My heart stood still waiting for a grunt or a roar but it appeared to be only a buck. However, I was confident a lion was stalking it. When the stars faded and beckoned me with trembling fingers to follow them, the red glow in the east seemed to arouse the sturdy lion hunters at my side. They sat up and stupidly looked about to see if the meat still hung untouched. The faithful Sam came out of the bush cover to see what we had shot and much was his disgust at our failure because he saw tracks of lion a few yards away! We climbed down, I was numb and my feet felt as tho they were frozen. We walked fast the three miles back to camp and arrived with scarlet cheeks and warm feet to find the others had all been lying awake listening for our shots.

We bathed, ate and got into the car to take a day's trip into the Game Reserve. This was the first night of my life I had spent the whole night awake, and, more than that, in the open, to say nothing of lying in a tree watching for lions, but the fine air and the excitement kept me awake until noon when the intense heat in the Reserve put me to sleep on Mrs. Brink's shoulder.

The Kruger National Game Reserve is a vast tract of some 250 miles in length and about 150 in breadth, lying between the Transvaal and Portuguese East Africa. Here the game roam untouched and safe. The curious may come to see them by motor. There are four entrances and rest camps where the motorists may sleep the night, bringing their own bedding and supplies. No motor may enter the Reserve after 6 p.m. and all guns are sealed. The cars are not allowed to drive fast as it frightens the game away and no one is allowed out of the bounds of the rest camps after dark.

When we returned, Ernest and Mr. Brink started off almost at once for another nocturnal rendezvous with the lions. The heavy meal of soup, game, beans, rice, potatoes and brandy jelly they ate heartily of and off they went into the early dark with one boy to take my place. We who stayed behind quickly went to bed and our dreams were filled with fear for those who watched the night. When breakfast came and the hunters were not back a feeling of uneasy expectation filled the camp. At 10:30 in they came, beards long and faces longer for they had no kill. It seemed that the boy who had been told to watch had covered his head with a blanket, no doubt taking the cue from those two ardent but sleepy lion hunters, Mr. Brink and Ernest, and slept gently thru the night. They scrambled out of their roost just at dawn after a good rest and found the ground within 10 feet of them covered with fresh spoor! At least six lion had obviously circled round them without even casting a glance at the meat. They drank their flasks of coffee and went off on the lions' trail following it for nearly three hours without success but only about 200 yards behind it. Those two men had a miserable and amusing day in camp. The puns, the jokes, the wit and sarcasm and scorn that hung about their somnambulistic talent when hot on the lion hunt was worth hearing but doesn't bear repetition on paper. It seemed to take effect. Mr. Brink went off for game and birds and Ernest to kill a fresh lion bait.

And so the last evening sun fell into the vast sky the final day of our first big game shoot on the veld. Ernest made for his tree and stayed there. Mr. Brink joined him soon after sundown and we who were left at camp with melancholy began to pack up with the light of our cars making the work possible in the sheer darkness.

During the night one hyena came near to say farewell and to tell us again that the lions were within reach. And we did hear again that strange grunt which we hoped the men were hearing from their roost. At dawn we arose and when we had tea and rusks and hot mealie meal which had been keeping warm in the bed of coals of our fire, we welcomed back our lion hunters. They had been more wakeful but apparently spent most of the time talking and again had no success.

Off we all went: Mrs. Brink and her son back to Pretoria over the Berg, the route we had come by, and the Esselens and we into the Reserve. Mr. Brink stayed at camp for a little solitude and no doubt more shooting. At noon the heat was oppressive and instead of staying to

lunch in a rest camp we stopped on a dry river bank, made a fire and tea and had an excellent rest. After we had packed up again and were ready to go I walked off a few paces with Mrs. Esselen nearer the edge and as we stood there we heard almost beside us the snore and grunt and rustle of lions. We called the men and they too stood transfixed with amazement. We could see nothing, but the thought that these animals had doubtless watched us lunch and were beginning to be a little annoyed with our intrusion was far from comfortable. In the Reserve one can only shoot if one's life is in danger, so of course we couldn't do anything but walk back to our cars and there listen with a deeper feeling of safety. The Esselens drove off and we luckily stopped in the river bed and watched just long enough to see two big lions amble down the bank and cross the river not 150 yards from us! We waited no longer and the rest of the afternoon each brown buck we saw thru the trees looked very ominous to us. We saw baboons, monkeys, wild pig, zebra, kudu, giraffes, jackals but no more lion. The country as we left the Reserve became monotonous again and threatening and when we crossed a steep divide over a bad road in the dark and saw the lights of White River ahead we felt at peace. There we found a charming little inn and bathed and dined and slept.

At 7 the next day we were off over the rolling vast country, the mist in the valleys below laying like a down quilt. The citrus farms were pleasant reminders of Southern California. On and on and on we rolled over hills and mountains and into valleys, the falling sun drawing us rapidly back to Pretoria and Timmie. By dark we were actually back, tired, happy and again a united little family, and never had I imagined home as beautiful as it suddenly became as we opened our front door and saw a cheery fire and a tumult of joy from our golden haired Tim.

SUMMER DIGGING

by

Elizabeth Stevenson Ives

SUMMER DIGGING (1934)

By Elizabeth Stevenson Ives

For two years we lived in Algiers, learning daily more of the Roman period in North African history. We saw the ruins of the beautifully situated cities of Djemila and Timgad, we saw, as we motored over the vast land, bits of Roman monuments at every turn; we heard stories of Arabs ploughing up sarcophagi, pottery and coins in their fields. The reminder of the energy of the Roman period was constantly before us, and we finally longed to reach into the earth for what remnants of those rich years we could find. A good genie guided us after much questioning into the hands of the friendly and the wise, and we went to that exquisite spot, Tipasa, on the blue sea and under the shadow of the Chénoua Mountain to the property of a friend, M. Tremaux, to begin our quest.

The name Tipasa is very probably a Phoenician one. The town belonged once to Carthage, and among its ruins traces of a Punic town are found. The Emperor Claudius established on the North African coast colonies, and Tipasians "enjoyed" Roman citizenship. In the 2nd and 3rd centuries the town

flourished as did all of North Africa, and the population was counted at 20,000. The site of Tipasa is extraordinary, a natural hill of triangular shape jutting into the sea, the steep drop to the water forming a natural protection - all the early city sites of the coast are beautiful but none more lovely than this with its sloping lands behind the coastline. Even in the 2nd. century the country round about, as now, was adorned richly with olive trees and vineyards.

Tipasa boasted no garrison of the Roman Legion, but grew rich through her commerce, ships coming to her harbor from Spain and Gaul. The large Christian cemetery of St. Salsa outside the town proves that Christianity came early to Tipasa but its Christian ardor was its ultimate ruin. It withstood the conflicts of the Donatists and Ariens in a feeble fashion, and was only finally destroyed by the Mohammedan invasion of the 7th. century.

In 1854, the site of the Roman town with a certain amount of hinterland was given to a French colonist who built a little village beside the hill where the warm winds of the desert and the blue waves of the sea meet in memory of the once gay Roman town. Time has covered a delicious mantle of green over these golden ruins - we saw the pines and palms, the armoise or absynthe of such strange sweetness and unearthly paleness, the stately asphodel, the mastic-tree growing in

abundant abandon where once the pagans and Christians mingled in busy life.

Wandering over the historic jumble of brush and trees, one comes upon ruins already completely excavated by the Societe des Monuments Historiques, such as the amphitheatre, the forum, the temple, the baths. One walks down the streets to be lost suddenly in acres of brush with stray bits of masonry and columns appearing to tempt one on and on, and it was on such a walk that we finally chose our spot to dig. Mr. Ives had spent some hours with Mr. Bergan the guardian of the Parc Tremaux, and himself an amateur archaeologist who knew each stone of his property - he and M. Tremaux had opened many important places of Tipasa's treasure house and filled the tiny museum with beauty dug from this earth. The spot Mr. Ives chose was thought to be in the villa district. It was near a large, half excavated olive oil deposit and pottery works. The brush grew thick and high but there were numbers of indications such as one on digging bent soon learns to detect, that surely a large dwelling or important building lay below. We engaged a few diggers, Arabs of the modern Tipasa who were not "dans les vignes", bought and borrowed axe, shovel and pick, etc. and "fell to". We could only go to our work on Saturday afternoon and Sunday as it was an hours' drive from Algiers, but the days were long in Spring and once there we lingered late. Mr. Bergan,

who fast became our friend (or more certainly mine, he had a jealous professional eye on "M. le Consul General"), kept a dilapidated canvas chair in his stable yard, which I always tucked under my wing and carried off to the diggings, and when the hacking and hewing of brush and later the digging into the earth became tedious I crept away under his trees and sat breathing the strange sweetness of that loveliest of all spots. From time to time all was silent as a worker struck something or Tim or Mr. Ives in sifting the sandy soil found coins or glass or remains and bits of trinkets, nails, pottery, and a fish hook or two, and then once again the chatter and conjecture began anew as they all turned to work with lusty enthusiasm - the past was slowly awakening, the earth giving up her hidden treasures.

These were delicious days indeed, no cloud or storm marred their glow. Often we took friends with us to picnic and to help at the "fouilles". Most ardent and faithful was the General de Ganay, who would doff uniform and after contemplating in highly intellectual fashion Mr. Ives and the Arabs toiling in the dust would come into the shade and sit on a fallen pillar and read aloud from Racine! Tim, in helmet and shorts was a passionate worker but found time for frequent bathing expeditions in the lovely bay where he splashed about above the very walls of a pagan temple which had slipped into

the sea.

There were days of heavy heat finally and the usual worry when we feared we hadn't a good spot and were doing a foolish thing, but Mr. Ives' patience and perseverance were rewarded one very sultry day in early August, when he had quite decided to stop work until fall. Fatefully enough, it was the first time Tim and I had not gone with him, fearing the heat. Just before dismissing the Arabs, he was on his knees scraping a hard substance when he found it to be mosaic. Mr. Bergan was called for and agreed it to be a very fine piece of mosaic, the workmen were stopped for fear of breaking it and there followed a high excitement. For 12 feet by 12 feet lay the mosaic, and by splashing buckets of water on the sandy soil they saw clearly a highly colored design of human figures, and what appeared to be a horse. Poor Mr. Bergan nearly had an apoplectic fit, and Mr. Ives became immediately "mon cher collègue". Tim and I were called to the scene and saw the glorious sight carefully uncovered. There it lay six feet deep, a shining story, a scene in the life of Achilles. The Mother of Achilles took him to the court of Lycomedes, King of Syros, to live among the Princesses and thus avoid his being sent to the Trojan wars. But Ulysses was sent to use his strategy in finding and bringing Achilles to war. Ulysses had only to place his

lance and shield in the vestibule of the palace when Achilles, hearing the sound of a war trumpet, came rushing in his woman's attire to seize arms and follow Ulysses to battle. At the top left of the scene is a very fine figure of the centaur, Chiron, the wise teacher of Achilles, on the top right a warrior and shield. Unfortunately the two or three figures between these two can't be identified as the mosaic is badly damaged there. At the top a festoon gracefully finished this stirring scene. At the bottom was a fleet of the ships of Ulysses, but also badly damaged. We counted thirteen different colors in the dresses of the nine human figures, décor et cetera. The work was done in the smallest mosaic, and was dated by the Directeur des Antiquités as 2nd. century.

As we had gone to a great deal of trouble through our friends to get permission to dig from the owners of the property and the Société des Monuments Historique we gave them all immediate notice of our successful find. M. Leschi, the Directeur des Antiquités in Algeria had the mosaic covered with straw until such time as he could lift it and put it in the Museum des Antiquités, (Musée Stéphane-Gsell) at Algiers, where it now can be seen along with other important mosaics found in Algeria.

The Ecole Française de Rome in its publication of 1937

"Mélanges D'Archeologie et D'Histoire" has a long descriptive and scholarly story of this mosaic, written by Louis Leschi, the director of Antiquities in Algeria, who was our friend and advisor.

DENMARK VISIT - 1931

by

Helen D. Stevenson

DENMARK VISIT

by Helen D. Stevenson (1931)

While I was making my first acquaintance with Denmark last summer, I felt and still do that few places in the world I know offer more comfort, beauty and charm to its residents than this little country of only 16,568 square miles and 3542,210 inhabitants, with no great fortunes and few industries. What impresses one at once is the lack of contrast, something one feels so soon in most countries. No evidence of great wealth, no visible poverty but much pause, much content, everybody well dressed; the most uniformly well dressed and happy people as seen in the busy but not hustling, bustling streets and cafes, I have ever seen. Apparently no strain, little excitement in the life, even the appearance of the royal family in the streets or shops causes no commotion or much interest. The royal family and its ramifications goes about very much as ordinary citizens. I recall being in one of the big shops, when the queen's sister, Princess Olga, was shopping nearby me and if Elizabeth had not informed me I would never have suspected the dignified, modestly, plainly dressed, quiet, kindly lady was more than just that.

Prince Axel and Erick, the King's nephews, (their wives were Miss Green of New York and Miss Booth of Canada) were guests of the Ives twice while I was with them and the Crown Prince goes about quite democratically. There is, however, a protocol or precedence in mixing with royalty which must be observed and I learned through an embarrassing experience one cannot speak or in any way recognize or approach royalty without formal presentation or being first recognized by them.

The first time one of these Princes came to dinner with the Ives, Prince and the Princess Erick, they were the ranking guests. It was a dinner of sixteen and they were the last arrivals. A Count and Countess Von Moltke, next in rank, I had met before so I got through their

entrance without mishap but when the Ericks were announced and came into the room, the Princess walked directly to Buffie to speak and the Prince in the crowded room was held back near where I was standing and I quite naturally looked up and smiled at the big, ruddy, good-natured boyish man standing, I thought, a little self-consciously, but Buffie had caught that smile and in some haste and confusion came swimming up to Prince Erick and curtsying to him asked if she might present her mother and so saved my face. I noticed there was no response to my smile or effort on the Prince's part to relieve the situation. He, of course, was used to such gaucherie. Going out to dinner, Elizabeth led the way with the Prince then the Princess and Ernest followed and on down all before the United States Senator and local Minister of Foreign Affairs. This protocol extends to the most insignificant title.

The Princess Viggo was a cousin of Baroness Schilling (both Greens of New York) but although one-half her age always takes precedence of the Baroness.

I believe one reason American girls are fascinated by titles of nobility and royalty is salve to their vanity, a feeling of importance, a "better than thou" that always comes where titles of nobility exist. Miss Booth, who was a backwoods millionaire's daughter in Canada now outranks almost everybody in Denmark as the Princess Erick. These American girls are not often happily married but they endure misery and hardships in such cases rather than give up this rank and distinction.

Never have I seen such wealth of flowers! Every street corner has a booth or cart filled with a great variety of blooming plants and cut flowers; gorgeous orchids of various colors sell in the shops for seventy five cents to a dollar apiece. The central flower market occupies a couple of squares, and three times a week it is literally jammed with a display of blooming plants, cut flowers, bouquets, sprays of green and blossoms, young tree branches particularly the beech which is sacred to the Danes, and when they begin to leaf in the early spring there isn't a home or shop without some of them. The custom of sending flowers on birthdays and anniversaries is observed generally.

In paying my goodbye call on Baroness Schilling before leaving, a maid answered the door and, presenting my card, led the way to the drawing room. When the doors were thrown open I was struck dumb by what looked to me like a room made ready for a corpse. So profuse were the

flowers in every available space, great potted plants, gorgeous set pieces on racks (masterpieces of the florist's art) vases of cut flower of every variety, nosegays, bowls of violets, blooming trees of hydrangea, tubs of lillies of the valley, calla lillies, madonna lillies, tuberose. The air of the room was cool but stifling with fragrance and I never spent a more uncomfortable half hour! It was their twenty-fifth anniversary and nobody had failed to do his duty.

The Danes will be comfortable, happy if possible and well fed if they can't indulge themselves in more luxurious ways. Their houses and apartments were well heated for Europe with large living rooms and small airless bedrooms. They seemed to be always eating and tempting you to do so. They know how to be happy with what they have. I have never seen a people, observing them superficially, of course, that appeared so delightfully satisfied with what their little country offered and they certainly make the most of it.

The Danish government encourages people to enjoy themselves and to get into the country by offering cheap transportation and inexpensive entertainment. One is awakened early, and I mean early, Sunday morning by the incessant hum of traffic and the sound of laughter. People on excursions to the country, the music of bands at the stations and wharfs, the ever-present bicycle. In no other country is there a higher percentage of bicycles per head, one to every two or three of the population. Parking for bicycles is provided at every place imaginable. One meets an neverending stream of people on bicycles Sunday evening returning along the highway, also on foot, in autos, and jaunting cars. Considering the average income of the inhabitants of Copenhagen with that of the citizens of London the former spend a higher percentage of their income on good food and amusements than the latter.

The nobility bemoans somewhat the increased taxes which the Socialist government has imposed, the tendency to too great democracy but they show no fight and certainly no inclination to try another country or were they very conscious or curious about us Americans, always it seemed to me, a little amused by us. Taking us rather too lightly. They were afraid of Russia and disliked heartily the Germans. Among the socially sophisticated and this observed also in Belgium and Paris, Al Capone was the topic of conversation with Americans and the inquiry was frequently made if Chicago would be safe for the Fair.

The large department stores in Copenhagen were very modern and attractive, very clean and the goods most artistically displayed, much more attractive than the big shops of Paris which seemed like a mad jumble in comparison. But the piece de resistance of the city of Copenhagen were the food shops. The meat markets with their infinite cuts of everything edible in the way of flesh trussed, larded, spiked, garnished, garlanded, making meat markets something pleasant rather than awful. With every meat market their national dish, shomer-brot, corresponding to the French hors d'oeuvres occupies as much space as the meat.

In the better shops pretty girls are immaculately dressed in white to display and dispense these delicacies. The variety is tremendous, equal to the American nine hundred and ninety nine varieties of sandwiches. It is contained in bowls rows upon rows, each one looking more luscious than the other. There is every kind of fish known, and unknown to me, used in aspic, in jelly, salad oil, pickled, spiced, pureed and au naturel. The herring is particularly attractive being red and arranged with red cabbage in oil or mayonnaise dressing, giving it a lovely pink color. Then there are meats so treated and sausages and hams, eggs, caviar, and the root vegetables, celery, beets, carrots and cabbage. They are all subject to a different treatment of sauces and trimmings.

This shomer-brot is eaten by the Danes every day either at luncheon or late supper. It takes the place of our salad but is infinitely more intricate and alluring. One is always given a variety to choose from. Cheeses of all sorts are displayed along with the shomer-brot. There is a national soup which is composed of special beer and black bread made into a gruel and heavy cream added. It's the universal Saturday dish. A sweet soup is composed of fruit juices and potato flour.

A thing of beauty and a joy forever, rivalling the meat markets are the delicatessen and confectionery shops. These are generally combined, which is customary all over Europe, pastry, candy and tea shops. A counter for the candy and a much larger one for the pastry with tables and chairs filling the floor space. The custom in Copenhagen is to display the gorgeous cakes in the windows and if the Dane needed any temptation he would have it for I

have yet to see anything in the way of pastry that approaches the rococo beauty and richness of the Danish cake. They vary in color, chocolate and white predominating, the popular size medium and round, one or two layers. If layers, they are separated by a veritable ocean of delectable, gooey filling of every sort and flavor and consistence. They are topped by another ocean of whipped cream which is irresistibly decorated in an infinite variety of style.

The butter of Denmark is considered superior to that of all other countries. It brings the highest price in fancy markets and is found all over the world. No other country could, until recently, produce butter that would stand changes of climate so well. There is no secret process or no preservatives used but they will not let any one watch it be made. The whole secret is scientific cleanliness and sterilization. Butter and bacon are Denmark's chief exports and what the country is renowned for. The Deisel engine is the only other important export commodity along with the pottery. Of course the Danish pottery is very beautiful and well known.

Agriculture from which she derives her principal wealth flourishes amazingly and reclamation of waste land has been pursued by the most modern, scientific methods with astonishing results. Butter, cheese and cream are produced on every farm. Milk and cream play an important part in the cooking. Herds of fine cows are seen grazing in the rich, deep grass of the meadowlands, and, with the least excess of heat in the sun, their backs are covered with an apron. I visited one of the beautiful estates belonging to an American who had married a Danish count, fifty years ago, and was amazed to see the prominence and extensiveness of her dairy activities. Her great palace-like chateau a century old, stands off by itself in the midst of the farm fifty miles from Copenhagen and from the front terrace I found myself looking into the North Sea. I had crossed from the east to the west side of Denmark in my fifty mile drive.

Copenhagen is the only really great city in Denmark. It is the commercial center and has had an immense export and import trade which, since the War, has fallen off.

Before the war, Denmark was called the Whispering Gallery of the world because its royal family was connected with all the royal families of Europe.

Copenhagen is charmingly situated on the historic Sound over which from almost any point in the city you can see the shores of Sweden. Its foundation is ancient history dating from the twelfth century and yet there are very few traces of its early origin. The newer Copenhagen is a city of fine buildings, wide well-kept streets, smart suburbs, beautiful parks, gardens and open spaces ornamented by the most beautiful flowers, blooming shrubs and trees I have ever seen. At the time I was there, May and June, the lilac and hawthorne were everywhere growing to great height often used as hedges.

The water front is filled with shipping and white-winged pleasure craft. Langelinie Promenade contains the famous bronze statue of Hans Christian Andersen's "Little Mermaid". It is called the Peter Pan of Copenhagen.

Copenhagen is associated with Hans Christian Andersen. He spent his life and wrote his stories here. He was a bachelor like Lewis Carroll. Although they contributed so much to the happiness of homes, neither of them had one of his own. Andersen was born in 1805 in a humble cottage and one realizes something of the poverty of his early life and yet he became one of the greatest writers of imaginary literature in the world. A set of furniture in one of the ground floor rooms is that which once belonged to him. It was exhibited in Chicago in 1893 and was purchased in 1912 by the Danish ambassador in Washington, Count Molka.

Thorwalsen was a Dane born in 1770 of Icelandic descent. He ranks as one of the greatest sculptors. He spent much of his time in Italy. He produced *Jasen* at thirty-three years old which attracted the attention of England and this started him on his career. He returned to Copenhagen in '38 and remained there until his tragic death in '44.

Grieg is a Norweigan. Copenhagen possesses a world-famous conservatory of music richly endowed. Good music doesn't fail to appeal. Much of the music that is accepted in the United States would not arouse response in Denmark. There are good theatres and revues but the place of amusement in Copenhagen that is unique is Tivoli, situated in the heart of the city. One enters through a Moorish gateway right out of the busy thoroughfare and finds the most charming park. Its natural beauty removes it from the ordinary amusement park. It was laid out three-quarters

of a century ago, adorned with beautiful trees, brilliant flower beds, a lake that is a portion of the old moat of the old fortifications. It has many open air restaurants and every sort of amusement for old and young. One can take his meal in one of the restaurants or promenade under the illuminated arches, listen to fine music, dance or watch the fireworks. At night, Tivoli becomes a fairy-land, illuminated by thousands of tiny lamps. There is a saying that one who has not seen Tivoli does not know Copenhagen. All classes of the community meet there. The restaurants cater to both the rich and the poor. On fete nights there is a magnificent display of fireworks and one can sense the life of the great city there more than any other place.

England and Denmark are closely allied and you immediately sense the similarity in appearance between the two nations! The Danish invasion of England by Norsemen across the North Sea up to Canute is attested by the blue eyes and fair hair the English get from these Danish ancestors. Beside these racial connections, Shakespeare laid the scene of Hamlet at Elsinore, ten miles from the city. This ancient castle is visited by every foreigner who goes to Denmark and the graves of Hamlet and Ophelia are pointed out.

Once Denmark had dominion in Scandinavia, Germany and Russia but these portions of the kingdom have passed away through wars. She still holds Iceland and Greenland and only recently sold her possessions in the West Indies to the United States. In 1848, the Schleswig Holstein province assisted by the Germans, began warring against the mother country, and this war went on intermittently for many years, first one side and then the other being successful. Of course the Germans were very keen to add this rich province to their northern boundary.

During the period from 1864 to the present time Denmark has made astonishing progress. Her national fortunes and intellectual standings have steadily grown. Her only troubles have been of internal character, those common to the age in which we live, arising chiefly from the dissensions of the two Houses of Parliament and the rise of the extreme Socialist party. Fredericksburg is the favorite castle and in 1897, the 80th birthday of the late Queen Louise, there were 38 royalties present from the reigning families of Europe. Queen of England, her sister, Empress of Russia, Czar of Russia, his cousin Duke of York, Crown Prince and Princess Maude of England. Under the old beech trees of

this estate King Edward had courted Queen Alexandria. Queen Alexandria is the only woman of royal station who holds a degree of Doctor of Music.

One of the dinner parties I attended in Copenhagen was given by the American representative of General Electric of the United States, Mr. David Ladin. He had been the representative there a good many years, had invested his money well, an extremely nice middle-class American. His latest venture was the remodeling of a lovely old chateau and the acquiring of a wife who had been the mistress of a prominent man there. This last was keeping him out of smart society. The first might have helped him in as it was done with great thoroughness and elegance. While he was taking me over the house, I remarked on the perfect heating. His reply was that he had a Williams Oil-o-Matic furnace. This along with every device of the General Electric Company, was a very good advertisement for American inventions.

WORLD WAR II
Letters Written by
Lt. Loring C. Merwin, USNR

WORLD WAR II
Letters written

By

Lt. Loring C. Merwin, USNR

June 17, 1944 --- SOMEWHERE ON THE BRITISH COAST.--- Our ship is "sealed." There can be no more communication with the shore. We lie at anchor but with steam up. It causes a restless vibration which adds to the expectancy, as though the ship herself were anxious to be away.

D-day is today, tomorrow, the next day--who knows? No one, really, not even the commander in chief. For weather has set it and weather may change it almost at the final minute.

The minutes are falling away, minutes that are numbered now, until that final minute for which the world has waited so long. The minute when we atone for Dunkerque. When we strike back to free those prisoned lands which have become Hitler's vaunted Festung Europa.

Many days before this reaches Bloomington the world will know that we have struck and will have measured our success. It will not have measured our failure because we cannot fail. It may be tough, terribly tough. But as our admiral said in his final briefing to us last night, "We may pay a higher price than we have ever paid before, but we will get ashore."

ABOARD FLAGSHIP

I am in the flagship of the commander of one of the assault

groups of the naval task force. My job is to cover our part of the assault for the U. S. Navy Press section and to help the work of the war correspondents who are assigned to this part of the force. The latter assignment is particularly agreeable. They are a grand bunch, these correspondents. As press officer, I have dealt with more than a hundred of them during the past few months. To a man, they are co-operative, good sportsmen and good shipmates when they travel with the navy. They have earned the respect of both services by showing that they can take it like fighting men whether they are wearing blue or khaki.

With me in this ship are four of the best of them: Bill Higginbotham of United Press, whose byline on cable stories will doubtless have appeared many times in The Pantagraph before this piece gets in print; Ira Wolfert of North American Newspaper alliance, a veteran of Guadalcanal and New Georgia whose books, "Torpedo 8" and "Battle of the Solomons" are best sellers; Fred Sondern of Reader's Digest, called back from Cairo to "digest" the invasion, and B. J. McQuaid of the Chicago Daily News, another veteran of the Pacific, who has covered nearly every important amphibious operation there since the beginning of the Solomons campaign.

Others will be everywhere in the force; with the bombardment ships, the LST's (landing ship, tanks), the LCI's (landing craft, infantry) and the 36 foot landing boats as they hit the beach. They will be with every assault wave, with the beach battalion and with the all important support force. Still others will be with the army and the air corps. Together they will tell the story of this greatest of all triphibious operations as no military story has ever been told before.

ENORMOUS ARMADA READY

The planning, training, resources which have gone into the preparations for this minute that lies ahead rock the imagination.

These thousands of ships and craft which lie loaded and expectantly still in coves and harbors of the British coast, each ready to move and to fit into this titanic operation like parts of a fine watch that join to make it tick, are the fruit of hundreds of millions of man hours of thought and work. As part of my job during these past few months I have visited nearly all of our advanced training bases, operating bases, supply depots and I have seen the naval part of our readiness grow like a giant snowball which rolls down a hill and gathers size as it gathers speed.

For the most part, each of these bases represented a small fragment of the total picture and so my impressions were

not so much of the planners, the big men who conceived this great plan, but of the little men who, each with his bit, added weight to that snowball. It was their eagerness, their cheerfulness and their youth which impressed me most. They are kids, really. When I was stationed at Great Lakes the average age of the "boots" who came to us was 19 years and two months. It cannot be much higher here for many of them are the same boys. Kids yesterday, they are men today. The contrast between those gawky lads who used to pour out of the Great Lakes trains and these trim, self-reliant young specialists in naval warfare makes your heart beat very fast.

CENTRAL ILLINOIS MEN

Central Illinois is well represented here. I don't think that I have visited a base or ship that I have not found a sprinkling from Normal, Arrowsmith, Lexington, LeRoy, Mackinaw, Shirley or somewhere within that radius which could be covered by a big navy gun from the McLean county courthouse. For instance, I was visiting an LST, one of the big 300 footers which are the backbone of an amphibious force. In the engine room a young fellow grabbed my hand and pumped it. It was Larry Wright of 314 North Main street, Bloomington, who used to carry route 58 for The Pantagraph and who is now Laurence Wright, fireman first class. "Anybody else from home aboard?" I asked, "I'll say," said Larry and he took me up to the communications shack where we found David Snow Jr. of 405 East Emerson street, standing the watch. David used to work at the American Foundry. (He said, "Tell Mr. Soper I sure want to come back!") Now he's a radioman third class standing petty officer watches.

And that wasn't all. Up on the bridge, hoisting the flags that "pass the word" we found Signalman First Class Herbert Laesch of r.r. 2, Bloomington, and the Laesch Dairy family. Herbert is a real veteran. With 26 months service, he has been through landings both at Sicily and Salerno and has come up from seaman second class to first class petty officer which is four big steps for these lads who start the hard way and really earn their rates.

JUNE IN ENGLAND

Yes, Central Illinois is here and every state in the Union is here as well. They are fit and ready for the greatest assault of all history. Some of them will stay here but most, God willing, will be home. They will come back as fine, matured trained men to help lead America on the civilian front when she will need it most.

It is June. Those of us here have watched as lovely a spring as we have ever seen unfold. Rhododendrons, lilac and lupin make bunched color along the green hedged roadsides and the fields are yellow with buttercups. The days are soft and

fragrant and long. There are mayflies twilight dancing in the streets of these sleepy, picturesque old seaside towns. It reminds me that it's trout fishing time and almost circus time.

Almost circus time. I wonder how many of us are thinking that as we sit here in our sealed ships, counting those minutes which fall away. The big top, the three rings, "the greatest show on earth." I guess perhaps we will see it after all.

June 18, 1944---OFF THE COAST OF NORMANDY---(June 6)--- This is written at the end of a 30 hour day, a crazy, nightmareish day of 20 cups of coffee, a few gobbled biscuits, no sleep and a thousand knife-sharp impressions that seem to physically hurt my skull as I try to sort them out.

It is still D-day H-hour plus 10 as the official log would have it. Rear Adm. D. P. Moon has just talked to the ship's company over the voice tube, putting in words what we already knew about the navy's part in this first jab at Hitler's West wall. "Successful at this point far beyond our expectations," he said, "I told the army we would put them on the right beach at the right time. They hit the beach to the inch."

While he was speaking our small craft, line after line of them, were slithering through the tossing surf with more men, machines and weapons. The first army units we put ashore this morning are already two miles inland, storming the village of St. Martin de Varreville. It must be sure--no matter what happens afterwards. Our first jab is a success. We started ripping the Hun's not-so-soft under belly in Africa 20 months ago and now we have driven a hole in his case hardened head.

NO U-BOATS TO BOTHER.

So far this war to free the world has seemed much like the end of the world to me. It has even had the same prelude--ominous, expectant silence. When our convoy moved out from its moorings in that sleepy old British port 30 hours ago to rendezvous with this giant armada, gathering from harbors throughout the United Kingdom, we fully expected U-boat or E-boat attacks as soon as we left the nets. Certainly we expected them before reaching midchannel and air attacks of some kind were a foregone conclusion. Yet for hours we saw nothing but our own ships, miles of them, stretching in front and behind. It might have been a pleasure cruise with the lazily circling seagulls, fresh wind and the sun making sparkling eyes in the blue water as it slanted through scudding, puffy clouds. That is it might have been a pleasure cruise had anyone felt in a holiday mood. No one did. We simply watched and listened to the slap, slap of the white caps on our bow. We may have been wondering about the

luftwaffe, the wolf packs and the devil boats but we didn't talk about them.

There was complete radio silence. Not a ship was to break it unless attacked. Hour after hour went by and still no sound was added except the faint hum of our air cover, circling far overhead. It was nearly midnight before the tension was broken, still without sound. Up ahead a spark ignited in the sky, meteoried down, was swallowed quietly by the sea. We learned later that it was a German reconnaissance plane shot down by our P-38s.

At 12:30 we made our turn and swung into the bay of the Seine. The hum overhead turned into a drone and we looked up to watch our big bombers moving in endless, stately formations through the moonlit clouds. Moments later there were great red glows on the horizon towards Cherbourg. Occasionally they would be highlighted by brilliant white flashes that turned into flaming columns which lost their tops in the sky. But there was still no noise.

PARATROOPERS SHOW UP.

One o'clock and the drone above became close, more insistent with the rustling sound of wings through air. It was the paratroopers, their transports flying much lower in long strings, on their way to vault out far beyond the beaches. There were thousands of them in hundreds of bulky, cigar shaped ships crouched for their fearless, almost foolhardy mission. As they crossed the coast we watched the German ack-ack rise to meet them. Tracers slanted out from one strong point, then two, then three like so many Roman candles criss-crossing in the line of planes. One transport was hit, burst into flame and plummeted earthward to bounce with a spray of sparks. We watched as more met the same fate, feeling agonizingly helpless on our decks, clutching the handrail tight, cheering and praying the planes through that hellish fire.

By 3 o'clock our ships were all in the assault area, fanned out and at anchor with our destroyer screen moving restlessly at the flanks and our heavies, the battleships and cruisers, lined up in front and preparing for their jobs ahead. There was still no light or sound at sea and that fiery spectacle we had just watched was too far inshore to be heard above the wind and waves.

Then began the bedlam of noise which has never stopped since. The RAF moved in overhead to put on a predawn block-buster blitz of coastal strong points. Candelier flares, a hundred of them, were dropped by the pathfinders. They lit the sky above the beaches and with it our section of the bay so that we could see each other's faces and the black ships, etched against the pale grey water. Then came the bombs--sticks of them--making brilliant white flashes as they hit and, seconds later, making us sick from shuddering con-

cussions which shook the steel plates beneath our feet. Smoke rose beyond the low lying shoreline, great black billows of it, shot through with sparks and streaks of orange fire. Some bombers went down in flames and were lost in the red havoc they were making.

OUR SHIPS SPEAK.

Just as the dawn was breaking the medium bombers came in. Their job was a last minute smash at the beaches themselves before the air assault gave way to naval gunfire.

Then came the naval bombardment. Our city of ships was silent no longer. It became a welter of roaring sound like hoarse, angry cries that have been pent up too long. What a bombardment it was! From our ship we could see the whole American force and could hear the British force to our south-east. Eight big warships with batteries totalling 600 guns were throwing 200 tons of shells a minute into the landing strips. In front of us great booming salvos from the battleships Nevada, Texas and Arkansas mingled with the sharp barks of our cruisers and swishing, crackling rockets as they spit forward to the beach.

Never was there such a din as this. The shore batteries--those that had not been knocked out by the night bombing nor yet silenced by our naval guns--had located our ships and were splashing shells among them, sending huge geysers skyward that rocked the smaller ships like chips in a mill stream. The shore line was a mass of flaming spots, dancing, twitching, leaping like marsh fire. Over it all hung great billows of yellowish, sooty smoke, rising puff by puff from the fiery muzzle blasts of big naval rifles.

TROOPS SHOVE OFF.

While the bombardment was still going on our assault troops were clambering over the sides of the transports, down swaying cargo nets into the waiting landing boats. I stood on the upper deck and watched them disembark. They filed up from the holds below where they had been waiting for an hour, shouldering their heavy packs, clutching their rifles with necklaces of ammunition dangling to their waists. Almost without exception each man gave one quick look at the blazing sky as he crossed the deck. For half an hour I watched each upturned face, I did not see one man cringe or show fear. Their faces were simply tense, white and sweaty. They hunched their heads into their helmets before starting down the net.

This troop loading was a miracle of precision considering the chopping waves which slapped high at the ship's sides. Small boats, lowered into the water an hour before, circled beside each ship, churning tiny waves. From the high deck they looked like pollywogs chasing each other's tails. As

each group of soldiers started down the net, a boat would break away from the circle, its coxswain jockeying it into position alongside our great rolling hull with the dexterity of a kid handling a model-T in traffic. As a wave crest lifted his little shell high under the net we would yell at the soldiers dangling at the loose rope ends to let go. They lit sprawling, helmets and rifles clattering against the iron bottom. These first soldiers tried to hold the net for the others while the sea tried to pull it from their hands, and the coxswain jockeyed some more. Many men fell into the boats heavily. Some were bruised but, by providence, I did not see a single serious casualty. The little, snub nosed boats loaded and raced away to the departure line on time.

CASUALTIES HERE LIGHT.

As the first wave of landing craft reached a point offshore the bombardment lifted as suddenly as it had started, only the little rocket craft still pounding at anything that might remain alive on that narrow strip of white. Then the last thousand yards, a race alone. Boat bottoms scraped the sand, ramps dropped open in waist deep sand rolled water and the first Yanks in 27 years waded into France.

Casualties among our first troops were light. The enemy was thoroughly stunned and did not collect himself until our foothold was secure. There was some light machine gunning on the right flank and shelling from inshore batteries attempting to locate the landing area, most of which went wild. Most casualties were caused by land mines and booby traps but these were swept up and by noon all waves of men were ashore and dug in. Most effective firing was at the ships which filled the bay, standing impudently, bright lighted by the morning sun, beneath the enemy's bloody nose. There were near misses and some hits throughout the morning but one by one the shore batteries were silenced as our warships spotted them and blasted them out with the deadly, delicate precision shooting which only big naval rifles can do.

DUNKERQUE IN REVERSE.

I have spent the afternoon at the beach, going in with an LCVP (36 foot landing boat) to pinch hit with the staff from our headquarters ship. The sight I saw was Dunkerque in reverse. Men and material swarming in through the still pounding surf, LST's (amphibious mother ships) disgorging equipment into the flat bottomed LCT's, work horses of the fleet, and troopers shoving and hauling field pieces through the grey water. Amphibious jeeps, DUCK's and miscellaneous small craft were there by the hundreds, bobbing in and out, running errands, each with a coxswain who wore the same expression and had the same technique as that kid with the model-T. Some were swamped--I counted 21 small boats and trucks upended near me--and the water was full of flotsam, life preservers, crates and tin cans. But the steady stream was moving, moving back through the surf, across the beaches, back into France.

Beyond the water's edge the scarred face of earth shows the result of this morning's bombardment and last night's aerial pounding. The sand itself is already healing, its pocked face smoothed by the tide and breakers, but beyond it a 12 foot seawall of stone is blasted into a million grotesque pieces, scattered as far as the bluffs in back. So are the defenses which the Germans left--barbed wire, hedgehogs and concrete tank traps. They are bits of wire and hunks of concrete now, stuck in shattered trunks of trees as though they had grown there. With these things have gone some other things, pleasant landmarks of a time when things were peaceful on the coast of Normandy. A pleasant old summer house which sat on the edge of the bluffs is a heap of broken blue stones and slates, the remnants of a wall with roses growing on it surround a bomb crater where an orchard used to be.

On the bluffs themselves destruction is less evident. Troops have dug in and it is hard to tell the foxholes from the shellholes. Bulldozers are already tearing up more ground. Sappers are sweeping for mines and laying white stripes, like tennis tape, where it is safe for men and vehicles to go.

EVEN THE WOUNDED GRIN.

The enemy is waking up this afternoon. It seems strange to us who have not yet been asleep. He is collecting the remnants of his weapons in the beach area and moving in some more. The last two hours I was on the beach shells were plopping in with disconcerting regularity and a mortar from across the swamp beyond the bluffs had found our range.

But the men were grinning--grinning, sweating, smoking quick cigarets--looking up occasionally at those reassuring Lightnings and Thunderbolts circling in the sky. Thank God, we still have control of the air while these men are massed along that water's edge.

Even the wounded are grinning. The bloody, battered ones in the dressing stations are grinning. Some who cannot see those comforting circling airplanes above are grinning good American grins--because they made it.

June 22, 1944---OFF THE NORMANDY BEACHHEAD---(June 8)---This is "D plus 2," the second morning after D-day. We made our dawn attack day before yesterday--not week before last, the way it seems.

As I write this from Real Adm. D. P. Moon's flagship, the rattle of machine guns and thump of mortar fire are coming down wind from the beach. That means the infantry front is still very close, but it does not mean that we have failed to

make our beachhead nor that we will fail to hold it. (Ours is the extreme right flank of the American assault area--the one closest to Cherbourg--and the Germans are concentrating on our outer edge so that progress northward up the beach is very difficult. It is a matter of holding this right end of the beach line while our troops drive through the middle.) Here the "logistical race" is under way. Its outcome will determine whether we can turn this beachhead into a bridgehead, whether we can move in the big guns, heavy equipment, reinforcements and supplies in time to meet the enemy on his own terms. If the army does not have these things when it meets those panzer divisions--which are surely on their way--it may be pushed back into the sea. If it does have them it may drive the huns themselves into the sea across the peninsula and liberate this whole thumb of Normandy.

UNDER HEAVY FIRE

This battle of logistics (the fancy name for supply) sounds neither romantic nor exciting. God knows it's not romantic but it's far from exciting. It is being waged by thousands of men from many hundreds of ships and landing craft, by salt stung, red eyed seamen fighting against time and exhaustion. The area is still under heavy fire from inland batteries as the Germans move in mobile guns to replace those knocked out by the deadly shooting of our warships. We are getting night bombings from the sky. The enemy is throwing everything in his book but none of it is stopping these dog tired, determined men who are getting the stuff ashore.

Yesterday this war was very personal. It was not a day of battle panorama--I find you can be quite objective about that--but a day of sharp, close fragments of war. Ira Wolfert, one of the correspondents who was with me, called it an "eighth" day. He said it was one of those days which are set apart from the seven created by the Lord and are to be found only at beachheads during the first two or three days of an attack. Since this is his fourth invasion I presume he should know.

We left the headquarters ship at dawn in an LCVP, one of the little flat bottomed, ramp nosed landing boats which are used as utility boats once the soldiers have been put ashore. Our guide was 25 year old Lt. (j. g.) John Tripson of Mission, Tex., who played tackle for the University of Mississippi and later for Detroit's professional team. We promptly nicknamed him "Little John". He is 6 feet 4, weighs 240 pounds and has hands like hams.

ONE TOUGH HOMBRE.

John is a Scout, one of the navy's toughest specialties. His usual assignment is to go in ahead of a beach landing in a Kyak or rubber boat, reconnoiter and signal to the landing party. He is big, burly and good natured--except when there are Germans in the offing. The story is told of him that in one of the African landings, when he had gone ashore clothed

only in a G-string and knife, he was ambushed by two Germans who were hiding in the beach grass. John got in under their guard with a low flying tackle, got a big hand around the throat of each and eliminated them by the simple expedient of cracking their heads together.

In this show John's mission was to scout the tiny Isles de St. Marcouf which lie about a mile off shore and just to the right of our assault area. One of the islands is an old stone fort, on the other is an abandoned light house. It was not known whether the Germans had fortified them but, as they pointed at the heart of our invasion force, it was essential that they be occupied. John was sent in during the dark ahead of H-hour to mark a landing for a 120 man reconnaissance unit led by a cavalry colonel. The landing was made and these little rocky islands became the first two bits of liberated French soil.

Word was received D-day evening from the colonel that no Germans had been found on the islands but that they were heavily mined and booby trapped. Most of the demolition work had been done and the colonel was ready to move his men to the mainland. John was to show them the way and agreed to take the war correspondents with him.

A COLD TRIP.

As we dropped from a Jacob's ladder into our pitching "vp" and pulled away from the ship in that grey pre-dawnnone of us felt rested or enthusiastic for the trip. Enough Heinkel bombers had been over us during the night to substitute general quarters for most of those few hours sleep we had planned to get. The air had that bone chilling quality which channel winds bring even in June and the flat prow of our little boat, slapping into those four foot waves, sent sea water slushing into our shoes and down the necks of our sou'westers.

Included in the bedraggled company besides Little John, myself, the coxswain and his crew of one, were: Bill Higginbotham of the United Press, Ira Wolfert of NANA, Fred Sondern Jr. of the Readers Digest, B. J. "Bernie" McQuaid of the Chicago Daily News and Marcel Wallenstein of the Kansas City Star. Wallenstein, incidentally, used to work for Pen Peltz on the Clinton Journal back in 1915. Since then he has spent 22 years as a foreign correspondent and is covering his third war. All of these men were veterans but I imagine that each was thinking that there must be some better way to make a living as they clung with blue fingers to the rail of that pounding, wallowing little boat.

SHIP EXPLODES

Half an hour later our chill and drenching were forgotten, and the blood was pounding in our temples. We had left the

main ship area and the St. Marcoufs were taking shape ahead of us in the rising light. Suddenly an explosion seemed to lift our boat and shake it above the waves. To our left the sea was vomiting smoke and water which fountained 75 feet above our heads before falling back in spray.

A ship had exploded 100 yards away. As the smoke cleared her blackened, broken hull lurched and settled. Pieces of her kept dropping from the sky. Her crumpled stacks hung gawkishly from her superstructure, like a cow with broken horns.

Our coxswain wheeled our bow toward her without waiting to be ordered and we were the first to reach her side. The water was covered with heavy oil and debris--incongruous debris like potato peels, some toilet paper, a comic book. Men were bobbing among the debris, their kapok life jackets humped up behind necks, their faces and hair black with oil. One boy floated naked on a rubber raft, seemingly unhurt--how he got there no one knew. We picked up six, hauling them as best we could over our square sides in those tossing waves. A PT boat which got there a few minutes after us picked up the rest. The ones with blue faces, their lungs ruptured from concussion, had to wait until last--for the others had a chance.

NO CHANCE TO FIGHT.

On the main deck and upper deck of the ship some men were standing, holding to the rails with blackened, smoking hands. They did not seem to move, nor did they cry out. There was no hysteria, no panic. Fire was beginning to show from the engine room portholes and heavy smoke seeped out through the shattered superstructure. None moved to try to put it out.

I hope that some day I can forget that sight. It was so outrageously pitiful. Seeing men killed who have had a chance to fight is bad enough. These men had no chance. Their expressions said, "We have grappled with nothing--why do we die?"

Two sister ships came alongside. One fought the fire, the other took off casualties and we transferred the men we had picked up to her. While we were hoisting the injured ones, in stretcher slings, a lookout on the bridge called, "Enemy aircraft coming in high at zero two zero--at zero two zero". No one paid any attention. There was nothing we could do. I guess the planes passed on over, still high, for we heard nothing drop.

We left the stricken ship--her sister ships now had her fully in hand--and headed for the St. Marcoufs. To reach them we passed under the bows of the Nevada, the Tuscaloosa and the Quincy, firing directly over the islands at objectives inshore. In front of the warships their salvos felt like open hands clapped against our ears.

RUN INTO MINES

When we reached the islands, the LCT which was to move the troops was already there. The colonel and his men were standing on the rocky edge of the large island, waiting to load. Called Isle de Large, the island is about five acres of rocks, shale and high rough grass. Back a few paces from its edge a 20 foot moat circles a retaining wall supporting grass covered earthworks which rise 50 feet to hold the massive, gray stone fort. The fort dates from the reign of Louis XIV and played an important part in coast defense during the Napoleonic wars.

"A helluva place for the cavalry," called the colonel as we nosed up to the beach. His men looked as though they agreed. The islands, though not defended by men, had turned out to be pin cushions of land mines and booby traps. There had been a number of casualties in spite of careful sweeping and exploration done gingerly. We could see the mines, literally inches apart, in the grass. There were the diabolical "S" type which, when disturbed, spring up 5 feet and explode slugs the size of big ballbearings into men's chests. Under many of them were "mousetraps," designed to be set off by the explosion of the "S" mines and to blow off legs or eliminate entirely those nimble enough to duck under the slugs in the air.

A large sign had been left by the Germans on the steep slanting earthworks. Painted in yellow and green was a skull and crossbones with the words "minen" above and "mines" below. Intended for French civilians, we presumed, as the French and English words for "mines" are the same.

The soldiers were tired and dirty. They had slept in foxholes scooped in the rocks and had been under heavy shell fire from the mainland throughout the night. They told of a lieutenant who had reconnoitered the light house on Isle de Terre, the smaller island. As he climbed over the top of its rampart, the ladder by which he had come up was blown from beneath him by an 88 shell, fired with the accuracy of a sniper's bullet.

CENTRAL ILLINOIS MEN.

We loaded men and equipment from both islands and headed for the main beach. The wind had dropped a little but there was a cold, spitting rain. I talked with the soldiers as they sat huddled under their trench coats on the open deck. Most of them were from Wyoming or South Dakota, men who thought that the cavalry still ought to ride horses, but there were two from Central Illinois. One, Capt. Paul Bengé, lives in Peoria. He was in the class of 1933 at the University of Illinois and he has an uncle, H. T. Bengé, who is a contractor in Bloomington. The other was Capt. Tom W. Hill of Champaign who also graduated from U of I with the class of 1940.

The crew of the LCT cooked us a hot meal of pork chops and green beans in the tiny galley and passed around buckets of coffee to the soldiers to wash down their C rations. We were to become very fond of that little crew before the day and night were over.

June 24, 1944---OFF THE NORMANDY BEACHHEAD---(June 8)---There were just 12 members of the crew of the LCT carrying us to the beachhead--kids all-- manning a 110 foot craft.

LCT stands for "landing craft tank" but actually they are the odd job specialists of the fleet. Built like small floating docks, with ramps that open both at bow and stern, they serve as shuttles between the big LST's and the beach or they can transport tanks, men or supplies over long distances under their own power. They are the vital, final links in an amphibious operation and, like combines in harvest time, there never seem to be enough of them. So their crews work around the clock until the logistical battle is won.

These little ships do not have official names. They are merely numbers (ours was the 581) but no group of American boys could stand that kind of anonymity so an unofficial name blossoms on the side of each signal bridge. This one was the NO GUM CHUM, derived from that ubiquitous cry of British street urchins which greets every landing Yank, "Any gum, chum?" (Ernie Pyle claims that the French kids are already saying "Avez-vous du Gum, Monsieur Chum?")

22 YEAR OLD SKIPPER.

The NO GUM CHUM'S skipper is 22 year old Ensign Kenneth Meinken of Philadelphia. He left college in his junior year to go through a midshipman's school and has been in the navy less than 12 months. The next "senior" in his crew, a first class signalman, is 19. The other 10 are 17 or 18. This time last year they were all in high school, now they are battle-wise men of the sea, as salty as their lingo. There are no "shifts" on their little ship as it takes all hands to man the stations. They work and grin and take it as only boys their age could do.

The beach was better organized than it had been when I saw it on D-Day afternoon. Shelling by the enemy was getting heavier, rather than lighter, but it interrupted the work very little. We waited our turn to be flagged in by a control ship which lay a quarter mile off shore. By the time we landed the rain had lifted, the wind was dying away and a warm June sun shone on the subsiding surf. Men were smiling up at it through their blackrimmed mouths. The weather was breaking, the sea was flattening out. It meant that unloading speed could be doubled, maybe tripled so who cared about a little shelling?

We waded ashore with the troops in waist deep water. The colonel went to find an army truck to unload his ammunition. The NO GUM CHUM would not leave for several hours so we started off to explore at our leisure.

LINE OF PRISONERS.

The bluffs beyond the beach teemed with men and machines. Engineers had laid "mattresses" in the sandy roads and heavy trucks were rumbling over them, moving inland in a steady stream. Recon cars, jeeps, and motorcycles darted in and out. Antiaircraft batteries had been dug in, sand bagged and linked up with telephones. Soldiers camped in little groups, a fox-hole by each tent. Supplies were disbursed in small piles, stacked neatly except for an occasional litter of splintered crates and flattened cans where a shell had hit.

Strings of men were lifting, pulling, digging, moving in all directions. From the air these bluffs must have looked like disorganized ant hills.

We moved in. At the next road a crowd of soldiers was watching a hundred or so German prisoners being marched into an improvised stockade. They were among the first ones taken and were still a curiosity. Our soldiers watched them quietly. There was little jeering, not even much comment.

The prisoners were a ragged, ill assorted lot. Not more than 10 percent looked like German nationals. The rest appeared to be impressed troops--Czechs, Poles, Italians, and White Russians, including Georgians with flat cheeks and narrow eyes. After being searched and tagged, they sat stoically behind their barbed wire showing little interest in their captors.

As I left, American soldiers were still watching the prisoners, their expressions a mixture of curiosity and contempt. Their eyes said: "Supermen?"

PARATROOPER TELLS STORY.

A little farther down the road was an advance hospital, brown tents with white patches and huge red crosses on their tops. It was choked with casualties, mostly from airborne troops that were straggling back all afternoon from the direction of Verreville. Perhaps a hundred lay in stretchers on the grass in front of the tents, serious cases waiting to be evacuated to ships. Several wanted cigarets, and they wanted to talk. One boy from Los Angeles--if I see him again I will not recognize him by that puffy mouth and yellow sweat-beaded chin that showed beneath his bandages--told me in short, hoarse sentences of his two nights and a day behind the German lines. He had jumped at midnight into an orchard, helped blow the bridge that was his troop's objective, slept in a sewer tile, stabbed a German sentry through the ear with his bayonet. He was machine gunned twice while running through fields, stopped a hand grenade with his face and was carried

back the last six miles by the two remaining members of his original squad.

The smell of wounds and strong disinfectant nauseated me, I left the other correspondents there and cut across an open field. At the end was a lane sloping through more green hedged fields towards a small lake. It was a backwash of war. After the frenzied activity of that churned-up soil of the bluffs, it looked quiet, untouched.

This is the land of the big black-red strawberries; there were some plants in the grass along the lane, but I did not see any fruit.

KEY TO NORMANDY.

Near the bottom of the lane I could see a little Norman chapel among some trees, three or four low red roofed houses clustered nearby. War appeared to have missed this tiny village entirely, but as I got closer the illusion vanished. The chapel's spire was blown away together with most of its roof and the sun slanted through gaping holes on a jumble of splintered prayer stools, broken slates, some brightly painted pictures of the stations of the cross.

I turned into a farmyard, the house that had been there was mostly a pile of crumbled bricks and beams but the barn shed, which had been attached to the house, was still standing. The owner, a little bent man of 60, and his wife, had come back for their cow and calf. I introduced myself with cigarets and a few words of halting French. They were volubly delighted to see me even though an American shell had blown their home to bits. Only following part of what they said, I gathered they had been working for some German officers, had not been paid for two months. Now they were going to live with relatives and help work their farm.

As we talked the calf was licking the long, coarse loaf of bread which the woman carried under her arm. She did not seem to mind.

The man poked in the rubble of his house, looking for more valuables. With his foot he uncovered a great iron key--the key to his front door. He picked it up, looked at it ruefully a moment, then turned to me, smiling, "Pour vous Monsieur! C'est la clef de Normandie."

That key is a souvenir I hope I shall never lose.

SUDDEN DANGER.

Walking back to the beach through the bluffs in the late afternoon it was dusty and hot; I carried my jacket in one hand, my helmet in the other. The shelling had nearly stopped

and there had not been a German plane in the air for two hours. I was thinking about the key, the faces of those Nazi prisoners. The next second I was hugging the French loam, trying to squeeze myself into it. There had been the screaming whine of diving aircraft and I had looked up to see silver wings slanting down out of the sun, guns blazing. I thought I was being personally strafed by the whole Luftwaffe. The drilling of bullets into earth seemed eternal. Concussions beat on my back like hot fists.

Actually it was over in a few seconds. I had dropped between two of our antiaircraft nests dug into the hillside and most of what I thought were bullets hitting the ground, were bullets going up. I twisted my head in time to see one plane crash into the little lake. Another was burning, trying to keep altitude over the trees.

I learned a few minutes later that there were six Nazi planes in the attack, Messerschmitt 109's, and that our gunners were officially credited with shooting down three.

CASUALTIES ON SHIP

I reached the beach to find that NO GUM CHUM had been commandeered to evacuate casualties. Ninety men on stretchers lined her deck, inches apart, each wrapped in a brown blanket. Some of them were the same men I had seen at the field hospital--paratroopers, glider pilots, some foot soldiers. A dozen wounded German prisoners sat against the deck house. One had his chin shot away and his blood-soaked bandage, extending from ear to ear, gave him a gargoyle look. None of the other nazis appeared badly hurt.

One German officer with an angular, haughty face, sat apart from the others, his black boots were still shiny beneath his long grey green field coat. He was aloof, immaculate. While I watched him he stood up to look over the side and as he gazed at that great armada of ships, I saw the lines of his mouth draw tight. His mask like face did not reveal his thoughts -- but I do not think they were comforting.

The NO GUM CHUM had been ordered to take the casualties to a hospital ship in the bay. She had "dried out" from the low tide and two more hours passed before her crew could get her off the sand. There was one hospital corpsman aboard and one of the Nazi prisoners wore a medical sleeve band. We tried to help them make the men comfortable while we waited.

The men lay patiently, asking for little. Mostly they wanted to be helped to change position on the hard stretchers. There were some morphine surettes for agonized ones who did not have head or chest wounds. I carried little cans of urine, throwing them over the side. It seemed the best way I could help.

MORE NAZI PLANES

As we finally pulled away in the dusk the air raid klaxon screamed once more. Heinkel bombers this time, roaring in along the beach from the north with our Thunderbolts on their tails. Our little A-A guns chattered. Big ones from nearby ships and from the shore blended into a roar that rolled down on us and cracked inside our ears.

The wounded who could move scrambled or crawled toward the deck house. Some rolled over, pulling their stretchers on top of them -- the simple human reaction of seeking protection, even from a piece of canvas. Others lay still, watching with the white, drawn faces of men who could do no more.

The bomb explosions died away, fountains of earth and rock subsiding in their wake along the beach. But an ammunition dump had been hit. We watched as the fire of it reached the rockets and flares, hurtling them crazily into the sky, leaving great wobbly smoke trails in the pink evening light.

At 2 o'clock this morning we put the last of these men in their stretchers aboard the hospital ship and found a small boat to return to our ship. As we left the NO GUM CHUM, the beachmaster's signal light was blinking to her, "Stand by to unload number 755--ready one hour." Ensign Meinken pulled his cap down, squared his shoulders and swung the bow of his little ship back towards the beach.

September 29, 1944 --- BREST, FRANCE --- The German army will not stop fighting at its own borders, or anywhere else, until it has been utterly beaten. The French people believe they have been saved twice by the Americans; they are frantically grateful and wish to cast their lot with ours. There was little collaboration by French civilians during the German occupation. The American doughboy has proved himself a match for any fighting man in the world.

THESE ARE PERSONAL CONVICTIONS AFTER SIX WEEKS SPENT WITH COMBAT UNITS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY ASSIGNED TO CLEANING OUT GERMAN POCKETS OF RESISTANCE IN THE NORMANDY AND BRITTANY PENINSULAS OF FRANCE.

I may be gloriously wrong on my first point. In fact, I may be proved wrong even before these opinions get into print. I sincerely hope that I will be. Official dispatches this morning confirm as fact that our advance armored units have driven a spearhead through the Siegfried line.

The test to tell whether the Nazis will give up after being driven within their own borders is already in the making. My own belief is that they will not quite there nor any other place short of Berlin (or elsewhere if remnants of resistance can be drawn together) unless some miracle happens.

FANATICAL FIGHTERS

I used to share the somewhat popular conviction that the German army is a coldly calculated war machine under leadership of the Prussian military caste, that it would fight until reasonable odds were against it, at which time it would throw over the Nazi leaders and sue for peace in the hope that it might rise to fight again.

But after watching these German garrisons from St. Malo to Brest, I have changed my mind. Your typical Nazi soldier is not a robot in a well ordered military machine but a fanatic who fights with crazy, hysterical zeal. His leadership--if this has been a fair example, and I think it has--is of the same ilk. There has been no question of odds here.

These garrisons have been isolated, outflanked and outnumbered by our attacking forces. They have not even been fighting to hold objectives of great strategical importance to the Allies. Yet they have shown a willingness to fight until the cities they were holding have been bombed and burned into shambles about their heads, until their guns have been blasted from their hands and until their maimed remnants have been pulled from the stinking holes beneath the ground, which are their last refuge, still snarling and squirming like dirty, cornered rats.

A LOST GENERATION

It convinces one that this present generation of German youth is truly a lost generation. It has been raised from childhood to believe in an ideal of supermanhood, which it will obtain or for which it will die. This ideal has become a mad religion. But as in the case of any religion, good or bad, a child who is steeped in its dogma at an early age is difficult, if not impossible, to reconvert. The problem of what to do with this great bulk of the younger German people-- in a world in which we still do not believe in eradicating whole segments of the population -- is surely our postwar problem number one.

These have been an interesting, if not entirely pleasant, six weeks during which I have found myself in the incongruous position of a naval officer traveling with the army. Reason for my strange assignment was the navy's interest in these great supply ports of northwestern France--St. Malo, Lorient, St. Nazaire and, particularly, Brest. There were to be naval actions along with the attacks by land and air.

WITH CORRESPONDENTS

A number of war correspondents were assigned to the campaign and it was my job to help them get the full picture of these operations as well as arrange communications facilities through both army and naval channels.

One group started out early in August. We moved entirely independently, living sometimes with the army and sometimes with French civilians, but always trying to keep as close as possible to where the action was hottest.

Our route led down from Cherbourg through Valognes, La Haye du Puits, Lessay and Coutances. These were prominent points on your July war maps, each fiercely contested by the Germans in those grim days before the great break-through. Now they are unrecognizable heaps of rubble, charred relics in the wake of total war. They are true examples of "obliteration" which, as the doughboys are apt to ruefully remark, sometimes gets badly mixed up with "liberation."

WATCHED ST. MALO FALL

We went through Avranches, the "hot corner" of the initial breakthrough, while the Nazis were still trying to counter-attack it to cut off our spearheads which had raced through to the banks of the Loire and we reached St. Malo in time to witness the climax of our all out attack there. It was a sickening and pathetic spectacle.

Of all the lovely, historic cities of France which have been destroyed I imagine that St. Malo will make the saddest

sight to American tourists who have known it in prewar days. The old city ramparts, rich in antiquity, the stately churches with their delicate lacework spires, the high peaked buildings which pressed each other in the steep narrow streets and measured their traditions in terms of hundreds of years are jumbled now in a blackened heap of stone and iron.

St. Malo's jewel-like setting is still there; soft green hills folding into its bright, blue bay and lovely Mont St. Michel rising like a bride's cake from the sea mists in front of it; but it looks now as though someone had stolen the jewel and put a cinder in its place.

THE 'MAD COLONEL.'

St. Malo gave us our first eye-witness insight into the mad, back fighting technique of cornered Nazis. Ten days after the city proper fell we watched the citadel, an old fortress just a stone's throw from the city wall under which the Germans had constructed a subterranean honeycomb for their final stand, finally surrender after one of the most concentrated sea, air and land bombardments in history.

It was defended by Colonel Von Aulock ("the Mad Colonel of St. Malo" the French call him) who had sworn that he would fight to the last man. Before the bombardment ended the fortress over Von Aulock's head had completely disappeared. The land on which it had stood had the grotesque look of a good Illinois farm field that has been strip mined for coal.

After four days and nights under that roaring, shuddering field Col. Von Aulock came out of his hole bearing the white flag. He had almost fought to the last man--although there were some grimy, battered human derelicts with him--but his vainglorious boast had obviously not included himself.

September 30, 1944 ---- BREST, FRANCE --- The battle for Brest started Friday, August 25, the day after Paris fell to French Forces of the Interior.

The strategy of the Brittany campaign had been to clean out St. Malo, leave a small force to attack the island of Cezambre which was still holding out in the St. Malo bay, throw containing forces around Lorient and St. Nazaire and then drive directly at the main prize, this greatest deep water port of western Europe.

The attack started briskly with artillery and infantry divisions moving up on the city's three land sides while two task forces attacked the Crozon and Daoulas peninsulas, two necks of land which almost touch the city from the south and help form its great roadstead. Maj. Gen. Troy H. Middleton, in charge of all American units, had assembled a strong force and, although the Germans were well entrenched in carefully prepared and strongly fortified positions, it gave promise of a reasonably short operation. Actually it was to turn into a siege, a siege which has rivaled Monte Cassino for stubborn, fanatical resistance and which has produced some of the most savage "in" fighting of this war.

TYPICALLY NAZI

I don't know how much news of the battle for Brest has been carried in the American press--my mail has not caught up with me and I have not seen an American newspaper for more than five weeks. I hope the news coverage has been considerable for the sake of our doughboys who have fought so gallantly here. But I doubt it. Events have moved swiftly since this campaign began and Brest has turned into a side show of the great melodrama now taking place with the map of Europe as its stage.

When our party passed through Avranches at the juncture of the Normandy and Brittany peninsulas, little more than a month ago, the Germans were still trying to counterattack the city in an attempt to cut off our forces which had swept south to the Loire.

Since then our forces have captured 100,000 prisoners as a result of that futile counterattack alone, the mediterranean landings were made and units driving up from the south have joined hands with our armies in eastern France. A few days ago the great channel port of Le Havre was taken and we have had Antwerp and lesser Belgian and French ports in our hands for more than a week. Military history has been written with lightning pen.

It makes the German resistance here all the more appalling. To fight like this, without hope of reinforcement or escape, for a port whose strategic value has so tremendously diminished is a typical, mad gesture of these battle crazed Nazis.

'SANS GLORY

Our party moved in here close to the city the day before the attack started. With me are five war correspondents, four of them representing London newspapers and news gathering organizations while the fifth is David Scherman, ace photographer for LIFE magazine. Also with the party are Lt. (j.g.) Mitchell Jamison, naval combat artist and one of the finest young American painters today and Lt. Lawrence Crolius with a naval combat photo team of three men whose job it is to photograph harbor and port installations as fast as they are taken.

BY COINCIDENCE, ONE OF THE BRITISH CORRESPONDENTS IS LOUIS WULF OF PRESS ASSOCIATION (THE AP OF GREAT BRITAIN) WHOSE COUSIN, MRS. CLYDE NOBLE, LIVES IN BLOOMINGTON.

We have watched every day and most nights this spectacular, though pitiable, struggle. A struggle of doughboys, fighting without glory hundreds of miles from the fronts that make headlines, and of desperate Nazi soldiers, clawing back savagely, giving their lives hopelessly for a prize which has lost its worth.

Billeted with French families near the front, we have spent many nights with the troops in the field, days with the observation planes above the city, other days with the artillery and the task forces. We have watched the panorama of total war by land, sea and air and have seen a noose of steel and human flesh, at first, thrown loosely about this 20 mile head of Brittany, gradually draw itself tight until it has choked the last handful of Nazis who sought refuge in the dying heart of this once great city.

Most of the truly spectacular fighting was in the first two weeks. After that our troops were in the streets, too close together to use air bombardment except for dive bombers which could pin point their targets. Objectives came to be measured in blocks, even parts of blocks and houses. Fighting turned into the alley variety, sordid fighting in cellars and city filth the kind that makes men who have been in it a while yearn for the relative cleanliness of a foxhole in a muddy field.

END OF A CITY

The Daoulas peninsula was the first to fall, a hilly projection which forms one of the three land points of the Bay of Brest and juts to within a scant mile of the city's water front. As soon as it was taken heavy artillery was moved onto its hilltops to bring a new angle of fire to bear on the city from its water side.

With field glasses, looking across the narrow bay, one can easily make out men who expose themselves in the streets of Brest and it became the ideal vantage point for spotting the accuracy of artillery fire. From it we watched that terrific, all out air and sea bombardment which lasted for two days and nights before the Nazis were driven back into the city streets.

The bombardment opened on a bright, clear morning after seven days of bad weather had kept the larger aircraft from our area. The air had that shrill feeling of early fall, the kind that either makes you want to work hard or get out in the country and walk with a dog, according to your temperament. It was a day to make you hate war even if you did not have to watch it.

The heavy bombers came in first, heralded by that low, ominous hum which you hear before you see them, and which grows into an insistent, throbbing roar as they move into your visible dome of sky. They were Fortresses, hundreds of them in tight, stately formations. Moving with slow majesty, compared to the darting fighters, they made leisurely, unswerving parade across the city. Even their bombs seemed to drop unhurriedly, floating an instant after release and turning slowly over to catch the morning light before straightening out to plummet earthward. And as the first bombs found their targets there was another curious illusion.

The city appeared to start dissolving silently. Buildings, water tanks, great cascades of stone and brick rose into the air without a sound--for it was four full seconds before the concussions of those first blasts squeezed the lungs beneath our ribs and the sound of them rolled through our ears.

WARSPITE MOVES IN

It is a curious thing, this lack of union between sight and sound when one is watching battle, even from fairly close range. You see guns flash, bombs drop, ack-ack tracer bullets slant skywards and yet the sounds never accompany any of these sights. They come along later, all mixed up with new sights that are happening then, and it gives up a queer feeling of unreality. In the movies it is more authentic. A strafing plane dives and you hear the chatter of its machine guns at the same instant you see those guns blaze and smoke.

When you actually watch this sight, of course, all you see is some puffs of smoke behind the plane which is traveling much faster than the smoke of its guns, and you hear nothing. When the sound does come it is probably drowned out by that Long Tom which is firing from behind your head. Yes, they do it better in the movies. In fact, the movies are the best place for all of war as far as I am concerned.

The procession of heavies seemed endless but it was finally over and the mediums arrived, moving in while the air and ground and water still trembled. They flew faster and lower and dropped their bomb loads into the tortured city

at points which their predecessors had missed. And as these, in turn, completed their mission the Thunderbolt dive bombers, which had been circling high up in the sun like eagles waiting their chance at the prey, took over for their breath-taking part in the show.

One by one they peeled off, hurtled, down with screaming wings and blazing guns to roof-tops level, flattening out in that last split second which always looked as though it might be too late, to drop their bombs and zoom again into the sky. Occasionally one would fail to miss the German flak, would strike the target with its bombs and be thrown back into the sky by the geyser they produced.

With variations this performance was repeated morning, noon and night for two days. During intermission the artillery took over with cannon and howitzer and on the second day naval gunfire added to the destruction. H.M.S. Warspite, mighty battleship of the British fleet, moved in to fire 250 rounds of 16 inch shells at casemated German batteries. Their effect was that of great bombs, dropped with a precision that was surgical. One could not comprehend how men lived and kept their sanity under that all consuming fire.

October 1, 1944 --- BREST, FRANCE --- We thought the Germans might give up then but they did not. They were an even tougher, more fanatical lot than we had seen at St. Malo and led by another madman. Their nucleus was the Second Paratrooper division, veterans of the capture of Crete and the first battle of El Alamein, battle seasoned pride of young Germany. Their leader was Lt. Gen. Ramcke who, at 48, has risen to the top by ruthlessness in an army where that quality is as common as the uniform.

They fought on for two more weeks; weeks during which they had no fresh water, little ammunition, less hope. They tried every trick known to their type of warfare; calling of frequent truces as an excuse for reforming their lines, designating hospital areas throughout the city as a means of disguising and protecting their remaining strong points. Finally they retreated through the gutted, burned out center of the city, defending the streets so desperately that our troops had to blast their way through the center of the blocks, moving from house to house with flame throwers and hand grenades to finally cut them off.

My last and most vivid recollection of the fighting in Brest is of the day our troops took the square on which stands the great church of St. Martin. This massive and stately edifice, the largest church in Brittany, is on the highest ground of the old city, its hundred foot tower reaching heavenward above the skyline. It dominates the city and is its landmark from the whole end of Brittany and for many miles to sea. Our artillery and bombers had done their best to spare it but, because it was close to military objectives, it had many scars and the Nazis, with typical stupidity, had used its basement for a headquarters.

WHAT A PICTURE!

The church had been taken two hours before and the main fighting had moved on a block or so beyond it. We had watched the action from the advance command post, two blocks to the rear. We knew that neither side would intentionally shell the vicinity during the next few minutes as the front was too close and too fluid.

Dave Soherman, the most intrepid and hard working cameraman I have ever known, was standing beside me. "Boy," he said, "what a picture I could get from that steeple. How about it?"

I was curious. I had seen that church from so many angles and so many distances that I wanted to see it close up. It seemed safe so I nodded assent and we started off.

We knew there might be snipers left in surrounding buildings this close to the front so we kept under the protection

of doorways as much as possible along those two deserted blocks to the church square. At the corner were a heap of dead Germans around their machine gun. We had to detour them so we pulled our tin hats down hard and ran across the open churchyard to the church steps. At the bottom of the steps was an American doughboy, recently killed, the hole of a rifle bullet through the top of his helmet and his chin torn away where the bullet had left his face.

"Do you suppose," said Scherman after we got inside the door, "that that boy might have been shot by a sniper from the tower of this church and that the sniper might still be there?"

"There are a lot of other high buildings around this square," I said, doubtfully, "but, as far as I am concerned, I have seen all I need to of this church from here in the doorway."

SIDEWAYS UP STAIRS

Sherman thought a moment, "Oh, come on," he said, "The boys surely cleaned out that tower and I'll never have nanother chance for a picture like this." I was hid conducting officer, so what could I do?

We found the door at the back of the church which led to the gallery above the central nave. From there it was more difficult but we finally located the next staircase, a narrow, circular flight concealed in one of the huge stone columns which flanked the church's front. The steps were so narrow that we had to walk up sideways and they were completely dark. Dave went ahead with his flashlight and I stayed a step behind, keeping my pistol over his left shoulder.

We must have climbed 25 or 30 feet in this sidling fashion when we came across a frame of light wood which might have been hastily put across the stairs to form an obstruction. Scherman managed to push it aside, but then he paused and showed his first sign of trepidation. "This," he announced, "is the most foolhardy thing I have ever done."

"Do you want to go back?" I said. "The view from here started boring me a long time ago."

Another pause.

"Let's try two more turns and then I've had enough."

SMOKE AND FLAME

At the second turn the black of the stairway gave way to a light grey and we found ourselves at the entrance to the belfry. Its only illumination came from a shell hole high up

in the steeple which tapered above us in a dark, hollow cone. In the half light we could make out the shape of the gigantic iron bell, suspended from its scaffolding of heavy wood beams. It looked exactly like a set I had once seen in the first movie version of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" which gave me bad dreams as a boy. I forgot about the sniper and fully expected to see Lon Chaney come around from behind that bell, grinning in his deathhead mask.

Scherman cautiously moved the flashlight around the scaffolding a few times and emitted a sigh of relief, "OK," he said, "and I see an iron ladder going on up where we can climb to look out through that shell hole."

A minute later we were hanging, one above the other, on the ladder, looking out through the shell hole over what was left of Brest. Below us were the remaining city streets, sloping away to the great docks over which nearly a million American doughboys marched into France during 1917 and 1918. Across the harbor the two smaller peninsulas were clearly etched against the farther blue of the sea. From one of them came puffs of smoke from our own artillery, from the other German guns were answering. Most of the rest of the panorama was smoke and flame. The nazis were being burned from their last hiding places.

"The ironic part about this," said Scherman, pulling his carefully camouflaged camera back from the edge of the shell hole, "is that my magazine will probably never use this picture."

October 2, 1944 --- BREST, FRANCE --- To say that the French people are glad to see Americans in France is like saying that Armistice day 1918 was a holiday. It is a fact but a gross understatement.

One expected a warm welcome on D day and for a few weeks thereafter. Then it was wild jubilation, the frenzied, almost unbelieving jubilation of people who were beginning to see a dream come true; the jubilation of a people for whom the light went out four years ago--and four years is a long time without light, even for hope. One expected the "V" signs, the flowers and the wild demonstrations then.

On coming back to France six weeks ago I was surprised to find that this emotion had not changed. Dancing in the streets has stopped, of course--one can't dance all the time when there is a war to be won--but for Americans the welcome is still the same. They will stop and wave when you pass, even though they have waved at hundreds of miles of doughboys for three months. Every child still forks his fingers at you or tosses flowers and when you stop your car there is an instant crowd of 50 people, appearing miraculously from nowhere, to smile and ask what they can do for you.

The enthusiastic friendliness of these people for Americans is almost pathetic. They feel that America, and America alone, has saved them and the average Frenchman will tell you that America has saved France twice--once in 1918 and once in 1944. In all deference to our British allies and without stating it as a fact, for it is obviously a half truth, I must report that this is the national conviction.

POOR AND HOPEFUL

The average Frenchman will tell you something else. He will tell you that France did not learn her lesson after the last war, that she became weak and divided. He will tell you that all Frenchmen know this and that, even though they are still divided now with many parties and many shades of thought, as one man they are looking to America for leadership. They want leadership to regain a France in which they can work and enjoy the fruits of their labor and a France which can live in the world without terror.

During this month and a half of the Brittany campaign I have lived, a major part of the time, with French civilians. During the siege of Brest our party was billeted with three families in the little fishing village of Brignogon at the tip of the peninsula north of the city. With the exception of nights which we spent with the troops in the field, we ate our evening meal and slept in the homes of these people for more than three weeks.

We got to know the people well and the life of their village. It had an interesting cross section of Bretons, the sturdy natives of this province who were the backbone of

La Resistance, and wealthier people, mostly Parisians, who used to come to Brignogon for their vacations and became marooned in their summer homes. All of these people now have two things in common--poverty and hope.

NO DISTINCTION

Imagine if you can a country with no postal service, no train or bus service, no delivery service, no electricity and no fuel. These people have had none of these things for many months. Bread is severely rationed because the Germans took all grain stores when they left. They have no tobacco, no coffee, no sugar--not even salt except a very coarse variety that comes from the sea and gives little flavor.

They have no soap. They wash their clothes as best they can in the public pool which is near each village, rubbing them hard and brushing them as they dry.

Baroness and fisherman's wife start their day in the same way, looking for driftwood on the beach to use in their kitchen stoves. My host was managing by burning the last tree in his garden which he had chopped down and split up this spring. House heating, of course, is impossible. It is not so bad now but the nights are already getting cold and in another month, when darkness comes early, people will be going to bed at 5 in the afternoon, both because it is the only way to keep warm and because they have no illumination of any kind. The candles are all gone and there is no gasoline, kerosene or fuel oil.

Yet these people are not bitter and they are enthusiastically cordial. They invited us to share everything they had and they would accept money for nothing. And they did have some things that seemed like rare luxuries, particularly to those of us who had spent much time in wartime England. They had eggs, good country butter, green beans, tomatoes and other fresh vegetables which we had not seen for a long time. They also had an abundance of seafood; lobsters, crabs and the marvelously delicate little crevettes which they catch on the high tide of each month. And--although this is a secret--a wine bottle always appeared mysteriously whenever the occasion was festive. The Germans thought they had drunk up all their wine stocks two years ago.

K RATIONS, DRESSED.

When we ate with them we always gave them what we had to supplement their food--things like coffee, sugar, field rations and cigarets. The dishes they could produce from those field rations would make the usual GI cook think he was having hallucinations. As Mitch Jamison used to say, "They can make a K ration sing." And if you have ever partaken of the lowly K ration you will know that that is really saying something.

Next door to us lived Madame LaBaudy, a cultured woman who once had a chateau in southern France, and her daughter who has a beautiful singing voice and who was starting a concert career before the war. Several times they invited us to their home for dinner. If the evening was warm we would eat on the terrace, overlooking the sea. We dined under candlelight from snowy, crested table linen with napkins that were two feet square and the food might be lobsters with champagne.

Even with concussions from the bombardment of Brest rattling the windows occasionally, it gave one the illusion of a very gracious meal in a time of peace and more than plenty. At least the illusion was there until one realized that the linen doubtless had not been used since 1940 and would have to wait until after the war before it could be properly cleaned and that the "candle" consisted of a cup in which a cork, with a bit of wick pulled through it, floated on madame's last inch of salad oil.

November 23, 1944 --- FLUSHING, HOLLAND --- Walcheren is secure. German gun batteries commanding the estuary of the Scheldt river are silenced. Hitler's defense line has been turned, unhinged where it was anchored at the sea. Antwerp, useless in our hands since Sept. 4, can function at last. There remain only mine sweeping and dredging of silt from the river before this greatest port of Europe can begin to supply the hungry need of armies waiting all down the Siegfried line to close in on a desperate Reich.

These are the meat of today's headlines which will be history by the time this is printed. They are headlines from one of the world's many fronts, drawn from a few sentences in the official communiques, to be swallowed up by fresh headlines tomorrow.

Behind them is the story of a tiny island re-won for the Allied cause. Its conquest, started one week ago today, has been the finale of this flaming drama of battle for the approaches to Antwerp. Its story is worth telling because it has seen triphibious attack as bitter as any of this war. It is even more worth telling because of the brains, energy and pure human guts which went into this week of "liberation"--liberation as agonizing as childbirth.

SIZE OF BLOOMINGTON-NORMAL

Here was the first seaborne assault on the West Wall since D day--a frontal attack in daylight on more heavily fortified positions than we found in Normandy. It was a battle of little ships versus big guns, of small groups of tough men against stonewall defenses which has had no parallel in this theater of war since Dieppe.

THE MEN WHO DID THE FIGHTING WERE ROYAL MARINE COMMANDOS, BRITISH ARMY COMMANDOS AND CANADIAN INFANTRYMAN. THEY FOUGHT THROUGH THE RED HEAT OF THIS BATTLE WITH AN ICE COLD BRAVERY THAT WILL MAKE THE NAME OF WALCHEREN STAND WITH EL ALAMEIN, CAEN AND ARNHEM.

Walcheren is a pinpoint on any war map you have of the western front. It is little more than that on a full scale map of Holland, being 80 square miles of fertile delta land at the mouth of the Scheldt river which was reclaimed by the Dutch in the 16th century to augment their tiny country. It is almost a perfect square, nine miles on each side, connected by a 50 yard causeway to the island of South Beveland which lies between it and the mainland. On its wouth side, commanding the entrance to the Scheldt, is the formerly busy port of Flushing, built by the Dutch to capture some of Antwerp's trade and with a peacetime population of about 40,000 people--roughly equal to Bloomington and Normal. Near its center is the ancient and once beautiful city of Middleburg while at its western tip, jutting out into the sea, is the village of Westapelle.

Nine tenths of the island is below the level of the North sea and that traditional enemy of the Dutch farmer has been kept out by a ring of earthen and masonry dykes, laboriously built up during more than three centuries. Now, as the result of a few nights work, RAF bombers have blasted great holes in the protective ring and the sea from which Walcheren was lifted has taken possession once more. The places I have mentioned and a few others, including the village of Verre (birthplace of Hendrik Van Loon) where the last Nazi remnants are being cleaned out this morning, are above water. The rest of the island is under four inches to eight feet of brackish, salty slime. There are elevated roads connecting the towns and villages but many of these are impassable.

DRAFTED MONTH BEFORE

Such was the condition of Walcheren on the morning of All Saints day when Allied soldiers stormed her from three sides and she was catapulted into the news--the day her pinpoint suddenly took shape and loomed boldly in your newspaper war maps and the radio announcers hurriedly sought to pronounce her name.

The assault on Walcheren was conceived and thoroughly planned more than a month ago. It had to wait for execution until the adjoining island of South Beveland was secured and until the German pocket centering at Breskens on the south bank of the Scheldt had been cleaned out. By the latter part of October it became apparent that these conditions would be fulfilled Nov., 1.

THE ATTACK WAS TO BE THREE PRONGED. AT "FIRST LIGHT" PRECEDING THE DAWN OF ALL SAINTS MORNING THE CANADIANS, WHO OCCUPIED SOUTH BEVELAND, WERE TO START HACKING THEIR WAY ACROSS THE NARROW CAUSEWAY WHICH LEADS INTO WALCHEREN FROM THE EAST. SIMULTANEOUSLY, THE COMBINED ROYAL NAVY, ARMY AND AIRFORCE WAS TO STRIKE FROM TWO MORE DIRECTIONS.

From Breskens on the south the navy would ferry army commandos across the three mile width of the Galgeput channel to strike directly at Flushing; from the sea to the west the navy with 200 ships and craft would bring the royal marine commandos ashore through the breaches in the dykes near Westkapelle. Rocket firing Typhoons would be there to dive bomb and strafe while the whole operation was to be preceded by intensive bombing by the RAF, designed to knock out as many as possible of the Nazi big gun emplacements with which the island was studded.

Rendezvous for the ships and craft which were to take part was a port town famous as a "cheap" vacation spot for Britons in pre-war days. They began assembling there several days before the operation. Many a commando and sailor renewed old acquaintanceships in the little cafes--those left standing among the ruins of the town's once stately buildings--or strolled the famous beach, where barbed wire

and vicious iron boat obstacles have replaced the bathing parasols of former days.

These men did not know where they were going and they did not seem to care. Most of them had been fighting almost steadily since D day and what lay ahead was simply another job, one which they neither anticipated nor particularly feared. For far too many of them that sip of beer at the cafe or stroll on the beach was a final taste of the things they liked in life. There was no sign of prescience in their faces.

FIVE WARSHIPS

I arrived in the port on Halloween. With me were five American war correspondents who had been invited to cover the operation. We had been brought there on a motor torpedo boat, one of those whippets of Britain's small ship fleet which had sliced us across the wind tossed sea while a full round harvest moon scudded through black edged clouds above our heads.

The air was crisp of autumn and except for salt spray in our nostrils instead of the odor of burning leaves it might have been a midwest Halloween--the kind that makes kids want to prowl. It seemed to affect the torpedo boat crew the same way. They couldn't prowl but they sat on the gun turrets, locked arms and sang songs--mostly the latest American ones which they had heard on the overseas radio.

WE WERE JUST IN TIME. THE SHIPS FOR THE ATTACK ON WESTKAPELLE WERE TO SAIL LATE THAT NIGHT.

We went aboard the headquarters ship, American built, and were briefed by Brig. B. W. Leicester, commanding the royal marine commandos. He told us that we would have five warships supporting the attack--the battleship Warspite (I had watched her smash up Nazi shore batteries at Brest), the monitors Erebus and Roberts, and the hunt class destroyers, Garth and Cottesmore (named after famous packs of English fox hounds.)

That meant that we were to have three ships with 15 inch guns, capable of outranging anything the Germans had ashore, and two with four inch guns which could deal with all shore batteries except one 280 millimeter (about 11 inches) which was located on the north side of the island. Besides this we were to have a close in support squadron of rocket ships, gun craft and flak craft--all these designed to knock out beach pill boxes and to keep Jerry's head down while the marine commandos were put ashore. H hour for the landing was to be 9:45 a.m.

BOMBED OUT

Meanwhile from Breskens Capt. Colin Maud, DSO, DSC, royal navy, would have taken army commandos in assault boats across the three mile channel to Flushing to be followed up by infantry. Landings there would be covered by artillery in back of Breskens with guns ranging from 25 pounders to heavies.

It sounded good. The sea landing would have the same gun fire support for a small force which is usually given to a division and the Flushing landing would have artillery behind it capable of delivering a load of 26,000 pounds of high explosives each minute. Estimates of the number of Germans on the island varied from 7,000 to 10,000. They had been under continuous bombing for weeks. By now they should be pretty well starved, soaked and softened up.

This ought to be an easy show.

November 24, 1944 --- FLUSHING, HOLLAND --- "Royal marine and army commandos have landed on the island of Walcheren. They have established beachheads and secured their objectives. All landings appear to be going well."

These lines were written by a correspondent back at supreme allied headquarters about noon Wednesday, Nov. 1. The statement, based on an official communique, was accurate except that to those of us who were there the last sentence seemed--shall we say--somewhat controversial.

This is what had been happening at Walcheren since dawn that morning.

Off Westkapelle, as prelude to the marine commando landing from the west, the warships Warspite, Roberts and Erebus started with early light to hurl shells from their 15 inch naval rifles at German gun batteries ashore. Dawn broke through low clouds with a ceiling which made check by aircraft of the guns' accuracy impossible. Still there was little reply from the shore. Many of the big defense guns of Walcheren had been reported silent for some time. Perhaps they had been knocked out by the bombing raids.

88's COME TO LIFE

Meanwhile the small ships and craft were lining up behind their close support vessels--the rocket boats, gun craft and flak craft--preparatory to making their run to the beach. Except for the comforting thunder claps from the warships behind them all seemed quiet on the grey sea which swelled solemnly beneath the leaden clouds. Ahead lay the coast of Walcheren, a low silhouette above the water, dominated by the earthen dunes which formed not of its fringe of dykes. Two lighthouses were tall on its skyline and--yest, it was quite discernible through glasses--a lone Dutch mill was on the skyline too, its great rectangular blades turning leisurely in the light wind.

It looked peaceful. Maybe this was going to be easy.

THE SHIPS MOVED IN. THERE WERE SOME GUN FLASHES FROM THE SHORE NOW. A FLEW SPLASHES COULD BE SEEN AMONG THE CRAFT BUT NONE VERY CLOSE. IT WAS STILL EASY.

Then at about 6,000 yards the tempo changed. Every gun on Walcheren seemed suddenly to come to life. What had been an occasional bass drum beat turned into a cracking staccato as the lighter shore batteries came into play. These were the deadly 88's --the Nazis' best gun--which can sight and fire with lightning speed and which can pierce these thin hulled little ships as an ice pick drives through a tin can.

THOSE WHO LIVE THROUGH....

The little ships were zigzagging now, twisting this way and that to miss the water spurts and geysers where shells whined into the sea closer and closer about them. Occasionally one failed to miss. You could tell by a belch of white fire against a grey hull and a wisp of greenish smoke as the craft shuddered, hunched or sagged--according to where it was hit.

But the four lines of little ships never wavered. Their twisting was in perfect formation, on for that great gap in the seawall next to the Dutch mill which was clearly apparent now as the shoreline lifted from the sea.

Then a tragic thing happened--one of those tragic miscalculations that can come about in sea as well as land or sky warfare--but seldom does. The gun craft and troop landing craft had passed the rocket boats for their final dash to the shore. The rocket boats were to lay down a barrage on the landing strip calculated to wither anything alive there and allow the troops to land before the enemy had recovered from the shock. Two of the boats launched their missiles precisely to the water's edge but another apparently mistook its range and dropped its whole salvo among the forward line of craft.

It is terrifying enough to see rockets fired and watch them hit a distant objective. There is something weird about their long red fiery tails and the swoosh they make as they leave their racks, like so many earth borne meteors, which reminds you of books about Mars or Superman. To have them lighting about you must be like suddenly finding yourself next to a monstrous fireplace which is filled with green wood, crackling and spitting giant embers as the flames reach the veins of sap. Those men in the forward boats who lived through that salvo--a few seconds of eternity--could tell you now why it is that German prisoners who have been taken after such barrages cannot control their hands and blubber like little children.

FEW SUNK BEFORE SHOOTING

Still the lines of little ships did not falter. The shore guns were concentrating on them ever harder now, catching them in cross fire. Marine commandos stood straight in their landing boats, tommy guns in their hands and bright green berets on their heads. As they passed the control ship they grinned and jerked a thumb skyward--the "thumbs up" trade mark of their clan. They were all singing and what do you think they sang? "Tipperary" was the most popular but one boatload, fairly shouting it to be heard above the din, sang--"Mairsy Doats"!

More craft were being hit. The smaller shells didn't stop them but here and there a heavy shell would catch one in the vitals with a blinding flash of white flame on grey

steel. It would swing sharply from the line, lurch and then sag, smoke and steam spurting from its blackened, twisted hull. Some of these with broken backs were able to drag themselves painfully away. Others caught fire or listed heavily until they slowly rolled over, spilling their loads of men and machines into the sea as their broad bottoms turned skywards.

One craft was smashed in the steering mechanism, its helmsman and engineering crew apparently stunned or killed. Its engines raced noisily and it swung about in tight, crazy circles--like a poisoned dog whose brain is gone but whose legs still function frantically.

The support ships--gun craft and flak craft--were being hit far more than the troop carriers. Their job was to engage those spurting shore batteries, drawing their fire so that the commando craft could get through to the dykes. They did that job heroically but at terrible cost. It was a pathetically uneven duel. In order to be effective they had to come within point blank range of the heavily casemated batteries and for many hundreds of precious yards they could be fired on while still unable to fire back. Some were sunk before they could fire a shot. Others were hit many times but kept on coming, their guns blazing, to run under the very noses of the shore batteries--there to be blown from the water or to deliver their salvos and turn out to run the fiery gauntlet.

BEACHHEAD WON

Nearly all of these craft were manned by the reserve navy--the British call them the "wavy navy" because the officers wear scalloped stripes on their sleeves instead of straight ones like the "regular" officers. They come from all walks of life--bankers, clerks, cab drivers, newsboys. Many of them had never seen the sea, let alone war, until these last few years. Yet they handled those little ships with a cool, skillful fearlessness which told the whole story of indomitable England.

Never again let any man say "wavy navy" to me and say it lightly or with a trace of sneer in his voice.

EIGHTY PERCENT--FOUR OUT OF EVERY FIVE--OF THOSE
LITTLE PROTECTING SHIPS ARE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE NORTH
SEA OR ARE SO BROKEN THAT THEY WILL NEVER SAIL AGAIN.

But they did their job. The marines got ashore. At least, most of them did. They swarmed through the dyke breeches and up through the dunes to wreak terrible vengeance for their shipmates. They didn't sing as they grimly charged those pillboxes and thrust their flamethrowers through casemate slits to burn out the Nazi gunners in their seats.

Minutes later the final landing waves were in. The forward men were fighting ahead through the knee deep mud of flooded fields. The beachhead was established. Objectives were being secured.

That's what the correspondent back at headquarters meant when he wrote "all landings appear to be going well."

November 25, 1944 --- FLUSHING, HOLLAND --- While royal marine commandos were storming ashore at Westkapelle a week ago today--on that All Saints morning which seems so long ago--Walcheren island was being attacked from two more directions. The royal navy was ferrying blackbereted army commandos across the Scheldt river from the south to thrust directly at this port city of Flushing and the Canadians were driving their way across the narrow causeway to the east which links Walcheren with the island of South Beveland.

Each of these was a frontal attack as daring as that at Westkapelle and was carried out by a small, tough group of men who were willing to fight through in the face of appalling initial losses. In spite of the fact that the RAF's dyke smashing had already reduced Walcheren's 80 square miles to a group of islets totaling not more than 10 square miles of dry land, the Nazis clung to this ground and resisted with the same frenzied, suicidal spirit which they have shown wherever they have chosen to stand and fight.

GERMAN BIG GUNS DOMINATED EVERY HEIGHT AND COMMANDED EVERY APPROACH TO WALCHEREN SO THAT THE FLOODING OF THE ISLAND, SINCE IT DID NOT SUCCEED IN DROWNING THEM OUT, AIDED THE DEFENDERS ALMOST MORE THAN THOSE WHO ATTACKED.

The Canadian task of forcing the 1,200 yard causeway (50 yards wide from South Beveland) was possibly the most spectacular of all. Three times they were thrown back from the Walcheren side before they succeeded in getting a grip on its muddy shore. I was not fortunate enough to see these men fight but I have talked with correspondents who were with them during those four terrifying days and nights in which they crawled, shot and cursed their way, yard by yard, across the causeway and into Walcheren's ancient capitol of Middleburg. They apparently fought as Canadians have always fought from Ypres to Dieppe.

WAVY NAVY AGAIN

According to Paul Holt of the London Express, the hero of that causeway was a Canadian boy who drove a bulldozer. There was no cover on the causeway and the only way troops could advance under the constant shell, mortar and machine gun fire was to move fast along its top and then duck under the sides. The road had become so full of craters that this was impossible. So the boy on the bulldozer drove his lumbering brute the full length of the 1,200 yard crossing at an average speed of half a mile an hour, shoveling the craters flat. German 88's and mortars became lyrically noisy at sight of such a target but three times he made the trip and brought his dozer back, grinning from the cab and asking for a cup of tea.

FLUSHING, AS NEARLY AS I CAN FIND OUT, IS THE LARGEST CITY YET TO BE THE OBJECT OF DIRECT AMPHIBIOUS ASSAULT. WHEREAS THE CANADIANS' ASSIGNMENT WAS ONE OF MAIN STRENGTH THE ASSAULT HERE HAD TO BE CUNNING, DARING AND PERFECTLY TIMED.

On Hallowe'en--the artillery which had been brought up back of Breskens started showering every German gun emplacement which was in Flushing or near enough to cover its approaches. I am told that it was one of the greatest gunfire concentrations since El Alamein. In front of the artillery, along the river's edge, army commandos huddled in fox-holes or ruined buildings waiting for "jump off" time. Long before dawn they were in their assault boats, again manned by "wavy navy" coxswains, and at first light they dashed through the bowramps of their craft onto the muddy shore of Flushing harbour.

The landing spot was a narrow, garbage littered stretch of mud flat used by the Germans as a refuse dump, between two piers in the heart of Flushing's dock area. It was probably the last place which the Nazis thought might be attacked. As a result, there were few mines or other beach obstacles and in just seven minutes the first commandos had cut and blown their way through wire entanglements to higher ground. Before the Germans knew where they had struck fresh waves were coming in and the first troops were fanning out, tommy guns ablaze.

CAMOUFLAGE BLOCKHOUSES

I first saw Breskens late on the second day of the attack. Our ships from the Westkapelle landing--the remnants of them--had put back into the Belgian port of Ostend. It is just 40 miles from there to Breskens by road.

It was raining. Even after seeing many of the smashed and desolated cities of France, I was shocked by Breskens. Once a gay, bright little sea resort town, its streets lined by doll-like houses with vivid shutters and red tile roofs, now it is a sodden, smoking, nauseous heap of charred wood and broken bricks. There is nothing left standing in Breskens but some concrete blockhouses which had been painted by the Nazis to look, from the air, like residences, even to window frames with painted curtains and flower boxes containing painted tulips. Even these are bomb cracked and gutted out by flame throwers, their false fronts smeared and streaked, looking like some ridiculous old stage curtain.

The "buildup" through Breskens was still going on--fresh troops being ferried across to reinforce the commandos who now held half the city of Flushing. Boatloads of them had been plodding across the three miles of open water all day, raked by the fire of German batteries that had survived the barrage. The trip across took more than half an hour. At six knots you can't do much twisting and turning to avoid shells. Still, few boats were being lost.

About Flushing the rocket firing Typhoons were doing their stuff. As it cleared, toward dusk, more and more of them slanted through blue rents in the high cloud bank to hurtle down and loose their rockets at Nazi batteries. They fire their rockets almost vertically, they bomb at the end of the dive and then they strafe. They are an awesome sight, these Typhoons, with their swallowlike wings, their incredible diving speed and their black silhouette with flaming tongues. I should like to know what passes through the mind of a German gunner who sees one coming at him.

WHEN WE CROSSED TO FLUSHING IT WAS ALMOST DARK.
MOST OF THE BIG GUNS HAD STOPPED FIRING AND THE
AIRCRAFT HAD RETURNED TO THEIR FIELDS. BUT THE TOWN
WITH ITS STREET FIGHTING WAS FAR FROM QUIET.

For the troops there has been little rest and less mercy during these nights on Walcheren. During the hours of dripping darkness patrols filtered both ways through lines demarked by buildings or city streets, jockeying for position against the morning. Sleep, like warmth or being dry, was a war aim-- something to look forward to but not to realize now.

GUNS' BARK ENDED

Today Walcheren is quiet at last. Its seven days travail is done. The marines, the infantry and the Canadians have joined hands. Middleburg is taken, Flushing is taken, Domburg (with the 11 inch gun battery which caused so much trouble) is taken and the last shivering Nazi prisoners are being led in from the little village of Verre. Tomorrow, or at least in a few days, the armies will go away and leave Walcheren alone.

I suppose you might say that Walcheren is liberated-- although there must be some better word to describe what has happened and what has brought about this wilderness of flood, mud and cold.

In her towns the people huddle for warmth against hulks that once were buildings, staring curiously at lines of bedraggled Nazis who stumble along, their hands clasped behind their heads, in front of British Tommies with seamed, bearded faces whose gait is drunken from sleeplessness. Or they wander aimlessly through the streets, looking for something they cannot find, their wooden shoes making a muffled clatter on the muddy cobbles and their shawls drawn tight against their ears.

In the country there is less life. There is only the gray desolation of quiet waters lapping at the walls of farmhouses that have not yet crumbled, mercifully covering fields where the grain lies in sodden, salty lumps and the cattle are buried along with the implements of the farm. Sometimes a drowned chicken is washed up along the elevated roadside or a cow drifts by, its body round and tight like

a balloon, its four legs sticking out stiffly.

CROPS IN 10 YEARS

Everywhere there is the eternal, brown, glutinous mud. It is plastered high on walls and oozes beneath your feet, both outdoors and in. It lies on the vehicles, the furniture, everything. It is on you and the towel with which you try to wipe your hands.

I stood with an English speaking Dutch liaison officer in the crumbled tower of Flushing lighthouse, looking out over the waste of Walcheren.

"How long," I asked, "will it be before crops will grow again in soil which has been flooded with salt water?"

"Eight to 10 years. Some crops will grow sooner but brine destroys everything, including fertility, and it will be that long before this country knows a harvest such as it would have had this year."

He was silent awhile, gazing at the desolate scene. Then he said, still staring, "Do you know the coat of arms of this province--of Zeeland?"

"No."

"It is a lion, rising from the waves. It symbolizes the fact that all of our country was reclaimed from the sea. And do you know our motto?"

I shook my head.

Then he turned toward me. I think he was smiling. "The motto is 'We Struggle and We Emmerge.'"

April 8, 1945 --- WITH U. S. NAVAL FORCES ON THE RHINE ---
This is one of the strangest naval operations of all time.

Along hundreds of miles of this mighty river--from Holland to the Saar--our amphibious navy is helping carry Allied armies across the last water barrier to the heart of Hitler's Germany.

The "small boat men," unsung heroes of every landing from north Africa to Normandy, are here again. They are taking soldiers, tanks and guns to the bridgeheads from which the death blow to Nazism will soon be dealt.

Theirs is a small but vital role in one of the great military feats of history--crossing the Rhine in force. For five months they have trained for the job and during the last two I have had the privilege of being with them as they practiced each detailed step of a mission which has no precedent. For this is the first time that naval amphibious craft have gone into action 300 miles from the nearest ocean and the first time that the army has ever called on the navy to help it cross an inland river.

CALL ON LANDING CRAFT

So that the enemy might not know our plans, the navy's presence here on the continent has been wrapped in the closest secrecy. Only today--now that the last of the three U. S. armies facing central Germany is safely across the river--has it been announced that navy units have participated in all three crossings. They have been supporting the First army's bridgehead since a few hours after the Remagen bridge was seized (more than two weeks ago), they helped carry Gen. Patton's army in its thrust across the river south of Mainz and yesterday they were here with the Ninth army as it jabbed over north of Duisburg.

It was with the naval unit that first reached the Rhine at Remagen and night before last I came here to the northern end of the line to witness this final D-day as the combined British and American Ninth armies plunged across the most heavily fortified end of the river. I am confident that this was the last navy D-day in Europe before the collapse of Hitler's armies. For the amphibians who are here--many of them the same ones who first carried soldiers to the European continent--it has been a fitting climax to their two and a half year part in the Battle for Freedom.

Except at Remagen where the intact German railway bridge "accidentally" fell into First army hands and changed the plans, the naval mission has been the same in each crossing. It has been to provide a quick "buildup" of men, weapons, ammunition and supplies to support the first assault troops.

For this purpose two of the navy's stoutest craft were called on, LCVPs (landing craft, vehicles, personnel) and

LCMs (landing craft, mechanized). They have speed and maneuverability and are sturdy enough to carry heavy loads safely through the tremendously powerful Rhine currents. Both types have bows which lower to form ramps for loading so that tanks and other heavy vehicles can drive directly onto them. Their "turn around" time is hence extremely fast. They can supply assault troops with the vital means of fighting their way inland while the enemy is still off balance and while army engineers are erecting bridges.

WEAR ARMY SUITS

The assignment called for an entirely new amphibious technique. Instead of operating their boats through tossing waves and rolling surf to beaches constantly changing with the tide, the crews had to learn to maneuver their craft to pinpoint landing spots in terrific sidewise currents. They had to learn to launch these heavy boats--an LCVP weighs nine tons, and LCM 26 tons--from muddy river banks instead of ship's davits and, most difficult of all, they have had to transport their craft over hundreds of miles of blasted, bottomless roads in order to reach their launching sites. When moving overland, an LCM on its carrier is 77 feet long (equivalent to the height of a seven story building), 14 feet and nearly 20 feet high. Hauling such monstrous loads over shellpitted roads, makeshift bridges and through narrow village streets has been a miracle of modern military transport.

This new inland navy called for experienced men--tough men who knew their boats the way they knew their two hands and who could handle them in mud and sand and cold. So they called on the veterans of Normandy, the kids who turned into men on her beaches 10 months ago. Their average age is still under 20. But they are mature and self reliant, hardened now from many months of plying their craft through stormy English channel waters to keep the supplies coming to our armies in France.

I worked with these men in their training sites which ranged from the Meuse river in northern Belgium to the Moselle in central France, locations picked because they approximated conditions to be found here on the Rhine. The sailors lived and worked exactly like soldiers. To camouflage themselves as much as possible, officers and men wore army field uniforms and helmets, covering or discarding all naval insignia. I am sure it was the hardest part of the training for them to take. The picture of disconsolation is a young navy petty officer who has worked hard for a year to earn his rating badge and then has no opportunity to show it off.

The boats were more difficult to disguise but even they took on a GI appearance. Blue hulls which proudly wore

the big white "U.S.N." gave way to olive drab under army spray guns. They were brought to their training sites as unobtrusively as possible, moving mostly at night. Where possible they came by water, through the North sea and down through the waterways of Belgium and France. Those with the Third army came all the way from Le Havre by land, a journey of more than 300 miles. They arrived festooned with tree top, telephone wires and bits of buildings from having passed through French towns and villages like not too silent ghosts in the night.

INTRODUCTION TO MUD

During those months of training the men learned river handling of their boats in every sort of weather and under every condition of flood and current. Unexpected obstacles kept appearing. When the hard freeze came in early December they found that the cooling systems of their engines, designed for salt water which seldom freezes, were icing badly. Because the crossing might be made at any time, new systems had to be hastily worked out. They discovered that floating ice cakes were damaging their propellers. Guards had to be made that would protect these vital blades and at the same time not cut down the boats speed for operating in strong currents.

They fought these obstacles and many more. Mainly they fought mud--mud which bogged down their cranes and launching equipment, mud which mired their trucks and oozed about their ankles. They began to realize with the doughboys that mud is an army's worst enemy--one which just as surely traps a navy when it tries to leave its element.

Then came the German break-through. The men prepared to destroy their boats if necessary. They were to be drenched with gasoline, burnt out and then sunk. The unit with the First army was moved six times. Men lived wherever they could find a spot to lie down. Headquarters were in such places as a bombed out factory building, a convent (the nuns took care of sick sailors), a town hall, a restaurant, a theater and finally a loft above a hat shop.

By the time the Germans were repulsed and our lines reformed for the great spring push, this inland navy was as much a part of the army as its infantry or tanks. It was ready for its part in the new bulge--the bulge to Berlin.

April 9, 1945 --- WITH UNITED STATES NAVAL FORCES ON THE RHINE --- On March 7 advance armored elements of the First United States army were feeling their way along the west bank of the Rhine south of Cologne. The river had been reached at several points following the breakthrough across the Roer but there were many German pockets left to clean out.

There was no thought of trying to cross the river. That was a gigantic task which had been planned for months and which must wait for engineers, for tremendously heavy equipment and for consolidation of all of the armies along the river's edge.

Yet that same afternoon -- because of the quick thinking of a colonel from Minnesota and the drunkenness of a German officer -- the world was electrified by the news that the Ludendorff bridge was in our hands and that first American troops were already pouring into the German hinterland. I happened to be watching that bridge 10 days later when its huge brick and iron spans, weakened by as many days of pounding from everything that the German artillery and airforce could muster, shuddered and crashed into the river. It carried with it many valiant engineers--the real heroes of those first days at Remagen -- but its usefulness had passed. Thousands of troops and thousands of tons of supplies were in the bridgehead and enough temporary bridges were over to keep the "buildup" coming.

UNDER FIRE A WEEK

Because it was not planned to cross the river for at least two weeks, the naval unit attached to the First army was still at its Meuse river training site when the first flash of the Remagen crossing came in. The craft were hastily loaded and reached the Rhine within 48 hours. There they took over the task of guarding the bridge and of supplementing its traffic.

The punishment those young navy amphibians received -- and the way they took it -- during those first days at the Remagen bridge belongs in the history book. The whole remaining might of an infuriated Reich was thrown against that spot. For a week the bridge was under heavy artillery fire, which never seemed to stop and scarcely an hour passed without German bombers in the sky. Navy men whose job was to keep constant patrol against floating mines and underwater swimmers, had no opportunity to duck for foxholes from their open boats. They kept their patrol. One crew even shot down a Focke-Wulf 190 with its .50 caliber machine gun as an extra gesture.

Other boats were assigned to ferrying troops, tanks, trucks and heavy guns. Troops could actually be transported faster by boat than they could walk across the bridge for they went 40 at a time in a constant stream instead of single file, six feet apart as was the regulation for walking.

SOLDIER INTO CIVILIAN

Among the infantrymen who used the naval ferry were those of the First division, men of the fabulous "Red One" whose trail of dead Germans begins in Tunisia, leads across Sicily and runs from Normandy to the Rhine. Many of these men recognized coxswains who had carried them through the surf of "Omaha" beach last June and a few--there are not so many left--saw familiar faces from Scoglotti and Oran. Their surprise at finding bluejackets here was immense. Greetings were cordially profane. "Stick around Mac," they called as they moved off, "We want one more ride with the navy--home in about a month."

On return trips the naval ferry carried casualties and prisoners. Each LCVP was equipped with demountable cross beams which were quickly set in place and from which litters for 14 wounded were slung. As the fighting progressed inland they carried empty ambulances over and brought them back full.

Prisoners were the same kind that have been filling our PW cages for months--the very young and the very old. Among them were a sprinkling of Volkssturm, ratty looking specimens with only a field jacket and arm band as a uniform. The number of these probably did not indicate the number who had been in the fighting. When a Volkssturmer is about to be captured it is very easy for him to slip off his arm band and pose as a civilian. They tell me that more and more regular German soldiers are doing the same thing. In areas where they are encircled, they are trading their uniforms for civilian clothes and "going underground." It is said that many German clothing stores now have plenty of old army uniforms to offer--but no business suits.

TRAINING WORTH IT

There were other jobs for the navy at Remagen. Because of the bridges the craft did not bear the whole brunt of the buildup, as originally planned, but they speeded it tremendously. Once the far shore was secured, they could have kept the reinforcements moving even if Nazi marksmanship had been better and the bridge had fallen long before it did.

One vital, if inglorious, task was helping army engineers construct their pontoon bridges -- steel road sections on floats which are anchored in chains across the river. A number of boats were assigned to this duty and they turned to as tugs. Because of their power they could tow the heavy sections and hold them in place against the eight mile current while engineers put the upstream anchors in place. The engineer officer in charge told me that his anticipated time for constructing the bridge was cut in half because of aid from the craft.

When I left Remagen the bridgehead was 15 miles long. There were enough bridges in to handle the traffic of all available roads and the naval job, except for patrols above and below the bridges, was done. The long months of training, the cold and the mud and the discomfort for those inland sailors had all been made worthwhile.

April 10, 1945 --- WITH UNITED STATES NAVAL FORCES ON THE RHINE --- (March 26, Delayed.) This is being written in a tiny village near Duisburg, Germany. The Ninth United States army crossed the Rhine here yesterday morning, assisted by the American navy.

I said that I was confident that this would be the last naval D day before the collapse of Hitler's armies. Even army D days, I believe, are numbered now. Not that I think there will be immediate surrender -- I saw too much in Brittany last summer of the kind of fighting the German army can do against hopeless odds---but I am confident that with the Ruhr in Allied hands and Silesia in those of Russia, the Nazi means for making war will soon be gone. For the first time I am willing to think of the end of the European war in terms of weeks rather than many months.

The crossing of Lt. Gen. William H. Simpson's forces here yesterday was the real power play among Allied breaching of the Rhine. For this is the critical and most heavily fortified point of the river defenses. It is the gateway which leads up the broad valley of the Ruhr to the heart of the industrial reich. Our high command has known that it must be eventually strike here and Hitler has known it too. Both sides have been girding their loins for many weeks.

THE STRATEGY

The attack was co-ordinated with the British thrust down river to the north and with airborne landings to the northeast. It was carried out by more soldiers, both infantry and armor, than have ever before been assembled behind a narrow front. They were supported by the heaviest concentration of artillery yet brought to bear on such a target.

Gen. Simpson felt confident that his artillery could soften up the far bank efficiently for his assault troops to get ashore. At that point the critical stage of the crossing would come. These troops must be supplied with the reinforcements and weapons to fight their way quickly inland while the enemy was still off balance. Three fifths of the secret of success in modern war is the ability to "build up" powerfully and rapidly.

That is where the navy was to come in. Our small boat men in their husky landing craft were to rush tanks, guns and ammunition across -- and more soldiers to reinforce the flying wedge. They were to fill that all important time gap before heavy ferries could be put into operation and temporary bridges erected.

MOVE INTO POSITION

H-hour was set for 3 o'clock in the morning and the artillery barrage was to commence at 2. About 8 o'clock in the evening our boats were ordered to move up from the woods in which they had been hidden to points close to their launching sites at the west edge of the river.

There was a complete blackout of the assault area but a half moon in a cloudless sky was enough to light up the endless lines of men and vehicles making their way through every back road and lane to the points of rendezvous. It etched out the immense silhouettes of the boats as they rocked along at tree top levels on their huge carriers.

By 11 o'clock we were at our assembly area, a meadow on high ground overlooking the river and about 200 yards from its edge. There we were to wait until our launching time at 3:30 a.m. - H plus 30 minutes.

DAWN BRINGS REAL FIGHT

The airforce was already at work. From overhead came the steady drone of heavy bombers on their way to Duisburg, across the river to our south and Wesel to our north. We could mark these cities by great white and orange flashes where the bombers had dropped their loads and we could measure their distance from us by the seconds required for the air concussion and the ground trembling to reach us. We could also follow the course of the bombers by the maze of red, criss crossing tracers, the chandelier flares and brilliant star shells that came up to meet them from below. This was the picturesque prelude--the part you can watch objectively because it doesn't seem too close. You have the feeling that you are watching war from a ringside seat but are not really part of it.

Since we had more than three hours to wait, some of the crews tried to sleep on the open decks of their boats. At least they rolled upon their blankets and closed their eyes. To my amazement, I saw one boy carefully wind a small alarm clock and place it on the deck beside him. It was set for 2 a.m.

If that alarm clock ever went off I am sure nobody heard it. For precisely at 2 a.m. every gun of that mighty array behind us began to fire. We knew that we were in front of the artillery but we didn't know that the guns were going to fire directly through our ears--for so it seemed. Their blasts made the thick steel boat hulls shiver and dance like tuning forks and we had the feeling that our nerve endings were dancing with them.

BARRAGE AMAZES GERMANS

The amazing part of this artillery barrage was the speed

of fire. It wasn't a boom boom or even a drum roll--it was a solid drench of sound. No wonder stupefied German prisoners ask to see our "automatic artillery." They cannot believe that guns can fire so fast.

German batteries held their fire until well after the barrage began, attempting to locate our guns by their muzzle flash. Then the Nazi shells started coming in, probing for the source of our salvos. It was extraordinary how quickly our noise numbed ears picked up this new sound -- that shrill, unmistakable whistle that sends you diving for the dirt. It's even more remarkable how fast you can dig a foxhole at a time like that, with only a steel helmet to serve as shovel.

The German guns found few of ours and that terrific barrage had its calculated effect. At 3 o'clock the first assault troops started going over and found a shoreline so softened that some battalions did not lose a single man. Half an hour later the navy boats were in the water and a steady stream of tanks, mobile guns and reinforcement troops was on its way into the bridgehead.

DAWN BRINGS REAL FIGHT

At daylight the real opposition on the beach area began. With the river in clear sight, the Germans hammered it with every gun and mortar at their command in a desperate effort to stop the traffic flowing across. But they couldn't stop it and only a few of our boats were hit. Battlemented coxswains who had learned how to avoid enemy fire by twisting and swinging their craft in ocean surf, were equally nimble here. Their skill--and the luck which skill always brings--carried them through.

Today there is no more doubt. The bridgehead is assured. Spearheads are two miles inland and enough reinforcements are across so that they can no longer hope to push us back. This greatest breaching of the Rhine has been accomplished.

At 2 o'clock this afternoon one of our navy LCVP's carried its last and most valuable cargo across the river -- a human cargo. In it were Prime Minister Winston Churchill, Field Marshal Sir Alan Brook, Field Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery, Gen. Omar Bradley and Gen. Simpson. It was a load which Hitler would have given his eye teeth to sink.

SPIT IN THE RHINE

They made an inspection of the bridgehead, took a short cruise on the river and then returned. Afterwards I talked with 19 year old Hyman Bloom of Brooklyn, the coxswain, who had piloted this precious load.

"What observations did the Prime Minister make when he was in the boat," I asked.

"Hell, sir," said Hyman, "I don't remember that he said anything particular, but he did take that big black cigar

out of his mouth and spit in the Rhine -- just like the rest
of us have."

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